Dup 1

Collier's

MAY 22, 1948
TEN CENTS

HOW AMERICA WILL DEFEND HERSELF

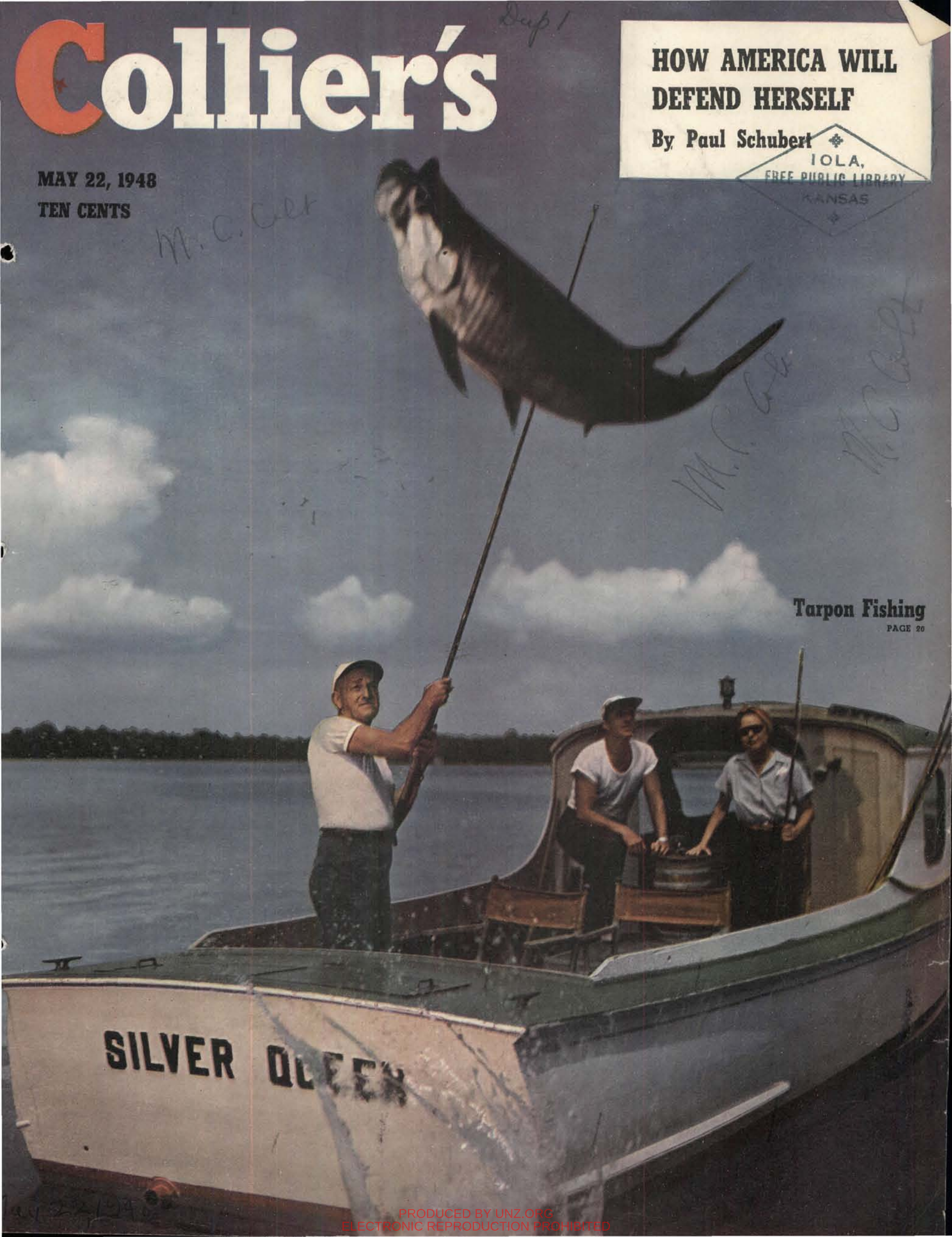
By Paul Schubert

IOLA,
FREE PUBLIC LIBRARY
KANSAS

M. C. Colt

M. C. Colt

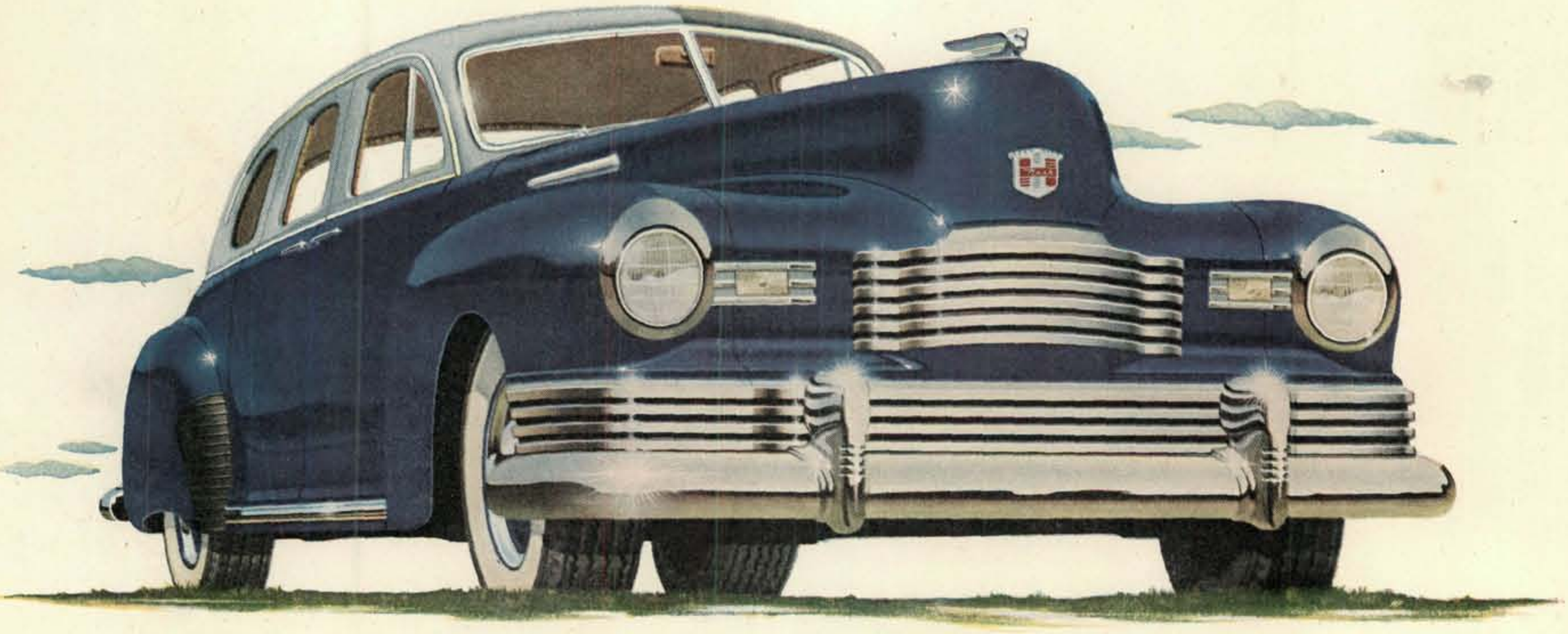
M. C. Colt



Tarpon Fishing
PAGE 20

ay 22, 194

we would like to make a bet



★ We'd like to make a bet that—by 1952—*every* new car will be built with a welded, rattle-proof unit frame-and-body . . . just as the Nash "600" is today.

We'd like to bet that—within four years—*every* new car will have automatic heating and ventilation, as closely as a Nash Weather-Eye Conditioned Air System can be followed.

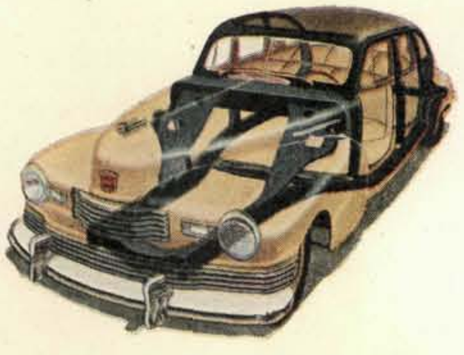
We'd like to bet that—by 1952—*every* automobile will have the comfort of complete coil-springing on all four wheels . . . just as the Nash "600" has today.

We'd like to bet that—by 1952—every full-size automobile will be trying for more than 25 miles to the gallon economy . . . just as the Nash "600" delivers today at average highway speed.

We'd like to bet that—by 1952—every new car you'll see will have *complete* head-room and leg-room as well as seat-room for six passengers . . . as the Nash "600" offers today.

We'd like to make a bet that by *every* standard you judge an automobile—by quietness of operation, by performance, by ease of handling—you will discover that today's Nash "600" is clearly and unmistakably the pattern of cars to come.

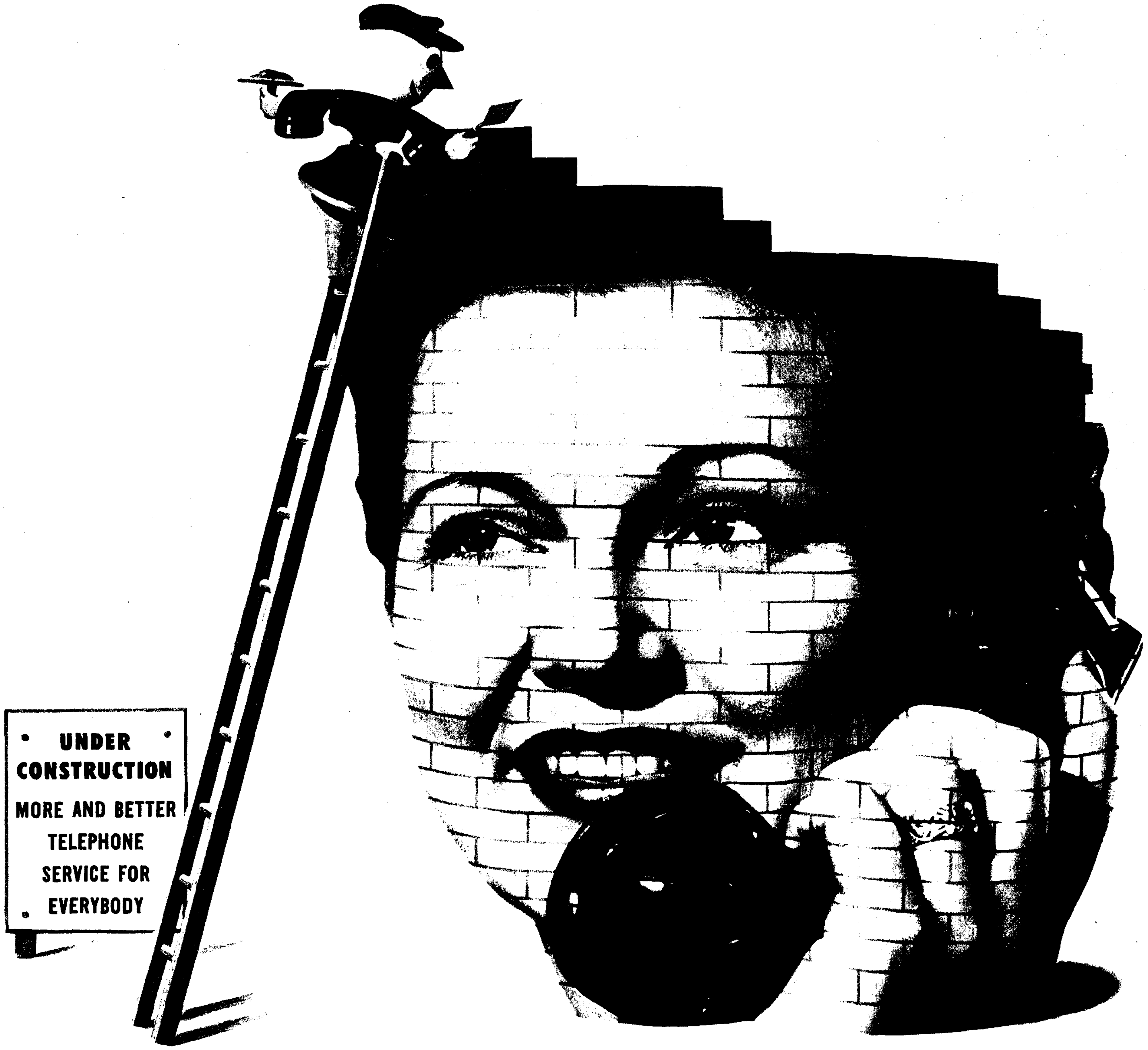
Why not find out?



Product of Nash research and engineering, new Unitized body-frame construction sets the pattern for tomorrow. Built a new way, with frame and body *welded* into a single steel-girdered unit, it is lighter and immeasurably stronger. 8500 spot welds eliminate noise-making joints.

Nash **Great Cars Since 1902**

Nash Motors Division, Nash-Kelvinator Corporation, Detroit


UNDER CONSTRUCTION
MORE AND BETTER TELEPHONE SERVICE FOR EVERYBODY

Who Pays for Telephone Expansion?

INVESTORS DO

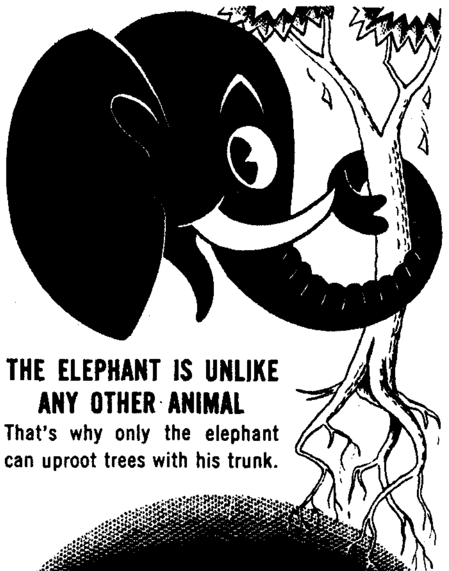
They invest in telephone bonds and stocks and we use the money to build new telephone facilities.

On the other hand, the money you pay us for telephone service is used for wages, taxes, depreciation and other operating costs.

So when you read about the millions of dollars we are putting into our expansion program—or see a new building going up—it is good to be able to say: "Thanks, Mr. and Mrs. Investor. Thanks for putting up so much money so we can have so much more and better telephone service."

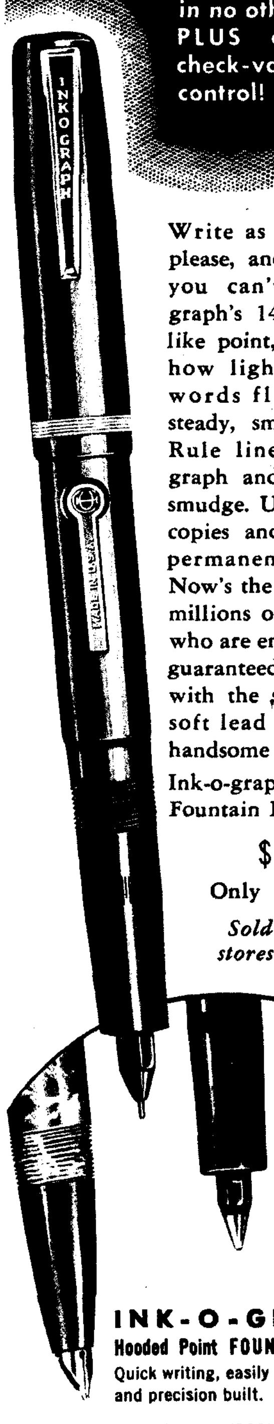
That's the way it happens.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM



THE ELEPHANT IS UNLIKE ANY OTHER ANIMAL
That's why only the elephant can uproot trees with his trunk.

INK-O-GRAPH IS UNLIKE ANY OTHER PEN
That's why only Ink-o-graph can give you so many unique advantages found in no other pen . . . PLUS exclusive check-valve-action control!



Write as heavily as you please, and at any angle; you can't bend Ink-o-graph's 14 Kt. gold ball-like point, and no matter how lightly you write, words flow from it in steady, smooth ink lines. Rule lines with Ink-o-graph and there's nary a smudge. Use it for carbon copies and you'll have a permanent ink original. Now's the time to join the millions of Ink-o-graphers who are enjoying this fully guaranteed pen that writes with the smoothness of a soft lead pencil. In four handsome colors and black.
Ink-o-graph Pencil Pointed Fountain Pen.
Only $2.00
Sold at leading stores everywhere

INK-O-GRAPH Ball Point INK PENCIL
Exclusive Spiral Air Vent assures a steady ink supply. $1.00

INK-O-GRAPH Hooded Point FOUNTAIN PEN
Quick writing, easily filled, and precision built. $1.25

INK-O-GRAPH CO., INC., 208 HUDSON ST., NEW YORK 13, N.Y.
INK-O-GRAPH
35 YEARS OF PRECISION PEN MANUFACTURING

COLLIER'S

May 22, 1948

ALBERT E. WINGER, *President* THOMAS H. BECK, *Chairman of the Board* WILLIAM L. CHENERY, *Publisher*

WALTER DAVENPORT, *Editor*

JOE ALEX MORRIS, *Managing Editor* KENNETH LITTAUER, *Fiction Editor* WILLIAM O. CHESSMAN, *Art Director*

Associate Editors: HERBERT ASBURY KNOX BURGER HELEN P. BUTLER RUTH CARSON JOHN CONNER KYLE CRICHTON MACLENNAN FARRELL RUTH FOWLER F. A. JACOBSON ROSANNE MAGDOL JIM MARSHALL FRANK D. MORRIS FREDERICK R. NEELY BARBARA BANKS LEONARD A. PARIS JOHN C. PELLEW AMY PORTER COLLIE SMALL JOSEPH UMHOEFER LESTER VELIE NAOME WALSH JAMES N. YOUNG *Photographs:* ULRICH CALVOSA
Sports: BILL FAY *Humor:* GURNEY WILLIAMS *Europe:* W. B. COURTNEY GWYN BARKER EDWARD P. MORGAN
Washington: JAMES C. DERIEUX FRANK GERVASI WILLIAM HILLMAN

THIS WEEK

FICTION

PAGE

THE STORM By LAURENCE CRITCHELL 14
He tried to recapture the past, but it hadn't stood still.

FOR BUSINESS REASONS By ROBERT CARSON 18
About a handsome bachelor, a pretty girl—and a dumb dog.

CHIEF OF THE UTALS By EDWARD ROHRBOUGH 24
With the Chief at bat, life in the infield was cheap.

THE TIME, THE PLACE, THE MAN By JAMES A. KIRCH 28
The Short Short Story.

SHADOW OF FU MANCHU By SAX ROHMER 30
The Serial Story. The third of six parts.

THE BUGLER AND GIDEON LEE By NEILL C. WILSON 68
An elk roused Gid from bed; a bear put him back.

ARTICLES

CRAZY LIKE A BOX TOP By EDWARD P. MORGAN 13
The Golden Age dawns for folk who enter guessing contests.

HOW AMERICA WILL DEFEND HERSELF By PAUL SCHUBERT 16
A noted military writer explains the technique of modern defensive warfare.

SILVER SCRAPPER By RUBE ALLYN 20
Tarpon in Florida waters give fishermen many a savage fight.

DOODLES INTERNATIONAL By O. HENRY BRANDON 22
A study of the subconscious scribblings of men who make history.

BEHIND THE PALESTINE REVERSAL By JORGE GARCIA-GRANADOS 26
The case for partition—by a member of the U.N. Special Committee.

FOR YOUNG ADULTS ONLY By MURRAY TEIGH BLOOM 74
In Madison, Wis., ex-G.I.s and others form a club to replace USO.

JAUNT WITH JANIE By JIM MARSHALL 78
The author claims he went to Chile for this story on Miss Greer.

●

THE WEEK'S MAIL From OUR READERS 4

COLLIER'S SPORTS: SLUGGER FROM SNOHOMISH By BILL FAY 6

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD By FRELING FOSTER 8

THE WEEK'S WORK By TED SHANE 10

EDITORIALS
COLLIER'S BELIEVES: Air Mail Can Take Two Bows • We Can't Have Atomic Strikes • Paraplegics Can Teach Us a Lesson • Shorter Trips Might Be Smarter 90

COVER By *DAVID PESKIN*

THE WEEK'S MAIL

●

HUH?

GENTLEMEN AND LADIES: My hat off to you! The Half-Shot Hereford (Apr. 10th) is a double bull's-eye! It is a bulbul of a bird that warbles two scores at the same time, and one of 'em a home run!

That Nord Riley!! He tickles my unruly ennui into spasms of amusement, amazement and a foment of surprisement. He really "goes to town" bouncing commonplace occurrences against sharp, unusual angles, and hard! The concussions generate sparks, and sparking, more generous than general. Starry eyes coruscate and scintillate. A meteor of a metaphor impinges upon our startled gaze. A polysyllabic Polly in mink zooms across the supercharged atmosphere and "wraps the negative pole" in an "embrace like a layer of extra skin." Or is it?

Meanwhile, fireworks! Our ingot of interest is melted into a precious puddle of wonder, flush in that flash of flesh and what it portends. Portents and omens! We heave a long sigh and gratefully breathe our fervent amens. Q. E. D.

JOHN LOYD, Los Angeles, Cal.

INDIGNANT READER

SIRS: I was ashamed of the Feb. 7th picture on your magine. But to come out with the other picture (The Week's Mail, Mar. 27th) is a disgrace to our girls, model or no model. We try and teach our girls to keep there legs down and sit respectly, and you bring this out.

MRS. ELDRIDGE, Webberville, Mich.

BIRD LIFE AND DEATH

DEAR MR. DAVENPORT: In your Apr. 10th issue, I was shocked to see the display of birds which the late F.D.R. had shot and stuffed when a boy of thirteen (The House at Hyde Park). What a cruel and shameful example, and from a family who is supposed to have had the proper training.

ZOLA SCHMIDT, Indianapolis, Ind.

. . . Mr. Lehman says in his article, "Probably no other American has been so memorialized so shortly after his death." That is not surprising for the late President planned it that way.

MRS. S. C. CLOVER, Tulsa, Okla.

HOW TO LIVE ON ALMOST $00

DEAR SIR: Surely only the very rich, or the simple-minded, could be impressed by the pathos of Lester Velie's article, High Prices Make Cheap Living (Apr. 3d).

(Continued on page 67)

Vol. 121, No. 21. Published weekly by The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio, U.S.A., Publishers of Collier's, Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine. Executive and Editorial Offices, 250 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. Thomas H. Beck, Chairman of the Board; Albert E. Winger, President; T. L. Brantly, Peter J. Dennerlein, J. B. Scarborough, William L. Chenery, Edward Anthony, Vice-Presidents; *Denis O'Sullivan, Secretary;* C. F. Norsworthy, Treasurer. Price 10 cents a copy in the United States and Canada; one year $4.00; two years $6.00; three years $8.00 in the United States and Possessions, also Canada, Labrador, Newfoundland and Philippine Islands. In Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Spain and Colonies, Uruguay and Venezuela, one year $5.00; two years $8.00; three years $11.00. Other countries: one year $8.00; two years $14.00; three years $20.00. Remit by postal or express money order or check in United States funds to The Crowell-Collier Publishing Co., Springfield, Ohio. Changes in address should reach us five weeks in advance of the next issue date. Give both the old and new addresses. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, under Act of March 3, 1879, and at the Post Office, Toronto, Canada. Manuscripts or art submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and return postage. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts or art.

COPYRIGHT, 1948, BY THE CROWELL-COLLIER PUBLISHING COMPANY (All rights reserved)

Publishers of Collier's, The American Magazine, Woman's Home Companion

KANSAS
810-101

They won't be driving for a year...

This afternoon Jim is losing his license plates. It's not Jim's idea. It's the law of his state—a new law that requires any driver who has an accident to prove he can pay for personal injury or property damage done with his car.

If you can't post cash or security up to $11,000—and Jim couldn't—you must surrender your license plates and forfeit your right to drive.

Insurance protection is your most practical solution

Forty states and the District of Columbia now have financial responsibility laws. These laws are complicated. They vary from state to state. They change from year to year.

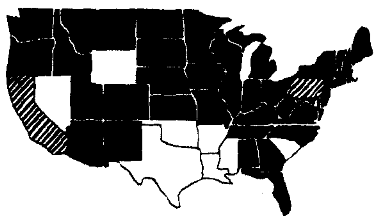
The average driver can't hope to be familiar with all of them. But all states will accept adequate automobile insurance as proof that you are financially responsible.

In *every* state you can, of course, be sued for damages, which might mean the loss of your home, your property, your savings. The most practical and economical way to comply with requirements of the law and protect yourself against shattering losses is to carry the right insurance.

Why it pays to insure with State Farm

1. *State Farm Mutual's rates are low*—because State Farm policyholders are "preferred risks"—people we *know* drive carefully.
2. *For your extra security,* State Farm gives *twice* as much public liability protection, *five times* as much property damage protection as is required by any state financial responsibility law.
3. *Sound management, financial stability* assure prompt payment of legitimate claims.
4. *State Farm Mutual is big*—the largest automobile insurance company in the world.
5. *7,500 representatives* at your service, coast to coast, in the U.S. and Canada.

Get the details from your State Farm agent today. If you are a responsible driver, you can qualify for membership in State Farm Mutual.



The states are cracking down!

The 38 states, and the District of Columbia, (shaded on map), have financial responsibility laws requiring you to prove you can pay for injury to people or damage to property you do with your car. Similar laws already passed by California and Pennsylvania will soon be in effect.

STATE FARM INSURANCE COMPANIES

BLOOMINGTON, ILLINOIS
Home Office

Western Office:
Berkeley, California

Canadian Office:
Toronto, Ontario

North Central Office:
St. Paul, Minnesota

West Central Office:
Lincoln, Nebraska

SLUGGER FROM SNOHOMISH

BY BILL FAY

ON AN early September afternoon in 1940, Charley Bannsworth, the mayor of Snohomish, Washington, stopped Laverne Gilkey in front of Bill Schott's meat market. Gilkey was the Snohomish High football coach.

"You shouldn't let that Torgeson youngster play fullback," the mayor objected. "Earl's going to be a big-league baseball player someday—if you don't break his leg."

Gilkey didn't take the hint. Torgeson started the opening game and scored two touchdowns. Several days later, Gilkey was summoned to the office of Pete McCurdy, president of the school board.

"It's this way"—McCurdy waved a piece of paper—"the mayor and a lot of important people have signed this petition. They want you to drop Torgeson from the team. Guess you'd better look for a new fullback—or a new job."

Gilkey bowed to political pressure. Snohomish (pop. 2,794) lost a fullback, but the Boston Braves eventually gained a first baseman. Torgeson batted .281 and slugged 16 home runs last season. Boston baseball writers—ignoring another freshman named Jackie Robinson—voted Torgeson "Rookie of the Year."

"Maybe Robinson's percentages were higher," Bostonians argued, "but Torgy kept the Braves relaxed and rolling. Maybe he clowns a lot but his tricks win games—even if they don't show up in the box score."

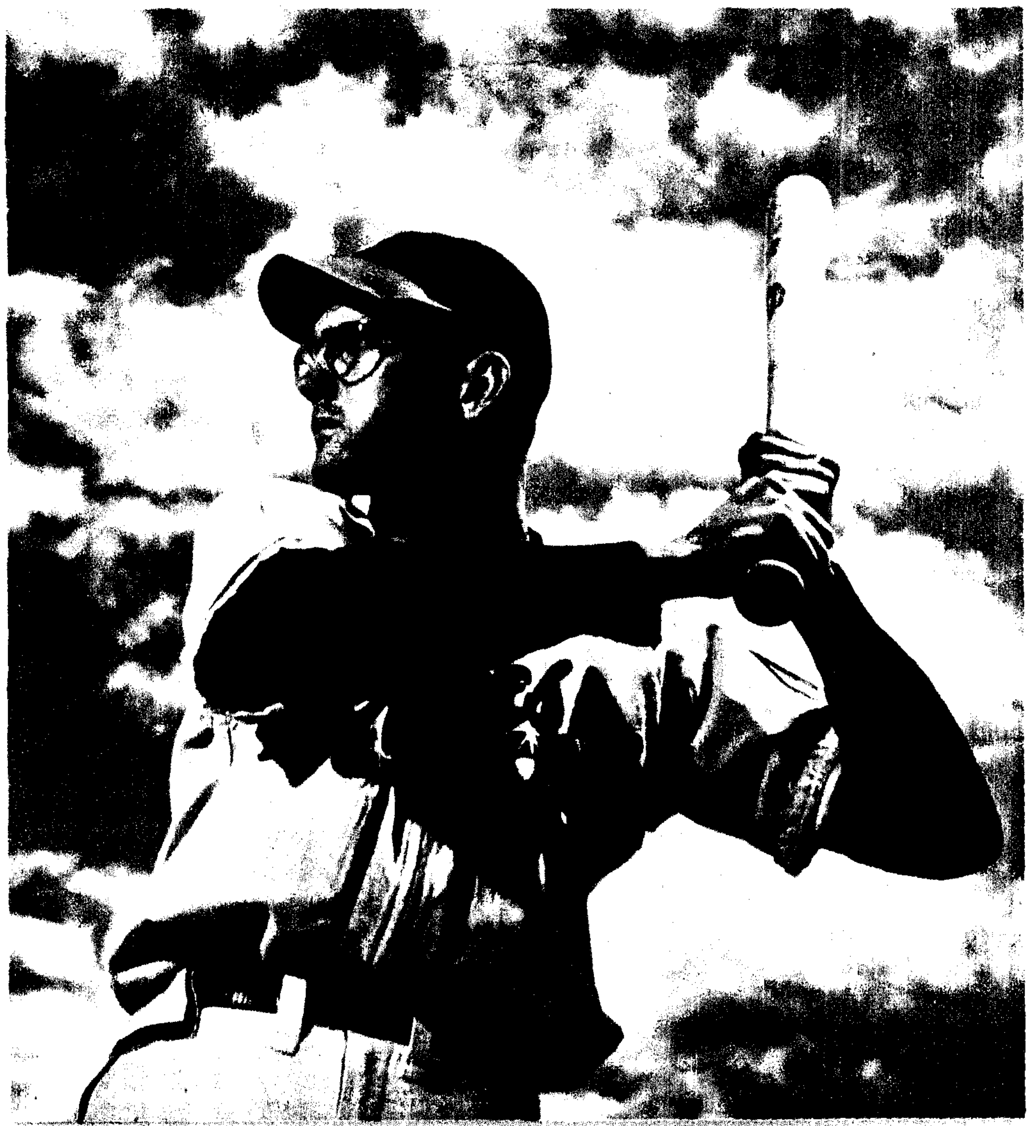
Example: Nick Strincevich of Pittsburgh fired three successive fast balls very close to Torgeson's chin during a night game. Torgeson survived by hitting the dirt—quick. After arising from ball four, he removed his glasses and strode toward Strincevich—bat in hand. Pirate fielders rushed in to protect Strincevich. Boston reserves spilled off the bench to reinforce Task Force Torgeson.

But nothing happened. Torgy merely waved his bat under Strincevich's nose like an admonishing finger. "Nicky," Earl observed, more in sorrow than in anger, "you've been a very naughty boy."

The gentle rebuke shook Strincevich worse than a home run. The Braves batted Naughty Nicky out of there in a hurry and won the game.

Whether Torgeson will remain his jovial self, now that terrible-tempered Eddie Stanky, late of Brooklyn, has moved into the Boston infield at second base, is a red-hot question.

The Braves are betting 8 to 5 that Torgy will be a good influence on Stanky. Eddie always was a pleasant fellow—off the field—and many of his Durocherisms were exaggerated by the press.



Hard-hitting Earl Torgeson of the Braves was named Rookie of the Year by Boston's baseball writers. He batted .281 and slugged 16 homers in 1947

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY HY PESKIN

- Steve Greene, the side-horse specialist on Penn State's national intercollegiate champion gymnastic team, wears suspenders to hold up his white-flannel gym trousers. Greene can't wear a belt because he hasn't any hips—"at least, not enough to influence a belt," is the way Steve puts it.

Polio knocked Steve off his feet when he was nineteen months old. He rode into Germantown, Pennsylvania, High School in a wheel chair. He didn't want to attend gym class but Leopold Zwarg, a gruff teacher who trained the Prussian Elite Guard before World War I, insisted.

"On the side horse you will mount," Zwarg ordered. Friends boosted Steve onto a long leather cylinder which bore absolutely no resemblance to an equine mid-section. Two pommels—iron hand grips shaped like croquet wickets—projected where the saddle should have been. Steve grabbed them to keep from falling off.

That was nine years ago. Steve uses the pommels for an entirely different purpose now. He grips them—flips upward—holds steady with rigidly extended legs parallel to the ground. The maneuver demands tremendous arm and shoulder strength—plus precise timing and co-ordination. Steve has both. He remains unbeaten in four years of intercollegiate competition.

"I weigh a big fat 113 pounds now," Steve brags, "and about 70 of those pounds must be in my arms and shoulders. My legs are pipe cleaners, but I can walk on them since I took up gym work."

Steve takes two hours of daily practice on the pommels, sandwiched around a tough electrical engineering major. He rides real horses at home in Chestnut Hills, but claims padded gymnastic steeds are more dangerous. His nose has been broken three times in gym falls.

"It's fun, though," Steve says. "People wonder why we get any thrill out of tying ourselves in knots on parallel bars and side horses. They wonder where the competition comes in. Well, we're rated on form, but there's a lot more to it. For one thing, we fight an opponent who never relaxes or lets up for a second—gravity.

"A halfback can stumble and still run for first down, but if a gymnast loses balance for a split second, he's through. Another thing, it's the fairest sport in the world. There aren't any breaks. Footballs take funny bounces now and then, but nobody ever repealed the law that governs falling bodies."

- It happened during the war. The Pittsburgh Pirates reached Boston too late for batting practice. Johnny Barrett was still buttoning his shirt when he ran up to the plate to lead off against the Braves' Al Javery.

Barrett doubled. Jim Russell tripled. Elbie Fletcher tripled. Bob Elliott doubled. Frankie Gustine hit a home run. Five pitches. Five hits. Five runs. And no batting practice!

The same thing takes place many times every season under less spectacular circumstances. Showers or wet grounds curtail pregame drills, but the players go on a batting spree. Conversely, teams slam the ball all over the park in batting practice, then are shut out in the game. No wonder fans ask, "What good does it do a batter to slug those soft straight pitches in practice? He has to hit fast balls and curves when the game starts."

Eddie Lopat, ace left-hander of the New York Yankees and a hard hitter, clears up the batting-practice mystery thus: "You smooth out your swing against those soft pitches in batting practice. You co-ordinate eye, bat and ball—and gain some confidence, too. Once you get that co-ordination, you should be able to follow the break of curve balls in the game. But if you went out there cold and flailed away at curves in practice, you might never get that co-ordination in your swing—and you'd be worse off when you ran up against curves in the game."

Getting back to that five-run barrage against Javery, Manager Casey Stengel called time when Gustine's wallop sailed over the left-field wall. He ran up to Phil Masi, the Braves' catcher, and asked, "What's wrong? Doesn't Javery have his stuff today?"

"How would I know?" Masi snapped. "I haven't even seen the ball yet."

- Manuel Ortiz was boxing as an amateur around Los Angeles and working on truck farms for $1 a day in 1937—when Joe Louis was well on the way to his first million. Ortiz whipped Lou Salica for the bantamweight title in 1942—when Louis' ring earnings soared over the $3,000,000 mark.

Harold Dade outpointed Ortiz in January, 1947, but Manuel regained the crown two months later. Then he flew to Honolulu and beat Kui Kong Young for a $57,000 purse. Next stop: Manila. Manuel knocked over Del Rosario for another $30,000.

All the while, Manuel was plowing the returns from 100 small-purse fights into his truck farm near El Centro. He bought a large billiard parlor and lunchroom in El Centro last January—when Louis' total earnings passed $4,000,000.

Ortiz revealed recently that he might retire in a few months. The announcement coincided with a story from London which said that Joe Louis (fortune depleted and eager to make income-tax money) was being paid off with 2,600 pairs of ice skates for two exhibitions in Sweden.

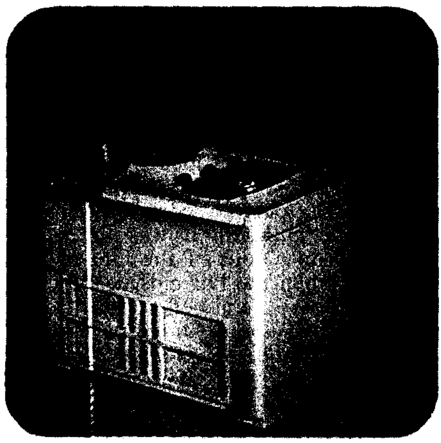
Ortiz has no income-tax troubles, two thriving businesses, three thriving children, a flattened left ear and a bulging bank roll estimated at $250,000. Moral: If you save your money, live down on the farm and stay away from the New York fight leeches, you'll never end up boxing for ice skates.

- Sounds from the fairway: "Now you take that Snead—there's a man with a head on his shoulders—or wait a minute—is that a head?"

- Washington observers have a simple explanation for Governor James Folsom of Alabama. The governor is following in Happy Chandler's political footsteps and hopes to be commissioner of baseball someday. ★★★

A New Experience in Luxurious Listening

. . . Yours only in a New Zenith Chairside with the COBRA TONE ARM!



Just imagine yourself in the picture above . . . leaning back, relaxing, **enjoying the incredible luxury** of this radio of the future, ready ***now* to astonish and thrill** you.

Without budging from your chair, you can load and play fourteen **10-inch records,** twelve 12-inch, or twelve of both sizes *intermixed!*

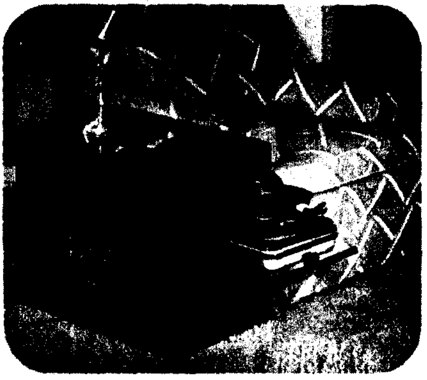
Without budging from your chair, you can tune, change programs and adjust volume and tone for AM, FM on both bands, and international Short Wave!†

And just listen to this! With Zenith's amazing, *exclusive* Electro-Glide feature, you simply touch a button and presto—the entire phonograph unit automatically glides up and out for loading. Touch the button again—and the entire unit glides smoothly back into the cabinet!

Then Zenith's *exclusive* COBRA TONE ARM reproduces your records on a Radionic Wave, with tone beauty you've never heard before. All *you* do is relax and enjoy. No lid to lift, no step to take, it's a *dream* of luxurious listening. Experience it today. Get next to one of these stunning Zenith Chairside beauties at your Zenith dealer's showroom.

†Short Wave on "Beacon Hill" and "Beverly Hills" models only.

Above, main illustration—**Zenith "Beacon Hill" Chairside** in richly grained mahogany, 18th Century design. Electro-Glide; Cobra Tone Arm; Silent-Speed INTERMIX Record Changer; AM; Zenith-Armstrong FM on both bands; international Short Wave; Radiorgan Tone Control; built-in Wavemagnet and FM antenna; Super-size Concert Grand Speaker, $430.* ***In smaller illustration above,*** the "BEVERLY HILLS" CHAIRSIDE. Indentical with the "Beacon Hill" except for the cabinet, which is blond "bisque" mahogany in elegant contemporary design. $430.*



At left—**Zenith "Mayfair" Chairside** in choice mahogany, period design. Electro-Glide; Cobra Tone Arm; Silent-Speed INTERMIX Record Changer; AM; Zenith-Armstrong FM on both bands; Radiorgan Tone Control; built-in Wavemagnet and FM antenna; 10-inch Concert Grand Speaker; $325.*

Zenith Challenges Comparison! Your radio dealer invites you to compare tone, performance, beauty, durability—before you buy *any* radio. See and hear the features exclusive with Zenith and you'll agree —*no other compares with a Zenith!* Models from $26.95 to $675.*

**West Coast prices slightly higher.*
All prices subject to change without notice.

ZENITH
•LONG DISTANCE• RADIO

30 YEARS OF "KNOW-HOW" IN RADIONICS EXCLUSIVELY
ALSO MAKERS OF AMERICA'S FINEST HEARING AIDS

COPYRIGHT 1948 ZENITH RADIO CORPORATION, CHICAGO

oh-oh, Dry Scalp!

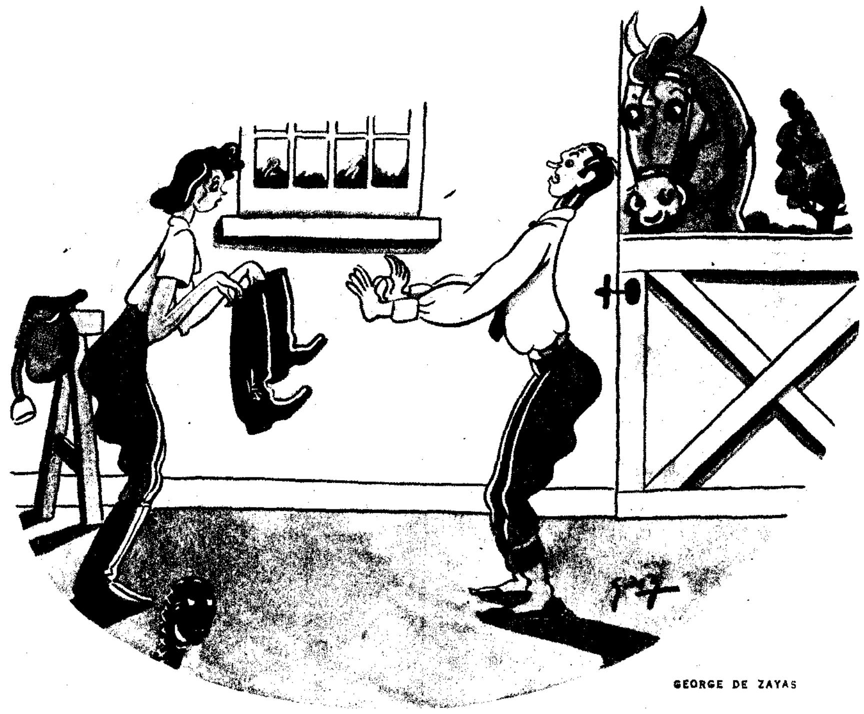
"**. . . IF HE PLAYED** his cards right, I'd be more than interested. But that hair! Looks uncombed, dried out, and—sure enough, loose dandruff, too. He's got Dry Scalp, all right. I'd be a dummy not to tell him about 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic!"

Hair looks better... scalp feels better... when you check Dry Scalp
Vaseline HAIR TONIC

SAME MAN . . . BUT what a difference! 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic can do as much for you. Just use a few drops every day. Your scalp feels better . . . your hair looks better . . . stays neatly in place all day long. 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic contains no alcohol or other drying ingredients . . . is fine with massage before every shampoo. It gives double care . . . to both scalp and hair . . . and it's more economical than other hair tonics, too.

Vaseline HAIR TONIC
TRADE MARK ®

More bottles sold today than any other hair tonic



GEORGE DE ZAYAS

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

BY FRELING FOSTER

One of the oldest fallacies in the United States is the belief that the fangs of a snake left imbedded in a leather boot contain sufficient venom to poison and kill everyone who wears it afterward. Actually, venom is ejected the instant the fangs strike their target, and any amount remaining in them would be too small to be dangerous and it would, moreover, shortly lose its potency through bacterial action.

One of America's greatest robberies was the holdup of an armored truck that had stopped at the Rubel Ice Plant in Brooklyn, at noon on August 21, 1934. Within three minutes, the seven robbers took 24 bags of currency and escaped in two cars which they abandoned at a near-by point on Gravesend Bay to board two waiting powerboats manned by three confederates. No shot was fired by the gang during the holdup; the loot totaled $427,950 in small bills, the largest amount of cash ever taken by gunmen in this country, and not a dollar of it was recovered. By the time sufficient evidence had been secured, four years later, to indict these criminals, one had completely disappeared, three had died and four were serving long sentences for other felonies. Thus, only two of the ten men were tried and convicted for this crime.

Since 1931, scientists have constructed, sealed and buried eight "time vaults," filled with documents and devices of the 20th century, for the enlightenment of civilizations that may exist thousands of years from now. One vault is in Japan, one is in Siberia, three are in England and three in the United States—New York City, Atlanta, Georgia, and Tucson, Arizona.

During recent years, businesses in this country have suffered such huge losses through the theft of tools and materials by their employees that today the fidelity insurance carried by firms covers 20,000,000 workers, or one third of our total labor force.

After the lottery was introduced in this country in 1612, it became and remained, for nearly three centuries, a major method of raising funds for churches, colleges and the building of public works, and for other purposes such as the reimbursement of individuals for damages caused by fires. At the peak of their popularity around 1830, when at least 1,000 lotteries were being held annually, a movement against them started their decline and eventually brought about their abolishment by a federal law in 1895.

Pelicans lose their vocal powers upon reaching maturity; praying mantes are the only insects that can turn their heads from side to side; and the only animals known to carry food on journeys are certain species of pygmy bats which curl their tails into pouches, fill them with insects and feed while in flight.—*By Reginald Rowland, Jr., New York City.*

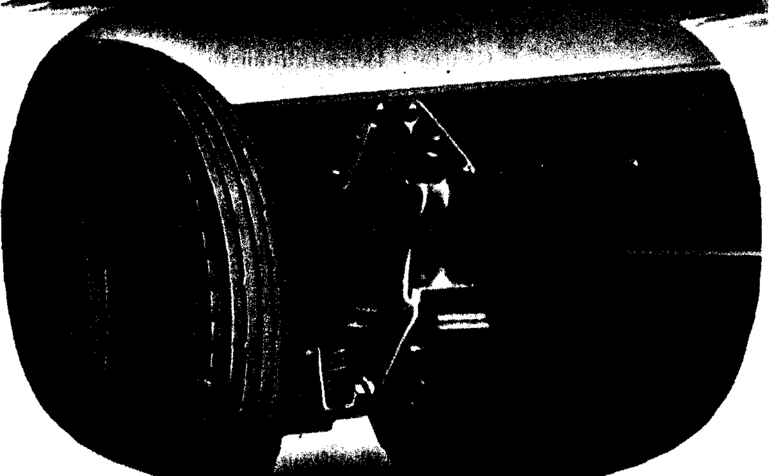
Probably no bell had a stranger history than the reproduction of our Liberty Bell, made for the Daughters of the American Revolution and exhibited at the Chicago World's Fair in 1893. As it contained the metal of 250,000 pennies contributed by patriotic children, it was to be taken later on a tour of the United States. But when the fair closed, the famous six-foot, 6.5-ton bell mysteriously disappeared and no trace of it has ever been found—*By Frank MacCarthy, Springfield, Massachusetts.*

While ordinary photographic lenses cover an angle of 50° and the best wide-angle lenses cover no more than 140°, an "extreme wide-angle" lens, developed recently in Germany, has a range of 210° and, therefore, takes in objects on each side and slightly behind the camera.

Ten dollars will be paid for each fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by their source of information. Address Keep Up With the World, Collier's, 250 Park Ave., New York (17), N. Y. This column is copyrighted and no items may be reproduced without permission

What It Takes FOR HEAVY HAULING

When you buy a GMC for heavy hauling you get a truck that's heavy duty and all truck. GMC heavy duties have big, brawny frames . . . with wide, long, thick-leaved springs to match. They have heavy, husky axles and transmissions that combine to provide as many as 15 forward speeds . . . brakes up to 21 inches diameter . . . heavy disc clutches. Engines are powerful valve-in-heads . . . with extra heavy Tocco-hardened crankshafts* and many other durability features. Yes, GMC heavy duties have "what it takes" . . . and many are now available for quick delivery.



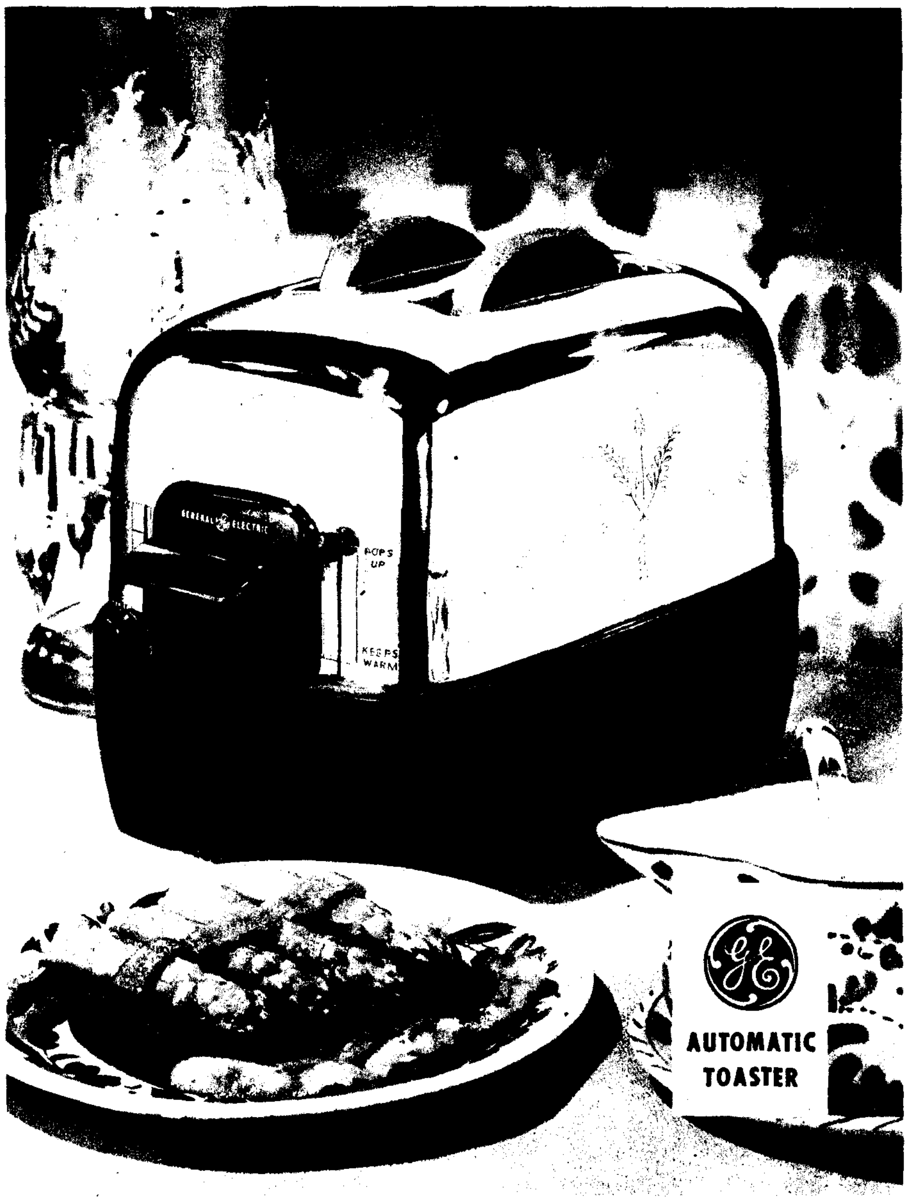
The massive frame, heavy springs and rugged radius rod drive of this dump model typify GMC heavy duty truck design. GMC heavy duties are built in gross weight ratings of 19,000 to 90,000 pounds . . . for every type of hauling job. See your GMC dealer.

THE TRUCK OF VALUE

GASOLINE • DIESEL

GMC TRUCKS

GMC TRUCK & COACH DIVISION • GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION



See the General Electric Automatic Toaster at your dealer's.

Wonderful!...TOAST "POPS UP" OR "STAYS WARM" INSIDE!

Toast *when* you want it!

If you're ready when your toast is . . . fine! The new General Electric Automatic Toaster will pop it up! If you're not—set the control knob, and a special built-in device will keep your toast warm.

Toast *as* you want it!

Again G.E. leaves it up to you. Have your toast *your way* . . . light, medium or dark. Just set the control knob and this G-E wonder does the rest . . . *uniformly* . . . from the first slice to the very last!

A "snap" to clean!

The Snap-in Crumb Tray whisks in and out. No more turning upside down to *empty* crumbs! Cleans in a speedy 10 seconds! No trouble at all! General Electric Company, Bridgeport 2, Conn.

Toast to your taste—every time!

GENERAL ELECTRIC

ARTHUR KRAFT

THE WEEK'S WORK

WHETHER the title had anything to do with it we don't know, but Arthur Kraft, who made the illustration for Ed Morgan's Crazy Like a Box Top (p. 13), assures us these are his very vital statistics. He was born, he says, fully matured twenty-six years ago in a cave in Kansas, son of a man waging singlehanded war against the Sioux Indians. He still affects Indian costume, especially in subways.

As a child, says he, he spent most of his time designing mosaics from his father's collection of scalps, and at twelve he developed a new art known as painting. He was immediately sent to Yale University for lectures and parties. He was a great success at the latter.

In 1943 he went off to save democracy, and came back. In the postwar world he now wanders about Central Park, New York, muttering long passages from Joyce's Ulysses, occasionally rousing himself long enough to paint a picture, a mural, design a cathedral, or compose a symphony—he says. His last, arranged for glockenspiel, three vacuum cleaners, a plane propeller and a recorded chorus of crickets, was banned, because the union stated it put nonrecording crickets out of work.

As a hobby he builds bird nests, and once built one large enough for himself but refused to sleep in it when a friend told him he was not a bird.

"I'm part man, part rum, part ginger ale, and a dash of bitters," explains Mr. Kraft, who is obviously no cuckoo.

PAUL SCHUBERT, writing about How America Will Defend Herself (p. 16), is a well-known author and commentator on military affairs. A New Yorker by birth, forty-nine and Annapolis '20, he served on the battleship Texas and the light cruiser Concord before resigning from the Navy in 1924 to write.

He lived and traveled extensively in Europe from '30-'38, returning to do over 1,500 broadcasts on the progress of the late war. Since then he's traveled over 50,000 miles, visiting every one of the 48 states, renewing acquaintance with Uncle Sam, and looking over the postwar world. He lives in Wilton, Connecticut, jogs four to five miles a day to keep in shape, likes to play duets with his neighbor, Collier's Fiction Editor Kenneth Littauer. Mr. Schubert plays the piano accordion.

DEBUTING fictionally in Collier's this week with a ghost story (The Storm, p. 14), Captain Laurence Critchell is from Illinois and grew up in France. Captain Critchell was a foreign correspondent before fighting his way up from private to captain in the war, and, as a paratrooper, through the invasions of Normandy, Holland, the siege of Bastogne and the occupation of Berchtesgaden. He's thirty, authored Four Stars of Hell, a story of the air-borne, got the O. Henry Memorial Award for his Flesh and Blood and has two sons.

Captain Critchell is now on active duty as a reserve officer, was assigned to the Army Secretariat in Washington for three years, before recently moving to Yokohama.

"The idea of writing a ghost story," says Captain Critchell, "dates to a stormy night in California. I had always wanted to write one. My brother, an ex-bomber and a fine bass baritone, sang a haunting song by Schubert called Der Doppelgänger—The Double. When he translated the words for me, I did what Thackeray was supposed to have done when he thought of the title for Vanity Fair. I jumped up and ran around the room, cock-a-doodling. I had my story—or I thought I did. I had still to write it."

RUBE ALLYN, who profiles the tarpon in Silver Scrapper (p. 20), has always wanted to be 100 per cent fisherman, but has had his plans thwarted by having to eat. At twelve he was an accomplished fisherman, but brooded about school and having to assist his dad, Rube, Sr., in getting out the Sarasota Sun. "The Sun was founded by my dad, on a long dock over the best trout hole on the Florida west coast, and the type cases were happily placed near a window where I could hang out a fishing line while sticking type," says Rube, Jr. "But the best trout hole was under the editor's desk, my father always said.

"Father's society page read so much like a fishing column that he traded off the paper and retired while I barnstormed the nation for 20 years, seeking printer's jobs with short hours and fishing poles with long fish.

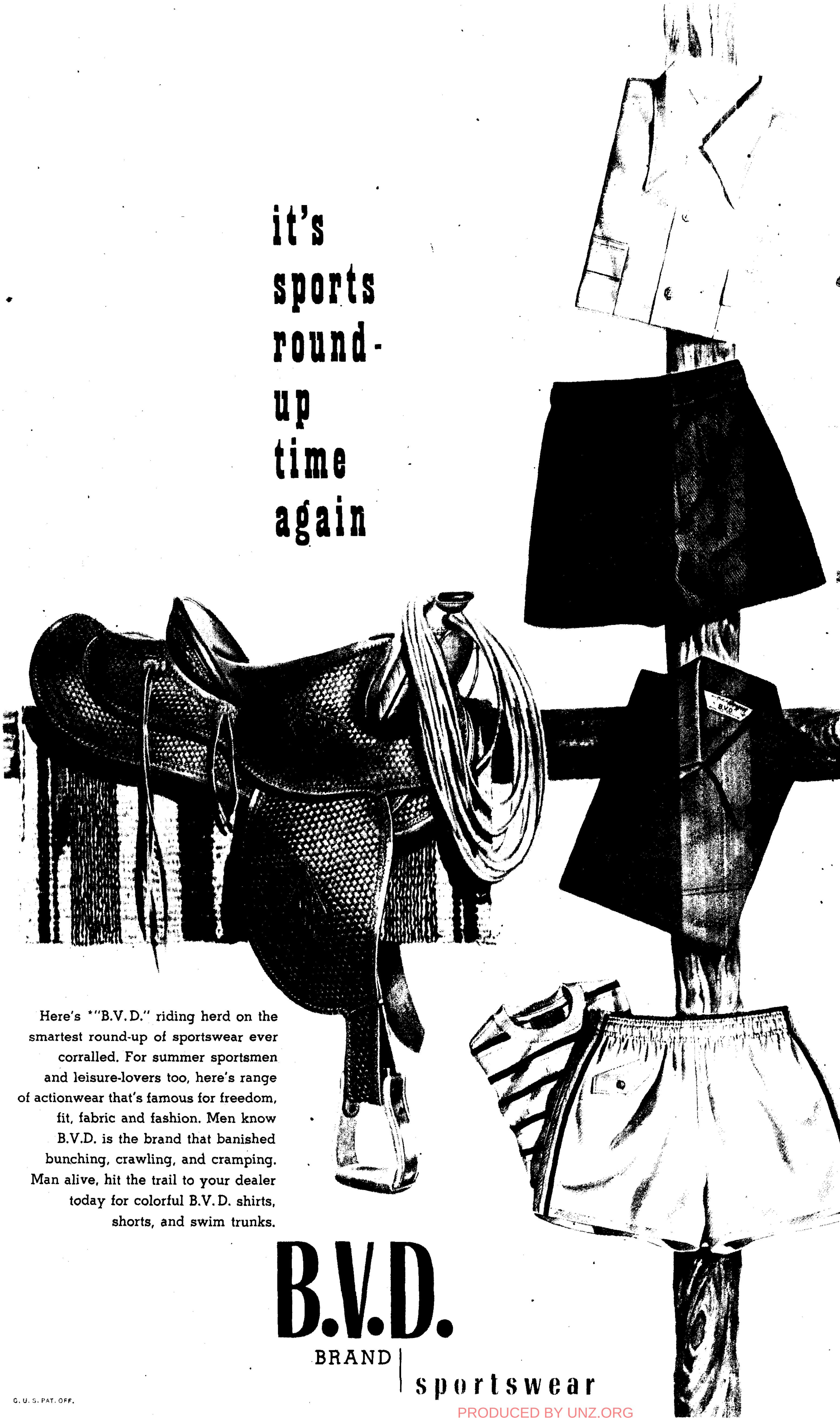
"I was finally discovered behind a linotype machine of the St. Petersburg *Times*, fished out and stuffed behind a desk labeled Fishing Editor, where I have only escaped for the four years of war. I sailed in the mechanical fish: the submarines. We based at Midway."

This week's cover: Leaping Tarpon. Dave Peskin, assigned to bring back a tarpon story (Silver Scrapper) and a cover, sat in a rented boat off St. Petersburg, Florida, with his color action equipment, waiting for a pair of patient deep-sea fishers—the Bob Lassings of St. Pete—to produce a photographic strike for him. Early in the season, the tarpons were biting infrequently—and only at feeding time—after dusk.

On the ninth day, when all seemed hopeless, Bob Lassing yelled, waking Peskin, who was relaxing with a camera on his chest.

The great fish struck, leaped three times, while Lassing obligingly "horsed" it into a camera angle as close to Peskin's boat as possible. From a worm's-eye low angle, Peskin got one of the most amazing fish pix of many a year. . . . TED SHANE

it's sports round-up time again



Here's *"B.V.D." riding herd on the smartest round-up of sportswear ever corralled. For summer sportsmen and leisure-lovers too, here's range of actionwear that's famous for freedom, fit, fabric and fashion. Men know B.V.D. is the brand that banished bunching, crawling, and cramping. Man alive, hit the trail to your dealer today for colorful B.V.D. shirts, shorts, and swim trunks.

B.V.D.
BRAND | sportswear

G. U. S. PAT. OFF.

B.V.D. *Ruggers Shirt.
The famous all-purpose shirt with style and comfort in every stitch. Goes everywhere, smartly, for its double purpose collar is correct with or without a tie!

B.V.D. Walking Short.
Plenty of leg freedom in these smartly tailored walking shorts with big roomy pockets. The new favorites for walking, for sports, for loafing on the lawn!

Hollywood *Rogue Shirt.
Roomy, relaxing, tailored for *comfort* in fine fabrics. Wear it in or out of your trousers—it's buttonless, botherless—bravo!

B.V.D. Boxer Swim Trunks.
You're slim and trim in water-repellent *Sea Satin swim trunks by B.V.D., with built-in support and breathe-easy elastic waistband. Wear it with colorful, matching B.V.D. Basque Shirts.

"Next to myself I like 'B.V.D.' best!"

Authorized Agency
LONGINES
WITTNAUER
Watches
SALES AND SERVICE
WITTNAUER
Over 75 Years of Service
A Longines-Wittnauer Product
A
B
C
D

This bronze shield is proudly displayed by more than 4000 fine jewelers, coast to coast

In fine gold filled cases — $39.75 to $59.50
(with bracelets, slightly higher)
In cases of 14K gold — $59.50 to $71.50
Illustrated: A — "Director", $59.50;
B — "Milady", $65; C — "Tulsa", bracelet, $69.50;
D — "Gretna", $59.50.
Prices include Federal tax

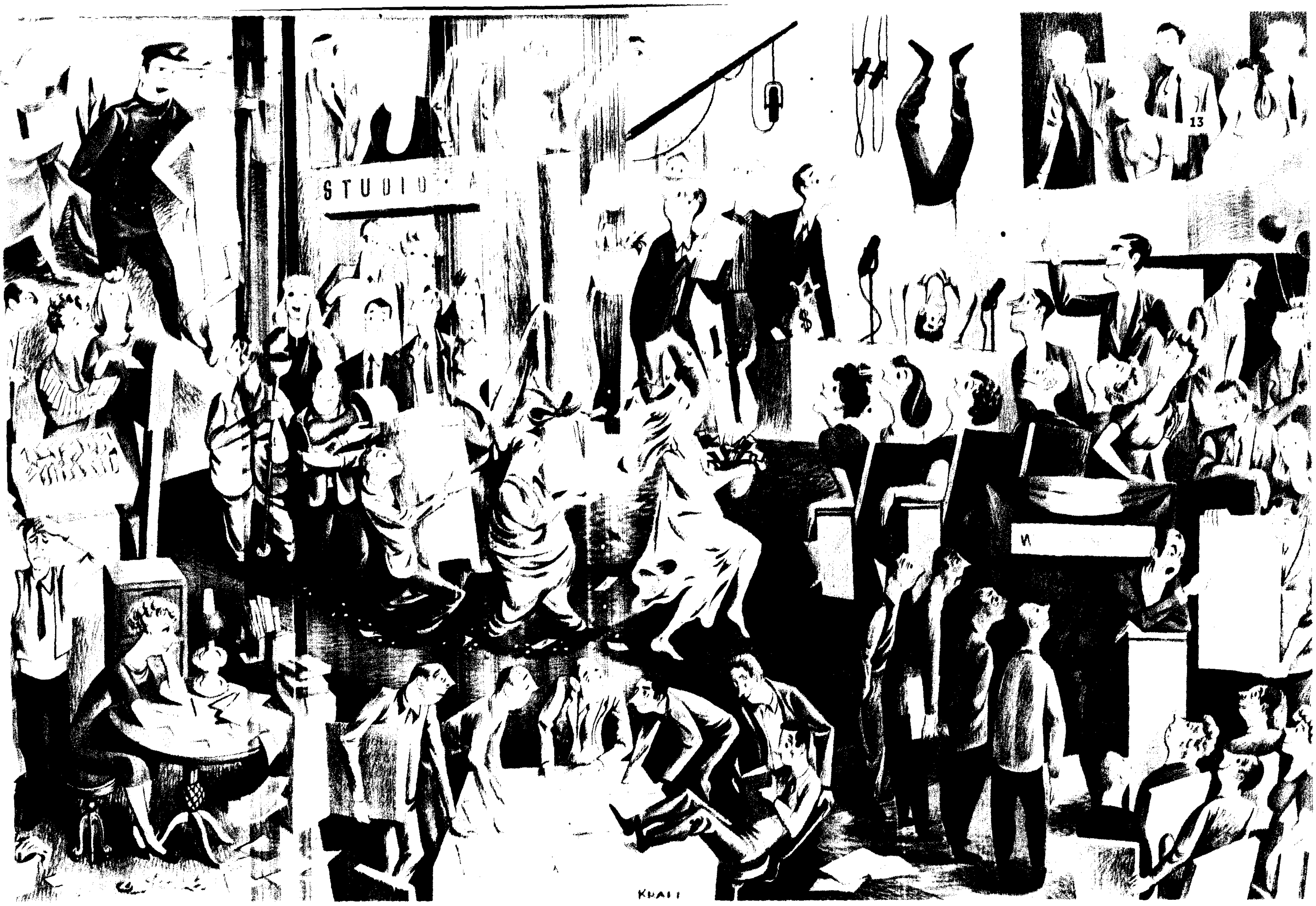
Wittnauer

Distinguished companion watch to the honored Longines

A hundred and one superiorities of construction and finish are in-built into Wittnauer watches by Longines-Wittnauer, famous for fine watchmaking since 1866. The Wittnauer watches now at your jeweler's are outstanding for beauty, accuracy, long life and exceptional value.

For style folder on Wittnauer watches, write Longines-Wittnauer Watch Co., Inc., 580 5th Ave., N. Y. 19

A Longines-Wittnauer Product



CRAZY
LIKE A BOX TOP

BY EDWARD P. MORGAN

DRAWING BY ARTHUR KRAFT

Built on slogans as bad as "Refrijellicious Fruitrio," the commercial contests have become big business. People are making their living at slogan slinging. Correspondence schools for would-be winners have sprung up. Huge concerns stage and judge nearly all the major guessing games

NOT long ago an insurance salesman from Fort Worth, Texas, nobly trying to shore up the crumbling foundations of what had once been a good solid American home, wrote to a national contest-judging concern to inquire what the chances were of his wife's winning a prize. He was too proud to admit it but the poor man was starving to death while the little woman searched her soul and the dictionary for the last line of a limerick which would corral that 155-piece, nonchipping dinner set to serve him his meals on.

"Box-top crazy," he called her.

Figures are at hand to prove that this affliction threatens to invade almost every household in the republic. The symptoms the Texan described were typical. Originally, he explained, his helpmeet's only failing had been a tendency to write verse, innocent and noncommercial.

Then things changed. A slight glassiness developed about the eyes. She subscribed to a kind of form chart that showed how to win, place and show for Sudsies or Little Cannibal kennel ration. Her conversation began to come in spurts of 25 words or less, lyrically extolling a new kind of condensed milk or synthetic motor oil. She ordered the groceries in iambic pentameter, traded her recipe book for Roget's Thesaurus and spent the day filling out entry blanks beginning, "I like Brawny Breakfast Food because . . ." But she had yet to have her first taste of victory.

She will get it. The more she tries the better she will become, and someday an electric toaster or a vacuum cleaner will be hers for free. Her husband theorizes, quite naïvely, that a single triumph will then have satisfied her and she will go back to the kitchen. He's wrong and if he'd ever tried to fold up a fly rod after the first strike he'd know it. The toaster will only whip her into still more vigorous attempts at rhyming, with a mink coat or a supersonic sedan in rosy prospect.

Commercialized contests are America's answer to the Irish Sweepstakes. We're nuts about them and getting nuttier. If our gambling instincts have been stunted by the fact that lotteries are against the law, we have developed a "something-for-almost-nothing" complex that makes us respond frenziedly to the challenge of naming an advertiser's bull calf and carting off the $7,500 first prize.

Purchase of the manufacturer's product as a condition of entry (not always required) becomes an expression of sportsmanship and another practically painless way to spend loose change. It's hardly a gamble. Even if you don't hit the jack pot you've still got the can of split-pea soup. Via this foolproof formula, contesting has become a big-business enterprise on its own, involving millions of dollars,

(Continued on page 50)

THE STORM

BY LAURENCE CRITCHELL

It took Matthews a long time to learn the first lesson—the next one was even harder

WHEN ex-Sergeant Matthews turned his cycle along the Oxford road toward East Ilsley on the last stretch of his journey from America, there was only a single red glimmering of light to the west, where the sun had died. Around him in the sky were the shattered, blue ruins of clouds, which the wind from the Channel had twisted all day and which now, with the approach of nightfall, deepened swiftly to black. Under this sky the grainfields of the Berkshire countryside were livid and the road a narrow river of darkness ahead. He shuddered a little. Though it had been three years since he had come this way, the tumult in the sky and the loud roaring of the wind in the trees recalled so vividly the night during the war when he had said goodby that for a moment the two occasions were indistinguishable in his mind.

He was a young man about twenty-four years old. His features were thin and his eyes prominent; he looked neither to the left nor to the right as he pedaled. Tied to the handle of his bicycle was a parcel done up in twine and paper: this was his only luggage. Though bareheaded, he wore a heavy leather flight jacket and a scarf drawn tightly around his neck to keep him warm. His hands were mottled with the cold. The way in which he took the hills without slackening his pace showed that he was driving himself, as though to get indoors before the nightfall; yet there was something so disturbed and inward-looking in his expression, that a few passers-by who were abroad that evening turned to stare at him.

On the outskirts of East Ilsley, where the road was sheltered from the wind by an ancient stone building, he dismounted to light a cigarette. He looked about him with dismay when he found he had no matches. The mean little street had been slicked and emptied by the storm. There was not a living being visible anywhere. He turned to go—and then started almost violently as he noticed a man standing quietly in the black frame of a doorway.

There was a long pause. "Got a light?" Matthews asked harshly.

"Aye," said the figure, still not moving.

Matthews approached. In order to keep the flame burning in the wind, he had to stand up within the doorway. "Have one?" he asked.

"Aye."

The matchlight, shadowed by cupped hands, illuminated an old man, his face attenuated and drawn.

"American," said the man slowly, exhaling the smoke between thin lips. He looked at the cigarette. "No more of these now. Not any more." As Matthews stepped down from the doorway: "Here in the war?"

"Yes." Matthews hesitated. Then he asked, "Are the Cruikshanks still here?"

"Them at the Littlecote?"

"Yes."

"The old man's dead. His woman's gone—Manchester, they say."

"And the girls?"

"Aye, the girls." The old man turned the cigarette over in his fingers. "The bad 'un's here—her that had the baby. She went away for a while, but she came back. There weren't no use to hide it. Brought the baby with her—"

Matthews had been listening intently to this. "Is she alone, then?" he asked. "Where's her sister?"

Instead of answering, the old man peered at Matthews shrewdly. "You wouldn't be the one—?"

"Skip it," said Matthews abruptly. He walked his wheel into the village.

THE house was situated on a lonely road at a little distance from the last buildings of the village, its entrance out of sight in a garden at the rear. In front of it the road climbed gently away from the town through a corridor of trees. A low building, abandoned years before and falling into decay, was silhouetted blackly at the summit of the rise. As Matthews stood at the garden gate, he looked for a moment in that direction.

In the small rose garden behind the house a bare apple tree groped against a sky alive with stormy motion. The gate creaked behind him, was silent, creaked again. Matthews lifted the knocker.

The woman who opened the door was a tall, large-boned person of about thirty-two. Her features were gaunt, her high cheekbones prominent, her eyes dark. She peered out at him.

"It's Matthews, Elizabeth," said Matthews tonelessly.

For a long time there was silence.

"Why did you come back?" she demanded at last.

"I want to see Laura."

"Laura is married."

The young man trembled suddenly; for an instant it seemed as if he might fall. Behind and all around him the storm twisted the garden; as he took a step back into it, a second woman, smaller than Elizabeth, came into the hallway behind.

"Who is it?" she asked.

Elizabeth's shoulders half dropped. She turned slightly, for the other to see. "It's Matthews."

This time the silence lasted so long that they could hear a clock ticking in the house.

"What does he want?" asked the other, her voice very low.

"It's all right, Laura," Matthews interrupted dejectedly. "I'm going."

As he started to turn away, however, Laura came up to the door. "Come in, Matthews," she said gently.

The younger woman was about twenty-six years old. Her features were softer than Elizabeth's and her lips were more generously formed. In her eyes Matthews saw a sadness, a resignation, which made him step forward involuntarily, as though to take her in his arms. But she shook her head; and for a moment they regarded each other in silence.

"You've changed, Matthews," she said at last. "You're older."

"Yes."

"Have you been happy?"

"I came back."

"I'm sorry you did. It would have been easier if—" She paused. "Writing might have saved you—"

"I don't want to save myself anything!" he put in fiercely.

"Close the door, will you, Beth?" said Laura. She passed her hand back across her hair distractedly. She, too, was trembling.

The hallway into which Matthews had entered was illuminated by an amber ceiling light and by a tasseled lamp on the dark wood sideboard. There was a small brown mezzotint of a Dutch canal scene on the wall above the sideboard and an umbrella rack beside the door. In the background was a narrow flight of steps which angled sharply to reach the second floor. A child's plaything lay on one of the steps.

In the quiet, footsteps were descending the stairs. A moment later a man came into the hall. He was a person of medium build with an oval face and a small mustache. He looked at them with a cheerful, rather quizzical expression.

Elizabeth spoke before the others. "Storrs, this is Sergeant Matthews. He was a friend of mine during the war. An American." To Matthews, she said, "This is Laura's husband."

"I say!" Storrs advanced on Matthews with outstretched hand. "You fellows are scarce around here now!" As they shook hands, he said, "Don't let him just stand there, you two. Good Lord, the man's freezing! Laura, how about some tea? Or would you all like something stronger—whisky?"

"Whisky," said Elizabeth dryly.

"You too, Laura?"

Laura had been gazing so intently at Matthews that she started when her husband addressed her. "Yes, please."

"Laura and I were ready to turn in," said the man, rubbing his hands together briskly. "We'll just have a drink and then leave you and Beth to talk."

"That's all right," said Matthews, his eyes on the child's toy.

"D'you have a place to stay?"

"I'll be going back to Newbury."

"You can't possibly do that in all this storm. You stay here. We'll fix you up."

THE living room was a pleasant, low-ceilinged chamber, illuminated by the same amber light as the hall. Matthews put down the package that he had carried and gave his flight jacket to Laura. As she carried it back to the hall, Elizabeth seated herself on the worn brown couch by the piano and regarded Matthews impassively. He warmed his hands at the fire, looking about him with a kind of hungry wonder. Storrs disappeared.

"Do you still play?" Matthews asked her, nodding at the piano.

"For myself."

"You gave up your singing?"

"I'm married now, you know." She spoke indifferently, as though her singing had been a matter of no consequence.

"Where is your husband?"

"In Edinburgh. Like you, I'm only visiting."

A coldness, an unveiled contempt in Elizabeth's tone of voice made Matthews, who had seated himself across the room from her, lower his eyes. Laura returned and in a few moments her husband came back with a tray.

"Sergeant Matthews used to come here evenings in the war," Elizabeth explained to Storrs. "His unit was at Hempstead Marshall—Lady Craven's old place. He used to play chess with Father a great deal—"

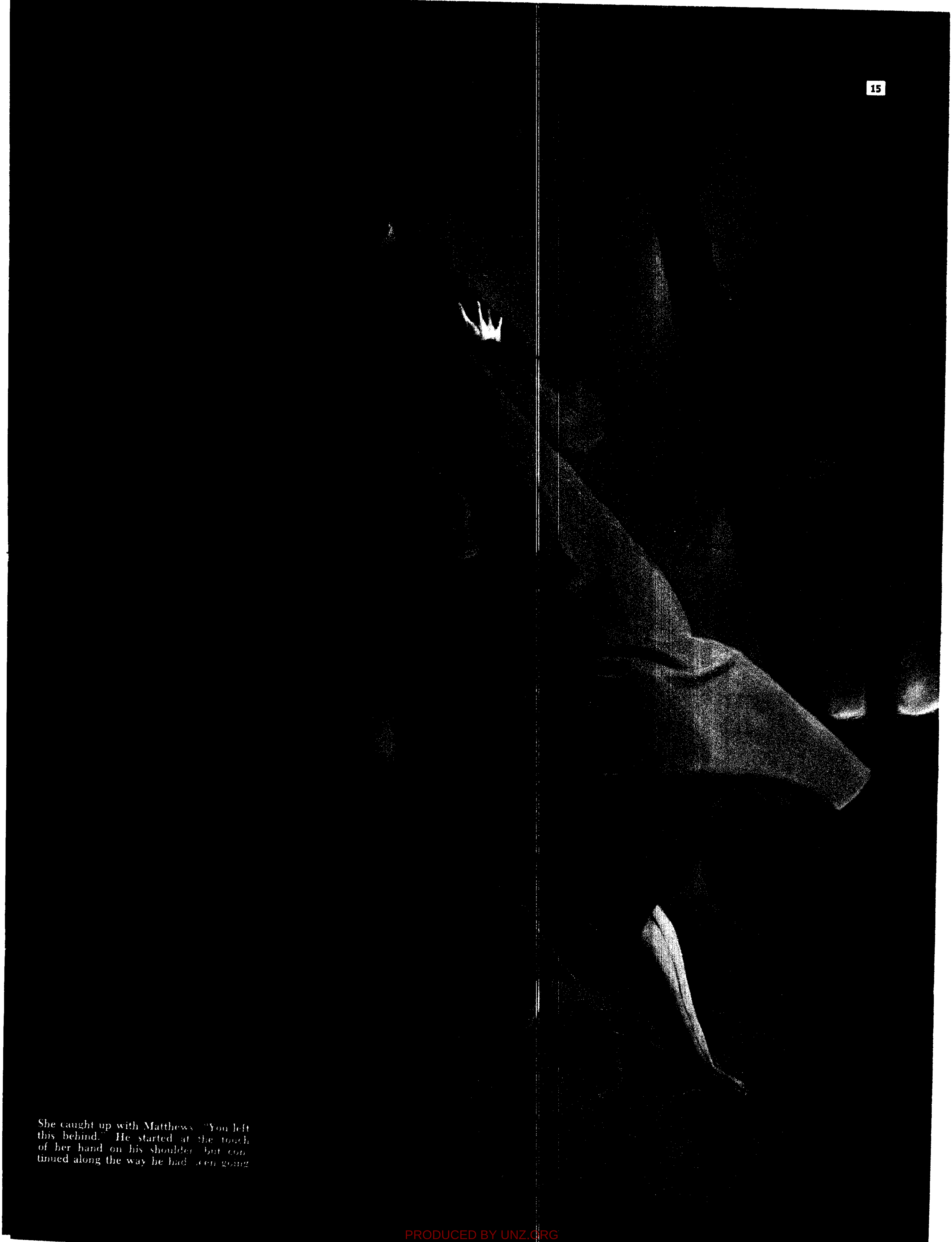
"I never won," Matthews qualified with a thin smile.

Elizabeth glanced at him without cordiality and went on: "He was in on the Normandy rumpus. Afterward he came back here for three months and then disappeared again. The next we knew, his unit was in Holland. And that was the last we ever heard of him. He never wrote. For all we knew, he was dead."

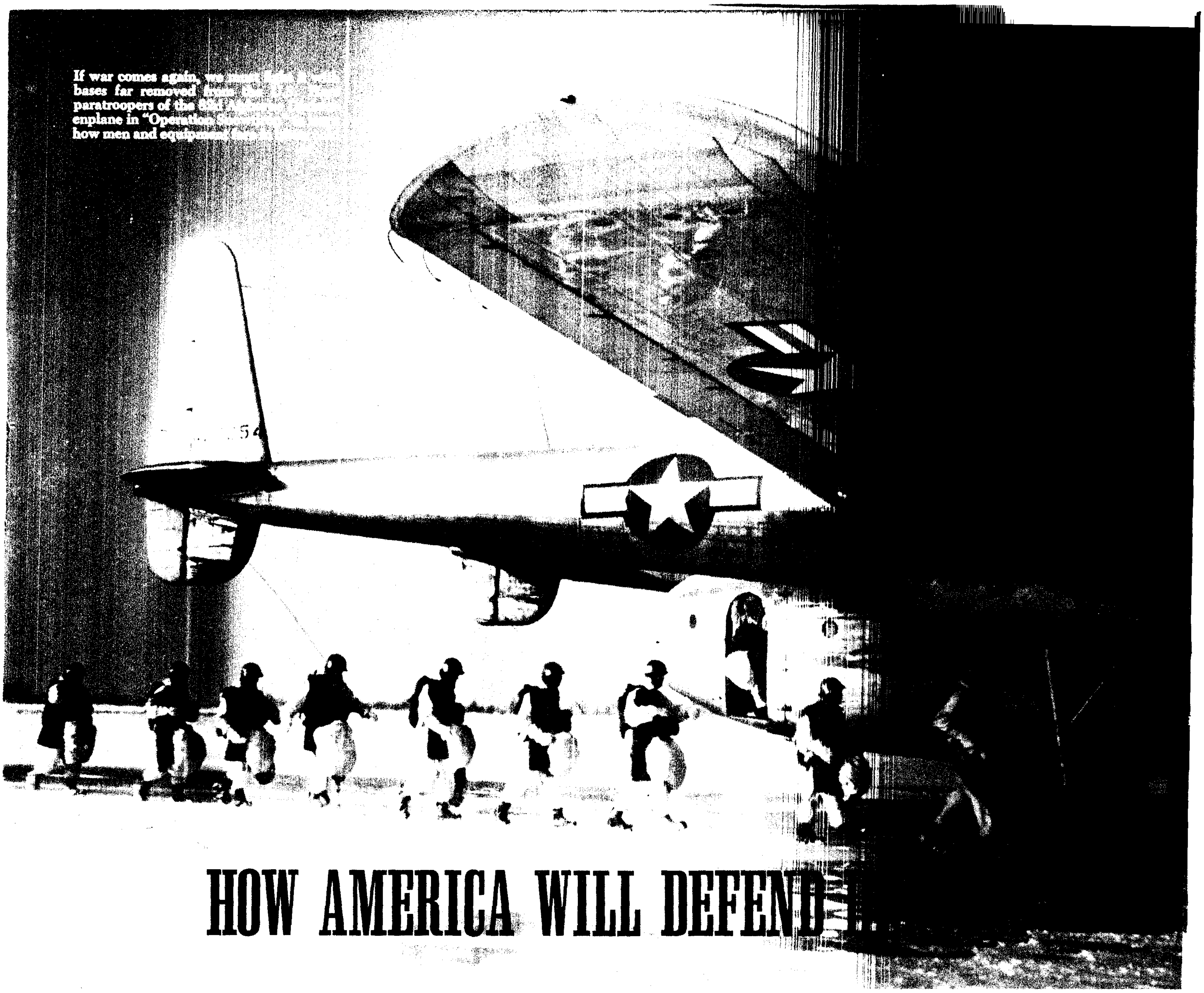
Elizabeth's voice was so hard, and her meaning so plain, that Laura

(Continued on page 70)

ILLUSTRATED BY PIO JUNCO



She caught up with Matthews. "You left this behind." He started at the touch of her hand on his shoulder, but continued along the way he had been going.



If war comes again, we [illegible] bases far removed [illegible] paratroopers of the [illegible] enplane in "Operation [illegible] how men and equipment [illegible]

HOW AMERICA WILL DEFEND

BY PAUL SCHUBERT

We don't want America to be a battleground if war is forced on us; we must carry the fight to the enemy. A noted military writer tells how it will be done

HOW ready are we for trouble? What's the state of our defenses? Apart from our own strength, can we expect any help, in a jam, from other countries? Back in 1945, when the fighting stopped, we were a member of history's greatest alliance. But today, shockingly enough, we discover that although we have planned to spend roughly $11,000,000,000 for armed strength in 1948, our experts say this will give us practically nothing in the way of actual combat readiness.

The military men inform us, however, that by spending another estimated $4,000,000,000 for men and equipment, and by starting up the draft plus Universal Military Training, we can buy a real combat outfit tough enough to give us quick protection in the event of an emergency.

But we are not now at war. Considering the peacetime security which we need, the question is: Will a $15,000,000,000 peacetime plan, once we get it set up, represent a really dependable, three-dimensional land-sea-and-air force strong enough to keep us safe from aggression? Is there any strength short of total mobilization, that really spells American safety? How strong do we have to be to call ourselves "secure"?

The answer to all these questions is a very simple one. We need the power to set up something that might be called a "temporary empire," but an empire strictly in the modern defensive sense. That requires some explaining, starting back in 1945. At the end of the war, we believed the United Nations Organization, set up a short time previously, could be made to work. We were so sure this could be done that we demobilized in a mad helter-skelter to "get the boys home" regardless of national security in a war-ravaged world. Three years later in 1948, the United Nations doesn't look like such a good bet as a peace-enforcement agency. America discovers now that American defense is exclusively in American hands. Pretty naked hands, at the moment—but competent, for all that.

We're on our own, and what are we going to do about it?

The first thing we have got to realize is that we are up against an entirely new world military situation, caused by the revolution in warfare. You hear lots of talk about the A-bomb, rockets, push-button warfare, Buck Rogers blitzes, the destruction of whole cities by robots launched from the other side of the world. Today's new weapons, like the A-bomb and the rocket, have already begun to affect warfare, but the revolution we are up against is something quite different—something that is already an accomplished fact.

Recall, please, a little recent history. Do you remember Singapore? In 1941, Singapore was a fortress, said to be impregnable, held by the British as a key point in British Empire security. From our American point of view, Singapore in British hands was a guarantee that our fleet could operate in the far western Pacific, since the British would make Singapore available to us as a "base"—a secure place where our ships could get repairs, food and fuel.

In spite of all its defenses, Singapore was knocked over by the Japa-

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY IRVING HABERMAN nese with surprising ease early in 1942.

Do you remember Manila, Corregidor and Bataan? Do you remember the Maginot line?

All these events of recent military history have one thing in common. They deal with the capture of "impregnable" defensive positions. Most of the positions were captured by three-dimensional land-sea-and-air invasion forces sent overseas from distant lands.

In every instance, the invasion forces struck first at weak spots, later at the fortified strong point.

Pre-Invasion Victories

But that isn't all. The war saw still other "invasions" in which the enemy was knocked out before any of our troops touched his soil. The first of these was at Pantelleria Island in the Mediterranean just before the invasion of Sicily, when the Italian garrison on this tiny island surrendered without resistance after heavy bombardment. The most striking was the capture of Japan's home islands. There we planned a great invasion. But before this assault ever took place, we applied such pressure of air bombardment, sea blockade, destruction of cities, closing of harbors, sinking of shipping, smashing of factories, that Japan's war potential was shot to nothing. The Japanese surrendered.

All this adds up to the revolution in warfare—this ability to strike the enemy from very long range, with a great variety of attacks by land, sea and air, in a co-ordinated assault that smashes his prepared forts, his armies, his factories, his cities, his air forces, his fleets . . . a campaign that knocks over his entire structure of war, from his outermost defenses to his inmost citadels. That's the new warfare. The Germans called it Total War—but they were amateurs at it.

The Japan that we beat was an island empire. Japan had set up such a far-reaching, strong military structure that many experts felt the Pacific war would go on for ten years—that Japan was perhaps permanently established as the dominant Pacific power.

What is an empire? Dictionaries call it "a union of states governed by an emperor." In modern terms, an empire is intended to be a foolproof, self-sustaining, economic and military structure, spread out over the world in such a way that it can control the peace and security of its own area in its own interest, and can withstand any attack by military or commercial invaders.

The best modern example, perhaps, was the British Empire "on which the sun never sets," envy alike of the Germans and the Japanese—a trading empire whose military strength was long used to prevent war and put down insurrection in the interest of commerce and production. For more than a century Britain was willing to spend money to prevent war, or to help end a war, as a good investment for trading Britons. All the world benefited to some extent by this *Pax Britannica*—but the two wars for European and Pacific domination have left Britain pretty well exhausted . . . and besides that, have played hob with the old idea of empire through holding military strong points.

Who wants an empire, today? The old kind, that is. Here in America, we have never had an empire. Our strength lies in our home territory. We trade overseas. We send our ships to all parts of the world. We have always kept a navy to protect our shipping—but beyond that we have been content to share the protection of the British Empire which did much of the job of policing and patrolling most of the world's seas.

The closest we have ever come to old-fashioned empire was in the Pacific, where we flew our flag over the Philippines and Hawaii, and Samoa, Guam, Wake and a few other pin points of land, plus Alaska and the Aleutians. It wasn't much of an empire, as empires go.

Military men said, before 1941, that we could never fight a Pacific war against Japan without an empire. If we lost our own positions, we would be forced to rely upon British positions. If the British lost their positions, we would both be doomed to defeat because we would have no bases, within striking distance of the enemy.

Then, at the outbreak of the war against Japan, we did lose virtually all our Pacific bases west of Hawaii, and the British, Dutch and French lost all of theirs from Burma to Rabaul. . . .

And still we beat Japan. We beat Japan by taking and using new bases as we needed them, by setting up a "temporary" wartime empire—an American empire created to meet the situation and torn down again when the war was over.

This is one of history's great facts. The permanent Japanese Empire was beaten by a temporary American Empire. Japan's military structure, maintained at great cost in the belief that it meant security, was knocked over by a fluid, expansive, three-dimensional American land-sea-and-air power which moved outward from home territory at will, set up operating bases as it needed them—and then abandoned its temporary empire after it had won its military victory.

We can't claim credit for inventing this kind of warfare—the warfare of amphibious invasion, long-range air and sea bombardment, giant overseas bases for strategic air forces and strategic sea forces—but we certainly mastered the technique. We developed it because we had to—the alternative was to accept defeat. And the British, bounced out of Europe, out of the Far East, out of parts of North Africa, shared the development.

There you have it. Thanks to British and American resourcefulness, the new warfare can be fought without permanent empire, without permanent overseas bases in the old sense. It can go anywhere, do anything, take anything, win a war and come home again. But—it can only be fought by great industrial nations who operate large air forces, great fleets of ships, great quantities of mechanized arms, and who have lots of man power.

An Adequate Security Plan

This conception of warfare lies behind the $15,000,000,000 plan of security which our military men feel is adequate to protect us from anything that can happen, including the outbreak of war with Russia.

Consider the problem that faces us if we go to war. Our first, and most vital, consideration is the security of our homeland—our cities, our factories, our oil fields and harbors and transportation system—above all, our citizens.

Up to now we have always thought we could protect ourselves by setting up defenses here at home. We have forts guarding our coasts, the Navy offshore, antiaircraft batteries around our cities, the Air Force dotting the country with fighter groups ready to intercept enemy aircraft, plus radar warning systems and ground control.

We have kept a small peacetime Army, a skeleton Air Force, a partly manned Navy with two thirds of its combat ships in moth balls. We spend some $11,000,000,000 a year, supposedly to be "ready" to defend us here at home.

But this situation is tragically weak in two respects. First, if we do go to war, we can use only a minute part of our Army, Navy and Air personnel strength for actual fighting, since most of our peacetime military man power must be put to work when war starts, training and equipping our draftees.

Second, it is no longer possible to defend this country adequately by planning to fight here at home. If we let the enemy bring the war to us, we invite disaster. We can only fight as long as we keep our factories, our harbors, our transportation, our cities alive and operating. We must keep the war away from home and fight it over the enemy's country—or at some place in between.

There is only one way we can keep our country from being the battleground. We must be able to control every place within a circle of approximately 2,000 miles radius from our vital points—above all, our defense-plant areas—every place from which the enemy can launch effective attack against us by land, sea or air.

The distance will get greater as time goes on. But we are thinking about the situation today, and at the moment our top military men put the 2,000-mile radius as our safety zone.

This does not mean that we have to set up a huge string of distant defenses in a complete circle around us. That would spread our strength out too thin. The Japanese tried to do that when they spread out into the islands of the Pacific in 1942—and all they did was to create weak outposts that couldn't be supplied, and which we knocked off one by one.

No, what we have to do is move outward in such a way as to block enemy moves.

There aren't so many places from which Russia can strike us. We are still pretty securely protected by geography. Alaska, Greenland, parts of Canada, islands in the Atlantic, perhaps some of the territory to the south of us—thinly settled country which might be converted to the uses of the new kind of warfare. Those are the areas that must be kept out of Russian hands.

You see, if Russia could set up a temporary empire around us, as we set up a temporary empire around Japan, all of us could be in for plenty

(Continued on page 64)

A medical officer treats G.I.s of the 15th Infantry during exposure tests conducted by Task Force Williwaw in the penetrating cold of Adak, Alaska

INTERNATIONAL

At Ladd Field, Alaska, Army Ground Force troops salvage a piece of mobile equipment from a hole in the snow

INTERNATIONAL

FOR BUSINESS REASONS

BY ROBERT CARSON

Presenting the romantic case of Miss Fay Brooks, who did some remarkably effective baby sitting, with nary a baby to sit for

IN WEST Los Angeles, at a place popularly known as The Ready Room, a bunch of the girls were whooping it up. The shades of night were falling, and the girls were drinking tea and eating cookies and waiting for worried parents to call. As a local service, the Students' League of the University ran a sitters' bureau, and at eventide married people with both social engagements and children often hollered for help. The Ready Room, long and bare, was filled by chairs with large right arms suitable for writing or study, and run on a basis of strict rotation unless the sitter was requested by name.

An urbane elderly lady, Mrs. Amelia Fish, ran the whole works from a desk that bore a telephone, smelling salts, an old I. Magnin hat, a map of Westwood and vicinity, and a green morocco diary which was full of priceless information. Penciled largely on the wall behind her was the telephone number of the Los Angeles Police Department.

The girl with the highest priority this evening was a beautiful red-haired kid named Fay Brooks. She was eighteen years old, was a junior, and broke. While she ate peanut crunch, she read Spengler's Decline of the West.

The telephone rang. Mrs. Fish asked questions and scribbled in the green book. She hung up and, frowning slightly, consulted a telephone book and the city directory. "Fay," she said.

Closing a gloomy page of prose, Fay rose and walked over to her desk.

"Ten sixty Los Altos Road," Mrs. Fish said. "That's only a couple of miles north of here. You can take the Fairborne Avenue bus to Sierra Blanca Road, and then you walk two blocks east. Mr. Spike Harrison."

"Who?"

Mrs. Fish frowned again. "I asked him to give me his initials, but he said everyone called him Spike. He sounded cultivated—almost like a Harvard man. I think it's all right. At any rate, all you have to do is shriek very loudly and run down the middle of the road—they have a private alarm system up there."

"How many and how old?"

"One. Three."

"Gee, that's wonderful," Fay said. "No formula or didies. Maybe he, she or it will sleep the whole time. When do I go?"

"Right away—uh—Spike said." Mrs. Fish appeared to have difficulty unscrambling her brow. "Better ring me after the people leave—I'll ask the radio cops to drift by."

"What is this?"

"Nothing, nothing," Mrs. Fish said doubtfully. "Only, he said that he'd just heard of our service, and that he believed a sitter would be a big improvement over their previous practice."

"What was their previous practice?" Fay asked.

"Their previous practice," Mrs. Fish said, "was to leave the boy alone and let him scratch on the doors and howl."

Fay was not a girl who worried. Leaving The Ready Room, she bought a package of licorice and drank a Coke at a drugstore, rode the Fairborne Avenue bus to Sierra Blanca Road, and walked two blocks east. Ten sixty was a small, rambling, rather shaggy gray house of mixed parentage. It didn't seem sinister. She rang the doorbell.

A tall, preoccupied, thin young man in a dinner jacket opened the door. He had unruly hair and an essentially kind expression, but he was plainly annoyed at the interruption.

"What can I do for you?" he said.

"I'm the sitter from the league," Fay said.

"Oh," Spike Harrison said. "Come right in."

He led her to the living room, which was larger than the outside of the house suggested, and done charmingly with chintzes and a split-brick fireplace.

"Nice of you to come by," he said. "Sit down. Will you have a drink?"

"I don't drink."

"Is that so?" Spike absently passed a hand through his disordered hair and looked at his watch. "I'll be gone quite a while. You'll want something to read, won't you? Do you care for magazines, or would—"

"I have a book with me," Fay said.

"Oh, yes. Big one, isn't it? What's it called?"

"Spengler's Decline of the West."

"Who wrote it?" Spike asked politely.

"Spengler," Fay said. "Where's the kid?"

"Kid?" Spike said. "Oh, you mean Burdette. He's outside. I'll bring him in in a minute. Just make yourself comfortable."

Fay sat on the edge of a chair and regarded Spike narrowly. He apparently remembered something urgent and disappeared for ten minutes, reappearing with a coat and hat on and accompanied by a large German shepherd dog. The latter licked Fay's hands and wagged his tail energetically, after which he sat down and scratched himself.

"That's Burdette," Spike said. "I hope you'll like each other. Later on you might let him out in the back yard and give him a drink of water. He's perfectly harmless—"

"Wait a minute," Fay said. "Is Burdette—"

"Yes, that's right."

"I never heard of such a thing."

"He's a strange dog," Spike said. "Hates to be alone. Loves people. I only keep a day maid, and the neighbors have complained about his howling. All my doors have had to be refinished. You'll be a godsend, Miss—Miss—"

"Miss Brooks."

"If he gets restless or uneasy, throw his ball for him. He also enjoys having his ears scratched, right at the base. He'll try to coax you into letting him sit in your lap, but don't do it—he weighs eighty pounds. Good night, Miss Brooks."

"Good night," Fay said. "It's your money."

SHE read Spengler awhile. She ate the licorice. Then, after the manner of all sitters, she inspected the house. It had two bedrooms tastefully arranged, a pleasant book-lined study, and a minute dining room with French scenic paper on the walls. The maid's room at the rear of the house had been converted to an architect's workshop and was full of drafting equipment and blueprints.

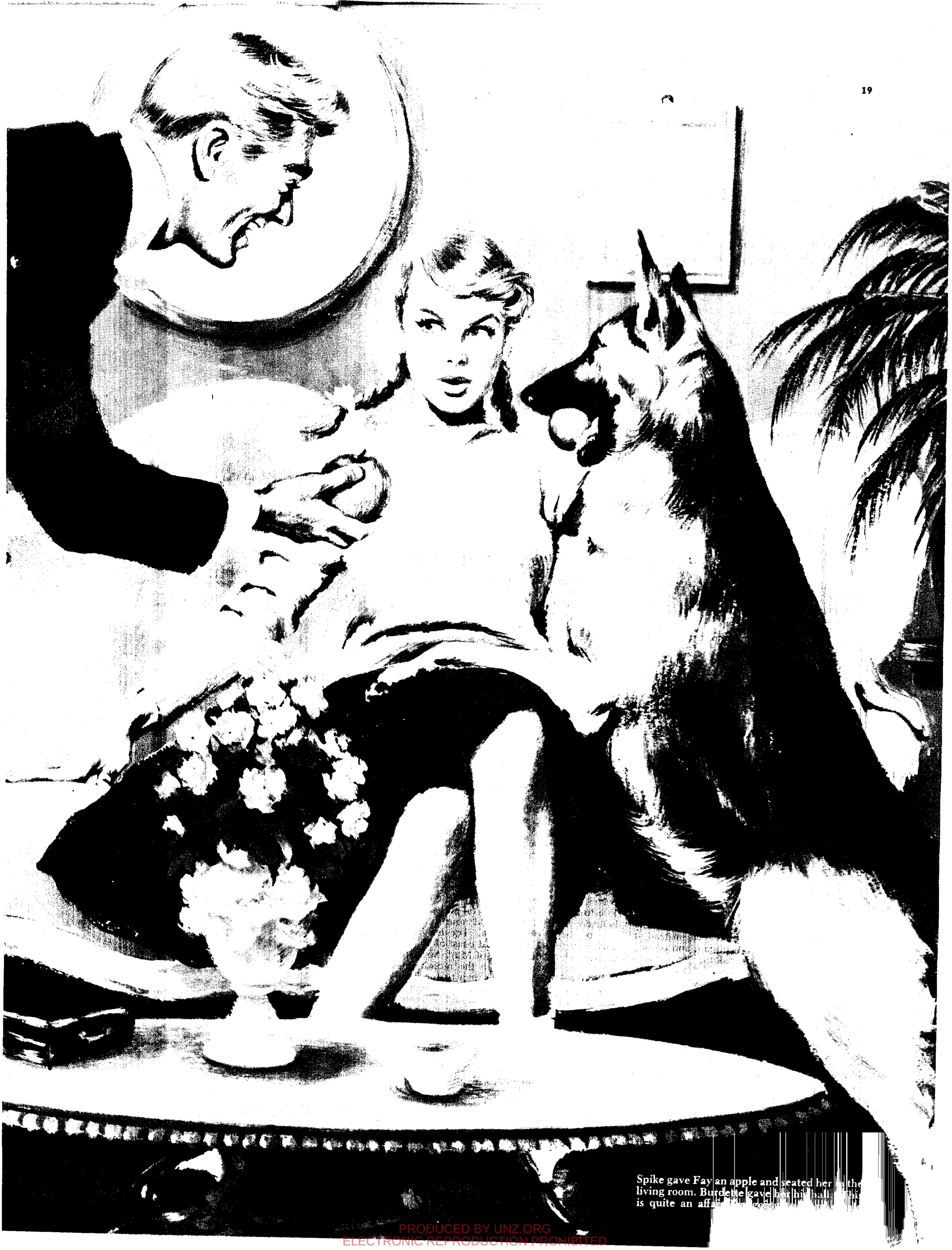
But nowhere could Fay find evidence of a feminine resident, though Mrs. Fish had distinctly mentioned "their" previous practices. Baffled, she returned to the living room, found an apple and ate it, and dozed off. . . .

A monotonous bouncing sound awakened her. Burdette had found his ball and was ready for a little recreation. Playing ball with him wasn't exactly fascinating. She threw it, he chased it and brought it back to her, and she threw it again. Yet the game never palled on Burdette. Finally she took his mind off it by letting him outside and giving him a drink of water. Then she tried successively to get Burdette to shake hands, roll over and play dead, sit up and speak. They all came as complete surprises to him, and no amount of explanation or examples did any good.

"Spike—Burdette, I mean," Fay said, "you're as sharp as a rowboat."

A car rolled into the driveway, and she thought Burdette—Spike had come home. But it was only a couple of radio cops checking, and she suddenly remembered she hadn't called Mrs. Fish. She assured the *(Continued on page 85)*

ILLUSTRATED BY FREDERIC VARADY



Spike gave Fay an apple and seated her in the living room. Burdette gave her his ball. This is quite an affair [illegible] going [illegible]

SILVER SCRAPPER

BY RUBE ALLYN

When you hook a tarpon, better clear the decks for action. You're in for a lively scrap with the fightingest fish in the seas

THE tarpon had returned to the upper west coast of Florida on their annual pilgrimage from the Caribbean, and a dozen fishing boats drifted down Crane's Bayou to meet the big silver fighters, which for courage and endurance are unsurpassed by any other game fish in the world. One of the craft was a small cruiser, with Jerry Walker as the only passenger. Walker had his line out, and about noon a tarpon took the bait, a handsome big fish which the captain estimated would weigh about 125 pounds. In fighting a tarpon, there is a time to yank and there is a time not to yank. Walker yanked at the wrong time, about two minutes after the tarpon had struck, after the fish's rushes had brought him pretty close to the boat. Then things happened very quickly—or at least they did as the old-timers tell the story.

Out of the water, in a wild, twisting leap, shot the big fish. It sailed some ten feet through the air, cleared the gunwale of the boat by a yard and landed on the deck beside Walker. Its heavy swinging tail caught Walker squarely across the buttocks and flipped him neatly over the side of the boat into the water; he went under, still clutching the rod and reel.

Then the tarpon smacked the deck a couple of resounding thumps which cracked the planking and with a mighty jump cleared the gunwale. Just as Walker came sputtering to the surface, the fish hit the water a few feet from him. Walker promptly let go of the rod and reel and yelled for help. The boat captain fished him out of the water with a gaff, and the big tarpon flashed downward into the depths, taking with him Walker's fishing equipment. You can imagine the tarpon rushing home to Mrs. Tarpon and saying:

"Honey, I had the biggest man on the line today you ever saw."

Jerry Walker's epic encounter with the big tarpon has been built up into one of the classic stories of the Florida west coast. But there have been many other battles almost as sensational. Around Bush Key sportsmen are still talking about the great struggle between Danny Roberts and an exceptionally active tarpon of about 140 pounds.

Roberts was in a 14-foot rowboat when he hooked the tarpon, and the big fish had the better of the fight all the way. It took line from Roberts' reel almost at will and leaped over the boat again and again. It could easily have broken the line and escaped; instead, it chose to fight it out fish to man, and on one of its mighty leaps cleared the stern sheets and landed in the boat.

Danny hurriedly retreated to the bow, where he picked up a heavy lead sounding weight and aimed a blow at the tarpon's head. Unluckily, he missed, and the weight plunged through the bottom of the boat. A moment later Danny lost his balance and fell, face down, in the hole, whereupon the fish flailed around with its tail and battered Danny right through the bottom of the boat. The tarpon went with him, and so did several hundred yards of spare fishing line.

Both man and fish were entangled when they came to the surface, and they threshed about furiously, each trying to get away from the other. The battlers finally floundered onto a sand bar, where Danny, almost exhausted, tried desperately to pin the fish to the sand with a scissors hold, while the fish tried just as desperately to knock Danny's brains out with its tail. The battle ended when another fisherman killed the fish with a gaff.

It is very seldom that a man will win what might be called a hand-to-tail battle with a big tarpon, because these fish are almost unbelievably strong and active and can deal terrific blows with their tails. A fisherman named Hardy McCormick whipped a big one a few years ago, but he was so badly banged up that he was out of commission for several months.

Hardy went out in an 18-foot boat, with an engine housed under a wooden cover, on which he was seated when the fish struck. Through three jumps, all twisters, Hardy held on to the fish. Then the tarpon ran under the boat, and the line became slack. Hardy reeled in quickly, and all of a sudden the waters parted and 100 pounds of shimmering silver fish soared into the air and came down exactly where Hardy had been sitting.

Savage Primitive Battle for Survival

To save himself Hardy dived for the bow, where he hung on as the big fish began to unload the boat. First the threshing tail swept the engine box overboard, then the battery, a couple of life preservers and Hardy's tackle box. When the fish ripped off the engine carburetor, and gas began to spurt from the broken line, Hardy realized that he'd have to do something or he wouldn't have enough boat left to go home in. So with a desperate leap he flung himself on the flailing tarpon, and ramming his hands under the fish's red-lined gills managed to get a good grip on the tarpon's throat. With the heavy tail slamming against his legs he finally choked the fish to death.

The tarpon is a member of the herring family, but it has very little in common with its innocuous little cousins of the delicatessen. In the first place, it is a lot bigger; the largest specimen captured so far weighed 383 pounds, and there are probably larger ones in the sea. The biggest tarpon ever taken on rod and reel scaled 247 pounds.

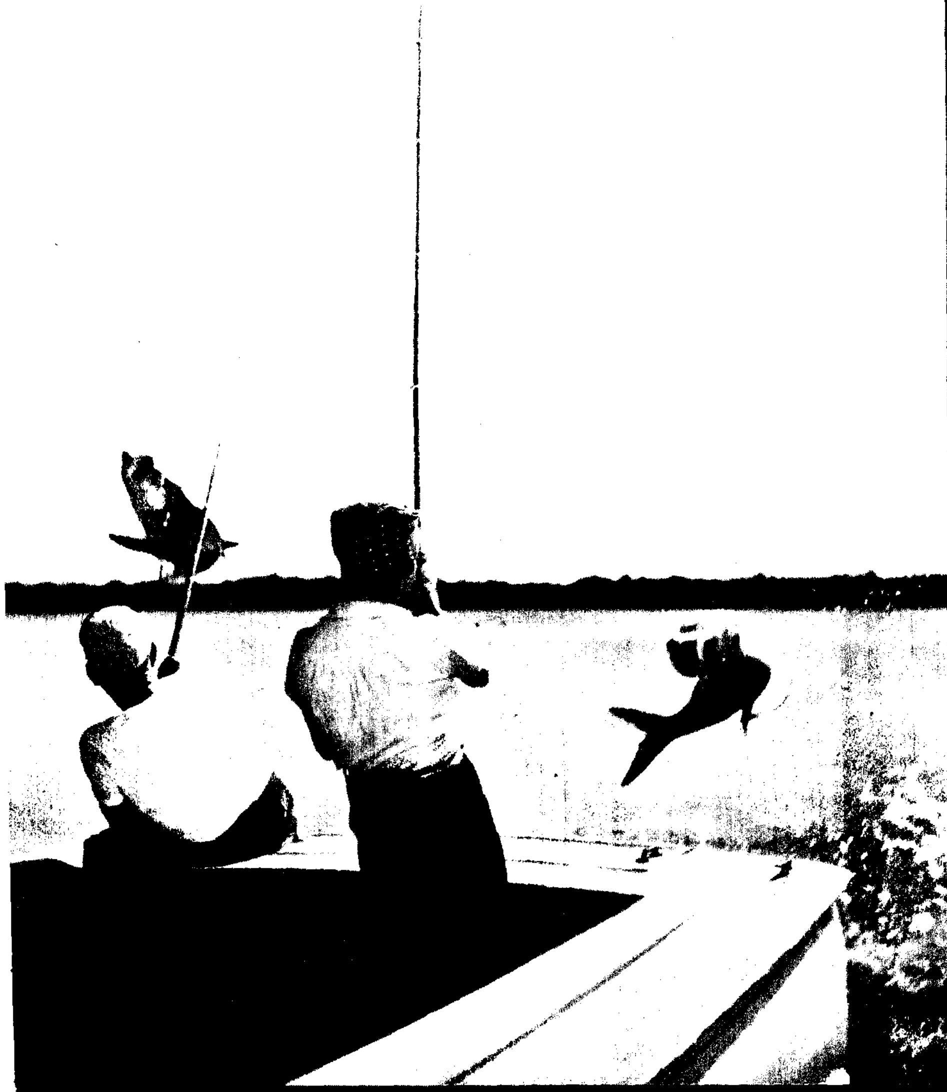
Known in various localities as savanilla, savalle, sabalo, and grande écaille, the tarpon is spawned in the brackish waters of the Florida Everglades. When it is large enough to travel, it migrates to the coasts of Cuba and Puerto Rico, where it grows fat and sassy and belligerent in the warm and nourishing waters of the Caribbean Sea. The fish return each year to the upper west coast of Florida, arriving about the middle of May. Sometime in August, usually late in the month, they leave Florida and make a trip to the Texas coast, leaving behind them a number of wrecked fishing boats and lamed fishermen.

Pound for pound, the tarpon is said by expert fishermen to be the fightingest fish in the sea; it will invariably battle until fully exhausted. These fish are renowned for their mighty leaps after being hooked; a big tarpon will often clear the surface of the water by eight feet, and jumps as high as 15 feet have been reported. And the tarpon is about the only fish that doesn't give up once it is aboard a boat. A tarpon fisherman who knows his business will clear his decks the moment a fish is hooked, for the odds are pretty good that the tarpon will jump into the boat and continue the fight. Battling a tarpon in a boat littered with gear may mean broken legs and badly bruised bodies. ★★★

Captain Dain McCormick, a popular fishing guide, baits a tarpon hook with a live pigfish. Usually, live bait, such as the pigfish, mullet and crab, is the best lure for the big silver fighters

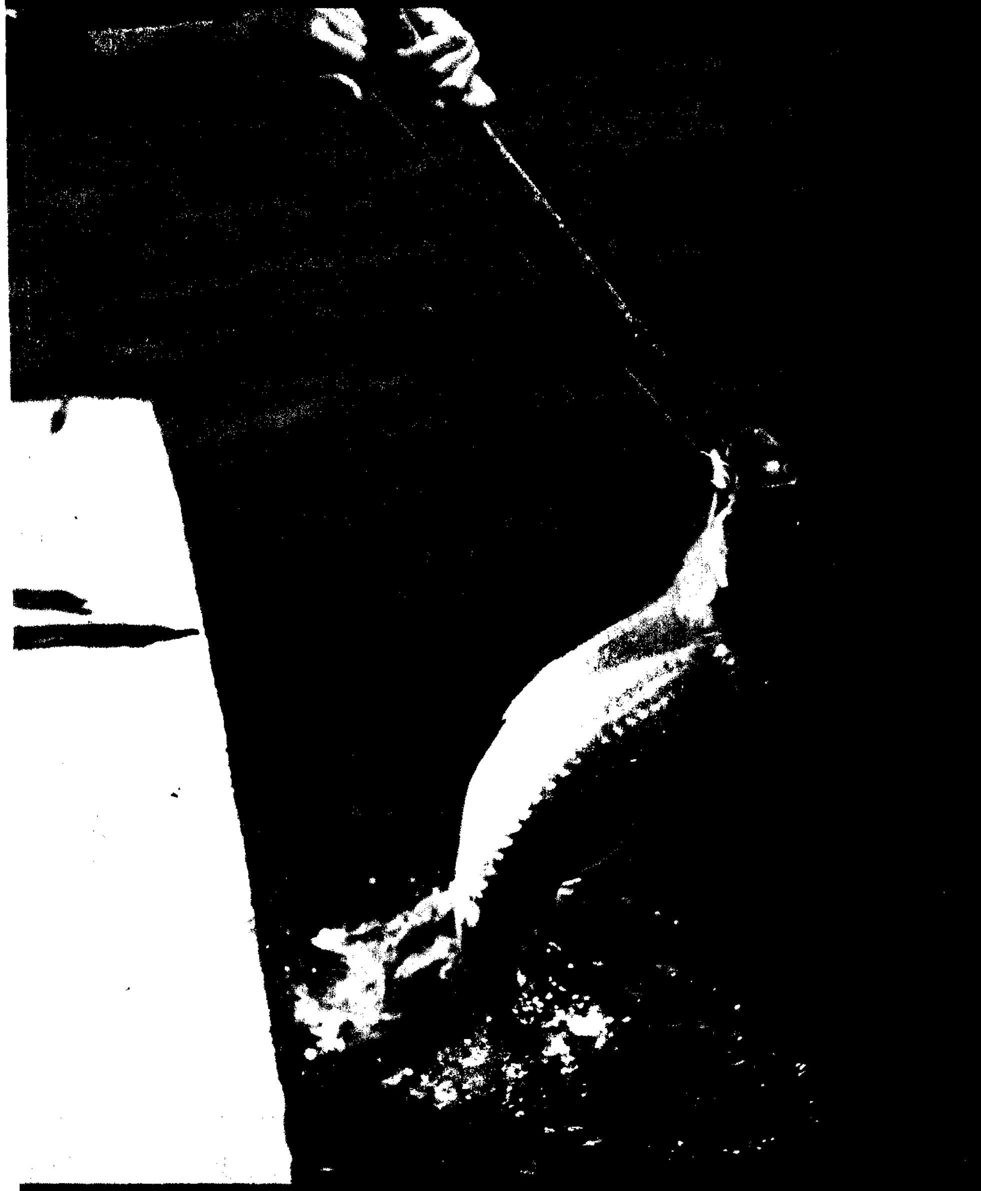
In its desperate fight to pull loose from the hook, a tarpon will make half a dozen tremendous leaps. It will usually jump from four to six feet and often as much as eight feet into the air

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY DAVE PESKIN

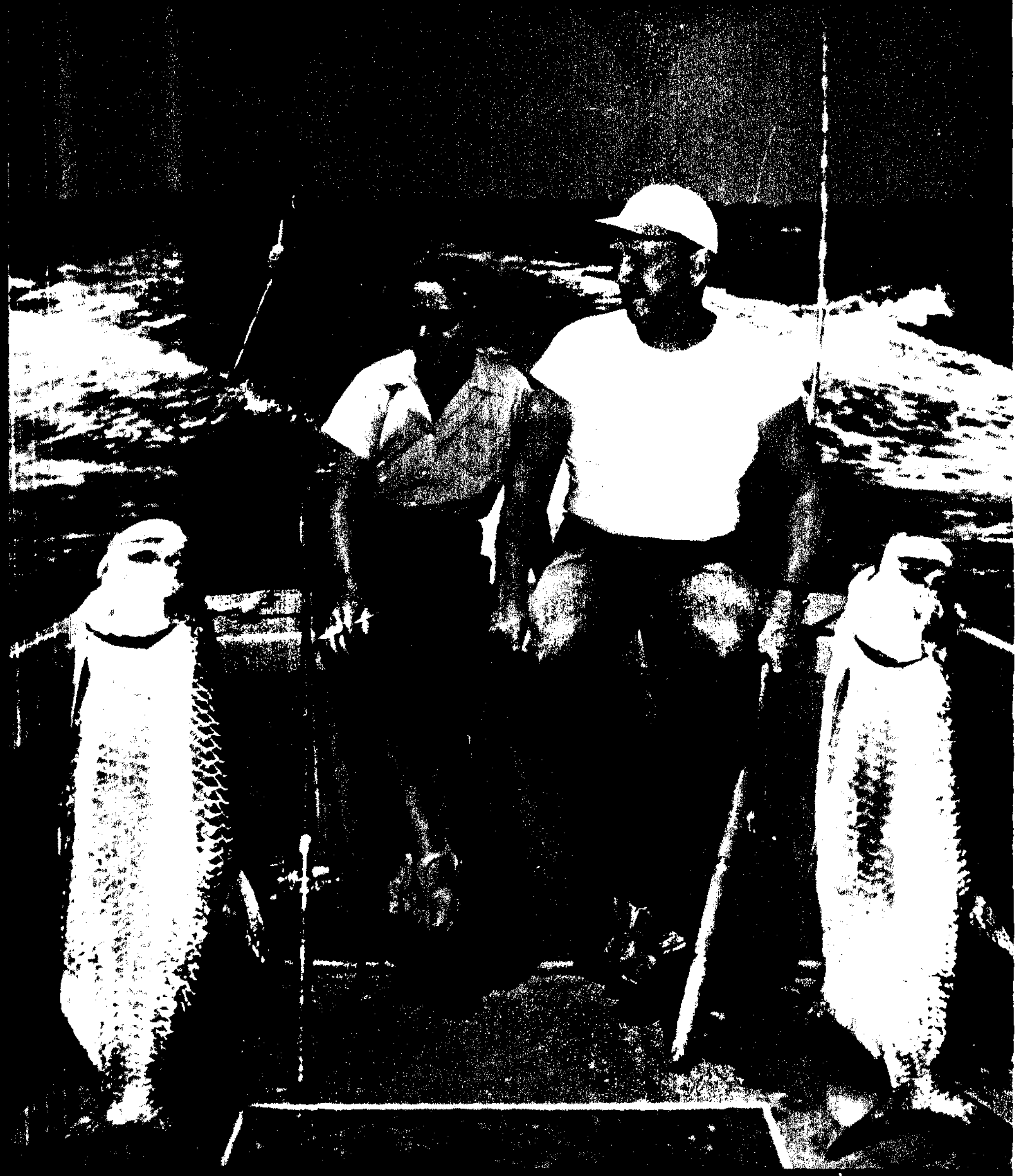


Here the camera has caught a rare spectacle—a double strike, which to a fisherman is like hitting a home run with the bases loaded. A moment after the picture was taken the two tarpon were literally all over the place, but both were boated

The pull of a fighting tarpon on a rod is tremendous; even the strongest rod is sometimes almost bent double. Veteran fishermen, who have caught many tarpon, admit that every strike of the big silver fish gives them a moment of buck fever



A 70-pound tarpon is hauled aboard at the end of a gaff hook. A fish this size can put up a tremendous half-hour fight. The tarpon are usually released unless they are large enough to register for a prize, or they are wanted for photographs



Mr. and Mrs. Robert Lassing of St. Petersburg, Fla., with a 78-pound tarpon caught by Mrs. Lassing, and a 65-pounder landed by Mr. Lassing. Mr. and Mrs. Lassing won the men's and women's honors in the $10,000 St. Petersburg Tarpon Roundup in 1940

DOODLES INTERNATIONAL

BY O. HENRY BRANDON

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LEO ROSENTHAL

What's in a diplomat's idle scribblings? A veteran correspondent collected the doodlings at international conferences, and a psychologist sought in them a clue to the personalities of some of the world's key diplomats like dead-panned Andrei Andreevich Gromyko

On this page are photographs of four diplomats in the United Nations. On the opposite page are four sets of doodles, each produced by one of the diplomats and each identified by a number. Can you pick the man who made each set? The answers can be found in the story, where each doodle description is numbered. The diplomat at the top and left is Kuzma V. Kiselev, head of the Byelorussian U.N. delegation; and at the right, above, Sen. Arthur Vandenberg. Below are John Foster Dulles, left; and Andrei Andreevich Gromyko, Russia's chief delegate

WHAT goes on behind the stern mask of Andrei Andreevich Gromyko, Russia's chief delegate to the United Nations, when he sits in dead-pan silence at the oval table in the Security Council? His fingers are moving a pencil, slowly and deliberately carving hard, straight lines onto his scratch-pad. Does the Russian representative feel like a superman, a diplomat or a human being?

Gromyko has repelled all inquisitiveness about his personality and his private life. Shunning, as he does, interviews, personal contacts, social life and, I am sure, psychoanalysts, it would seem difficult to penetrate his subconscious. But the lines on his scratch-pad and on those of some of the other key diplomats in the United Nations provide clues for interpretation of their personalities.

I began collecting the doodles of noted diplomats some years ago. I had been noticing that several of them at international conferences I attended had the habit of scribbling away aimlessly on their writing pads during the time-consuming translations such meetings involve. At the end of one session I picked up four of these scribblings and quickly jotted down the name of the scribbler in each case. Since then I have attended almost every international conference. Enlisting the help of delegates, their advisers, secretaries, and even cleaning women, I accumulated a strange collection of pencil scratchings and drawings.

Eventually I asked Dr. Werner Wolff, professor of Psychology at Bard College, a specialist in experiment on personality, to analyze these "diagrams of the unconscious."

The analysis of doodles is only one small part of Dr. Wolff's "experimental depth psychology." The movement of hands, the rhythm of gait, handwriting, and dream images are all to him the overt expression, the key, to some inner movement, feeling and emotion in a person. His experiments are concerned with finding a common denominator among the various expressions of the same person.

In the case of doodles he compares many graphic signs, in reference to the total picture, in order to penetrate the "depth of personality." This depth of personality is not quite the same as the subconscious. In Dr. Wolff's vocabulary it means the center in which the different characteristic traits of a person converge. This "center" is his target. To diagnose depth of personality he has found a new system which he will describe fully in a book, Diagrams of the Unconscious, to be published by Grune & Stratton this month.

What he had to say about my outstanding doodlers struck me as most revealing. In most cases it corroborates my own observations from personal and private contacts, although he analyzed the doodles *without* having any knowledge as to their origin other than that the doodlers were men and not women.

No other diplomat in the United Nations is exposed to so many hazards as Mr. Gromyko. He is more in the limelight than any other delegate, and one false step on his part may arouse the Kremlin's ire and finish his career. It is therefore not surprising that behind the stony-faced mask under which Gromyko, the human being, hides, Dr. Wolff recognizes "great nervous tension."

But the psychologist explains that Mr. Gromyko's tendency to repeat the same lines over and over again in his doodling (No. 1) indicates that he has what in clinical terms is called a "compulsion neurosis."

"This means that a person is under compulsion to act in a certain way over and over again, like a person who suffers from an obsession to wash his hands continuously," Dr. Wolff said.

Everyone who has listened to Mr. Gromyko's performances in the United Nations will agree with this diagnosis. The harping repetitiousness of his arguments and "noes" has often driven his colleagues around the council table to desperation. Losing his temper, Mr. Byrnes once referred to the Soviet delegate's reiteration of speeches as "phonograph records."

Mr. Gromyko "with his great self-restraint and control," said Dr. Wolff, "is mainly a watchful observer, as he himself shows in drawing the eye in the corner of those sheets of paper you collected. The aggressive tension that results from continually observing is evident in the amount of pressure he used to draw the eye, which can best be described as piercing."

Mr. Gromyko's complete self-restraint in never revealing his position in advance, as other diplomats often do, is proverbial at United Nations meetings. He has never lost his temper, not even in moments of the greatest tension.

The Man from Byelorussia

Unlike Mr. Gromyko, Mr. Kiselev, who represented Byelorussia at the United Nations General Assembly, looked fairly cheerful and relaxed to the unsuspecting observer. His speeches, of course, were always a neat carbon copy of Mr. Gromyko's or Mr. Vishinsky's. Dr. Wolff, who had no idea there was any connection between the two doodles, finds that Mr. Kiselev's scribble shows a tendency to shade the entire doodling (No. 2).

"This is indicative of a considerable amount of psychic tension, leading to worries and fears," Dr. Wolff explained. "This characteristic has not only been observed in graphic form, but also in the Rorschach ink blot responses to shadings. The persistent effort to establish interconnections between the squares dissected by triangles is frequently an attempt to overcome and to suppress emotional reactions such as anxieties and fears."

Mr. Kiselev's hazards are obviously not so risky as Mr. Gromyko's. He has only to follow Mr. Gromyko's instructions, to be on the safe side. The significance of the "yes" next to his doodle is difficult to determine without knowing what was being discussed at the time the doodle was made.

The most assiduous doodler I know is Senator Arthur Vandenberg (No. 3). The doodles reproduced here were chosen from a collection of ten. Two years ago, during a General Assembly meeting in London, Senator Vandenberg noticed one of my accomplices slipping a doodle from under his hands. He said smilingly, "I hope this won't come into the hands of a psychoanalyst!" And with his ever-present sense of humor he let my helper get away with it.

For those who feel the senator would make a good President, the following analysis should be helpful.

"These doodlings show quite a variety of concrete and abstract forms, the common shapes of which are square boxes and circles, each of them subdivided in various directions," Dr. Wolff said. "The continuous subdivisions suggest a continuous intellectual effort at mental analysis, almost to an obsessional degree."

This "continuous intellectual effort" might explain the senator's steadily growing stature as a statesman and leader, and the mounting esteem for his wisdom and integrity. "The many squares and boxes," Dr. Wolff continued, "indicate a continuous self-control and a strong feeling of self-protection."

In the following paragraph Senator Vandenberg's internal conflict—which, in view of the clamor that he become a candidate for the Presidential election, must have become highly acute—is described by Dr. Wolff:

"This person's ideas seem to revolve around the notion of boring his way right through an obstacle. The musical notations and the images of the sun, of a bird and of a house seem to be a consolation for and a relaxation from tremendous mental effort.

"This person is very concrete-minded. He is more at home thinking in images than in abstractions. The intellectual tasks which he must undertake at the moment stand in contrast to his desire to be in the house near a tree. This desire he presents like a photograph below the image of continuous division and encircling. The image above the house looks like a great money-bag consisting of round shapes that seem to be coins. This suggests that the person is fearful of the possible loss or over-expenditure of money, as evidenced by the continuous crossing out of many of the coin-shaped structures."

Senator Vandenberg drew that particular doodle during the United Nations budget debate, when he was mainly concerned with reducing the United States' financial commitments in the upkeep of the United Nations.

But Dr. Wolff added: "This person's split between daydream and reality is also expressed in his drawing of a robot-like human figure. This figure combines dangerous and hypnotic intellectual powers, emphasized by eyes and glasses, together with power which is illustrated by the jewel in the tie, and with characteristics of the dandy, which appear in the pocket handkerchief and the cane. The two hands seem like pincers, and emphasize the anxiety of the person not to fall into the power of such a mental machine. These seem to be the underlying ideas, even if the figure was consciously intended to be a caricature of someone."

Senator Vandenberg will probably readily agree that Dr. Wolff's analysis comes close to being accurate. He has a perspective on himself that few people have; he knows his weaknesses and he does not pretend that he hasn't any. His occasional dandylike quality of cockiness is often reflected in his temptation to embarrass people whom he does not exactly respect.

Mr. Dulles' Snake Motif

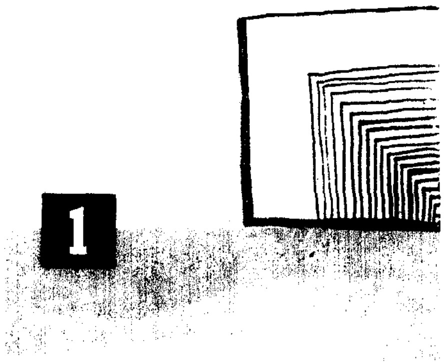
Another diligent doodler is John Foster Dulles (No. 4) who, as a symbol of United States bipartisan policy, has been a member of the United States delegations at several international conferences. The Wolff analysis of his subconscious mind is all the more important since he is expected to become Secretary of State should Governor Dewey be elected President. His doodle, Dr. Wolff says, is the continuously repeated picture of a snake.

"Although the snake is a traditional symbol of danger and aggression, the broad, resting posture of this snake is suggestive of a swan's curved neck. It reflects a desire to be friendly and relaxed. It is interesting to note that the author writes on the reverse side of his sheet the words 'conciliatory' and 'not retreat.' He seems to be reminding himself to be conciliatory but not to back down.

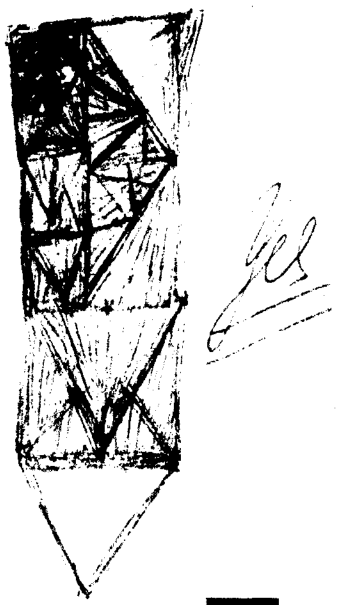
"We may now interpret the snake as an attempt to train himself to a more aggressive pattern of behavior. However, his naturally conciliatory attitude transforms even the dangerous symbol into a friendly one, and the broad, low, coiled position of the snake seems to indicate this person's determination not to be pushed aside from his stand. The wide, sweeping movements which are rhythmically accentuated, the large letters with their curves, ornamentation and soft pressure indicate—in the light of the snake symbol—much flexibility in the person's character and a constant effort to adjust and correct himself."

Mr. Dulles has achieved a bridging between his wide range of interests—the Republican party, the Federal Council of Churches, international affairs, Wall

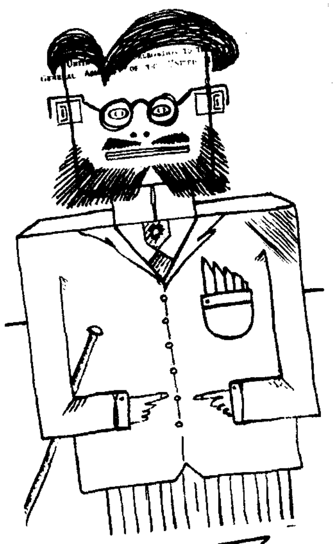
(Continued on page 63)

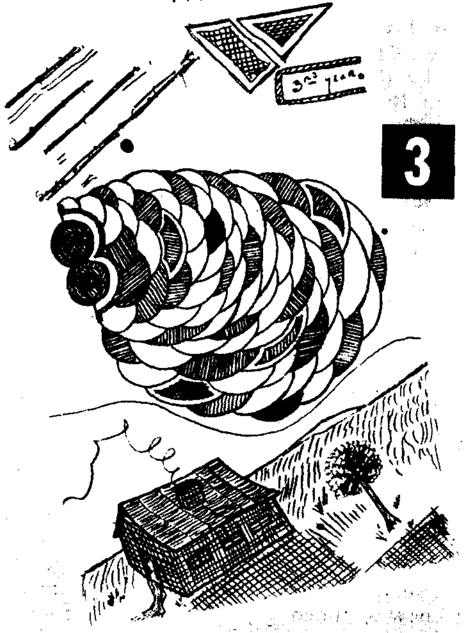


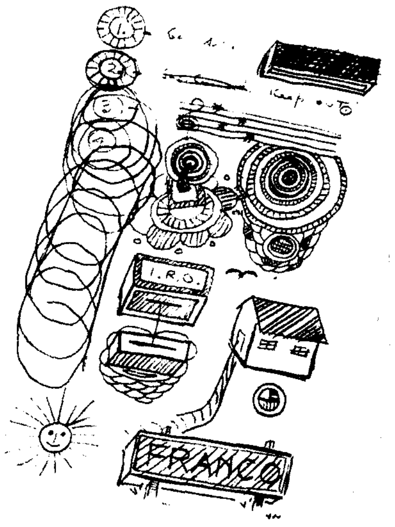
1



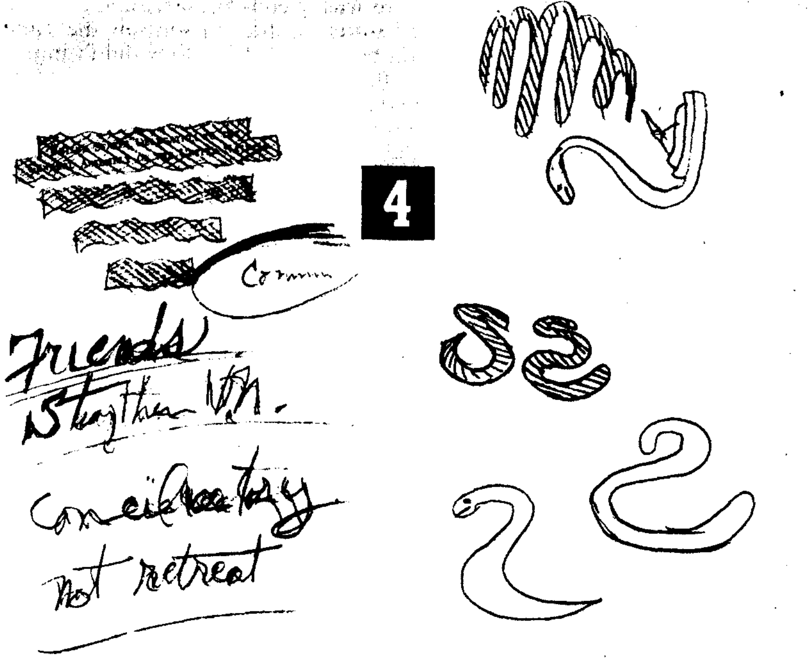
2



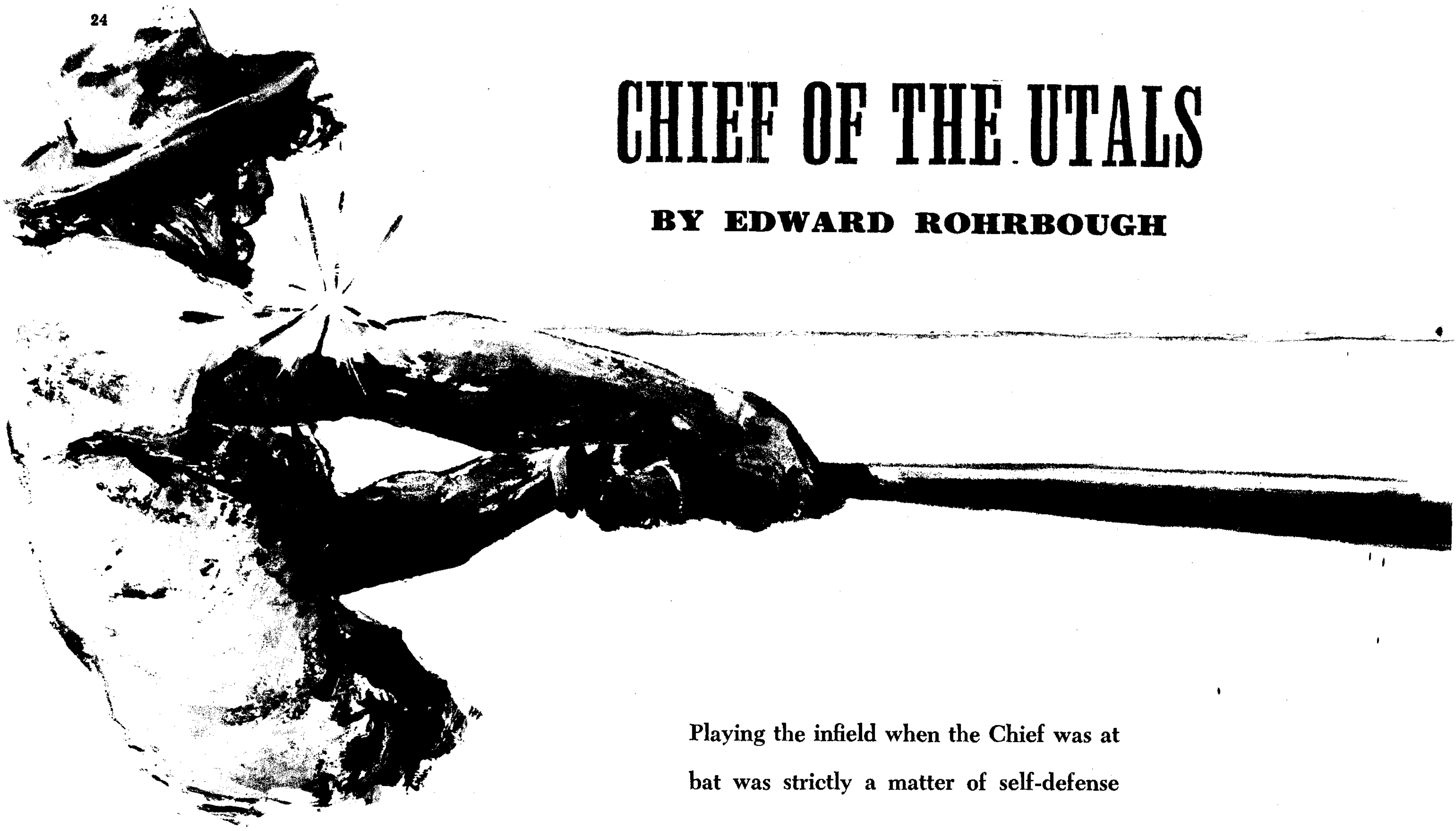




3



4



CHIEF OF THE UTALS

BY EDWARD ROHRBOUGH

Playing the infield when the Chief was at bat was strictly a matter of self-defense

YOU won't find his records anywhere. They've been expurgated just like the averages of the old Chicago Black Sox, and in a few years the kids will have forgotten there ever was such a ballplayer. It may be just as well at that, because if Chief Quetzal had lasted in organized baseball, America's national pastime might not have survived, itself.

I was talking to Johnson at the Wrens' spring training camp at Flamingo the day Quetzal walked in, towed of course by Harry Dorgan. It was the first time we'd seen Dorgan since the war and there was some handshaking and gumbeating in order. Harry had been a very hot pitcher for the Wrens ten years ago and then he had a scouting job for the boss until the war. When the shooting started, Harry got to be some sort of expert for the government because he'd come from Arizona and he knew a bunch of Indian languages. He was a contact man, as I get it, to soften up the various Indian tribes on both sides of the Mexican border so they wouldn't interfere with the defense projects Uncle had under construction.

The glad-handing didn't last long. Harry flashed us a big grin and waved his hand toward the Chief, though of course we didn't know that's who it was then.

"Boss," he said to Johnson, "this is your present. Here is the pennant all in one man and I brought him back specially for you. Here is your pass to the dugout for the World Series and my road to riches—our friend, neighbor and recent ally, Quetzal, Chief of the Utals."

Harry bowed like a circus ringmaster and waved again toward this short wide character, and the character grunted gently and looked straight ahead. He was quite a sight. He had on a bright yellow polo shirt, faded blue levis, a wide cowboy hat and moccasins. Harry said something to him in what I judge was his native tongue and he grunted again.

"Chief Quetzal says it fills his heart with pride," Harry told us, "to think he may be able to help the famous Wrens of whom he has heard so much. He says he is honored."

"He looks it," said Johnson.

Harry went on calmly, "The Chief is a great hitter. He *is* a hitter who always hits. Also, he is the greatest place-hitter who ever lived."

"Is he really alive?" Johnson cracked.

Johnson and I looked the Indian over again and he looked just the same—short, wide, dark and thoroughly composed. I noticed, though, that his width was all structural with no excess baggage and that his thick brown wrists trailed up thick brown arms to shoulders that looked pretty large and bulgy for a short man. Johnson saw the same things, I guess, but they didn't impress him.

"What does he use?" Johnson asked sarcastically. "A bat or a tommyhawk? And is that the way he looks when he takes a third strike?"

Harry quit smiling and acted insulted. I was just as glad the Chief couldn't understand Johnson. I read a lot of stories about Indians when I was a kid.

"You don't get the angle," said Harry. "You are looking at a specialist, an artist, a champion. Chief Quetzal is the world's best. And if you don't believe me, all I ask is that you put him out there this afternoon and let somebody pitch to him. Anybody, anybody at all. And he can throw what he wants to. The Chief will hit it and he will hit it where I tell him."

Johnson sat down on a bench and laughed for a whole ten seconds. In all the time I've been with him, I never heard him laugh like that and of course he doesn't laugh at all any more. Finally he pulled himself together and began talking, partly to himself, I think.

"This outfit has a reputation for wacky ballplayers and wacky ideas," he said, "and the Lord knows we deserve it. Outfielders that get hit on the head with fly balls, catchers that get sick eating hot dogs, pitchers that wear spike mustaches. This one's got it. A ballplayer that wears moccasins and has to have an interpreter. Okay, Harry, okay. Have him out there this afternoon and I'll look him over."

THE Chief was out there, all right, still wearing that cowboy hat, levis and yellow polo shirt. But just the same, I noticed his shoulders filled out the shirt with nothing to spare. Everybody was laughing and haw-hawing, of course, but the Chief didn't seem bothered at all and when Harry led him over to the woodpile to pick out a bat, the laughing died down quickly. The Chief took a couple of practice swings and glanced around a little and that was all the warning anybody needed.

Johnson didn't waste any time. I guess he figured it was time to put an end to Harry's side show and get back to serious work. He yelled for Bergh, a big right-hander who had won 22 in the Texas League, who was burning up a rookie catcher over by the first-base line.

"Give it all you've got," Johnson told him.

The Chief took a right-handed stance and the busher ambled out to the mound and stood there a minute, grinning at the sight the Chief made. Then he took a short windup and let his fast one go. There was a crack and out on the edge of the infield, about twenty feet to the left of the shortstop, a little puff of dust rose and the ball bounced merrily on out into left-center field.

No one said anything. The Chief swung his bat a couple of times and glanced toward the right side of the infield. The busher took a deep breath and cut loose another fast one. This time I watched closer and saw the streak from the Chief's bat. I did better than the first baseman. By the time he had turned his head, the ball was bouncing toward the right-field fence.

"Curve him," shouted Johnson.

The Chief lifted that one a few feet over the busher's head and parked it about thirty feet behind second base, though "parked" is hardly the word. It was out to the center fielder by the time he bent over to grab it and he'd have missed it if he'd been standing four feet either side of the spot where he was.

"Mix 'em up," yelled Johnson with what sounded like grim determination.

"Now wait a minute," said Harry, coming over to a place behind the Chief. "That's just the general idea. That's just a sort of warmup. Now I'll stand here and tell him where to hit 'em."

It was mighty hard for me to convince myself that the things that happened next weren't really parts of a dream. First the Chief drove one into third base—I mean the bag—and hit it with force that made the ball bounce ten feet in the air like a .22 bullet hitting armor plating. Then he hit second base and first in turn, with Harry standing there all the time talking to him in Indian and the busher out there throwing everything he knew. He was a good boy, too. He went on to win 15 for the Wrens, but that afternoon he was close to a nervous breakdown.

"Can't he hit one in the stands for

me?" asked Johnson with a dazed sort of sarcasm.

"No," said Harry. "Quetzal's a specialist. He specializes in busting them through the infield. They play the game a little different where he comes from and it's considered bad taste for anyone to hit the ball out of the park."

"Imagine a ballplayer worrying about bad taste!" muttered Johnson.

Harry said something to the Chief and the Indian laid the next one down in a bunt halfway between third and home. The ball took reverse English and stopped dead four inches inside the foul line.

"Had enough," Harry asked Johnson, "or do you want to see him foul a couple back into the stands?"

The boss was past talking any more. He just motioned Harry and the Chief into the dugout. I went out and told Bergh, the busher, to take the rest of the day off. I didn't like the empty look in his eyes. Then I came back to hear what went on.

"All right, it ain't possible," said Johnson, "so tell me about it. What's the story?"

HARRY'S story was as weird as the things we'd seen. Wandering through the mountains of Sonora, hunting for probable airfield locations, Harry had come upon the Utal village where the Chief lived and ruled. It was an isolated place, surrounded by mountains, and the people were very hostile at first. The Utals were a small tribe—only one village, in fact—and they had settled there after being shoved around by various Mexican governments during the revolution. They finally warmed up to Harry and his party, the first Americans they had ever seen, because they'd never been shoved around by Americans.

The Utals' chief occupation, aside from hunting and raising a few goats, was baseball. Where they had ever come across the game, Harry never knew; but it had supplanted the old tribal ceremonies and dances until it was almost a tribal religion. Quetzal had come to be a chief because he could hit anything anybody threw in his direction and hit it where he wanted to. Not trusting the native pitchers, Harry had spent a lot of time throwing to Quetzal, but the result was always the same.

The Utals made their own bats, Harry said, which were about regulation size and weight, and they made the balls too, but those were nothing like the lively ball used in the American game.

"The place they played was on the edge of a big canyon," Harry told us, "and any time a ball got hit into the canyon, they had to go to work and make another one. It was a lot of trouble to make the balls, so they made them as dead as possible and that was about like a rock. They were wound out of leather string with a wood center. Anyone who hit a ball into the canyon lost a run for his side and it got to be a great disgrace to hit one too far. That's the reason you can't get the Chief to hit one out of the park for you. He'd just as soon strike out, only that's impossible."

"One thing I don't understand," said Johnson, making the most profound understatement of the decade. "How come the Mexican League hasn't grabbed the Chief off before now?"

"Like I told you," Harry explained. "He don't like Mexicans. He don't trust them. He can't even speak Spanish and, besides, the Mexicans don't know anything about him or the place he comes from."

"Are there any more like him down there?" asked Johnson.

Harry grinned and answered, "If there are, you know who can get them. I'll tell you the truth, though. There aren't. The others are just average or worse. They have got a kid pitcher that might be all right in a couple of years if he isn't worn out by then. He won 78 for his team last year and he's acting chief while Quetzal's away. They play a long season, more than 300 games."

Johnson sat thinking for a moment and then said, "Okay, it still ain't possible, so I'll give him ten thousand."

Harry drew himself up and looked very haughty and said, "You'll give him thirty thousand or I'll take him over to the Eagles and you know where that would put you when the story got out. You know he'll win at least 50 games for you and that's the same as the pennant. You'll give him thirty thousand and you'll make the contract out to me. I'm his agent, custodian and guardian."

"But he hasn't even hit against a good pitcher yet," Johnson wailed, "and I don't know if he can catch a ball."

I could tell Johnson was tickled with the price and just trying to keep Harry from thinking too much about the figure he'd named. It worked. Harry began arguing.

"All right, put Street out there and we'll start over again. You know it don't matter if he catches a ball or not. You'd be a fool to put him out there to try."

Johnson argued just enough to keep Harry from changing his mind. There was no danger of his putting Street, the Wrens' ace, out to take the kind of shellacking the Chief had just given Bergh. That sort of thing could send a pitcher to a psychiatrist. . . .

They signed the contract later in the afternoon and Harry wrote his name, and the Chief made a large X.

"Just out of curiosity, what kind of split do you make with the Chief?" Johnson asked when the signing was finished.

"Not that it's any of your business," said Harry, "and I wouldn't want it published, but right now the Chief is interested only in three square meals a day and all the cowboy movies he can see. He thinks horse operas are wonderful."

THAT was the beginning of it. We started north on the usual exhibition tour, but Johnson only used the Chief twice and both times the short, wide guy called his shots and smacked them through the infield as advertised. Still, it was all inside the Wrens and the two performances couldn't have meant anything to the casual spectator. Johnson was saving Chief Quetzal for the opening as his secret weapon.

It was a wonderful time to bring him out, too. We opened at home with the Eagles, who had nosed us out for the pennant the year before, and there were forty thousand fans in the park with another three or four thousand in the street outside fighting to get in.

Adler worked for the Eagles and he was hot as midsummer. Street was okay too, after he got by the first inning. He had a little trouble getting them over for a while and then he grooved one for that Eagle first baseman, Pivowitz. Some fan in the avenue beyond the left-field bleachers got the ball and the Eagles got a run.

They kept that lead right down to the ninth with only a couple of our guys getting singles and never going any farther. With two out in the ninth, though, Ware doubled and loosened Rodney up enough so he walked Sherman and there was the

(Continued on page 57)

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL BLOSSOM

BEHIND THE PALESTINE REVERSAL

BY JORGE GARCIA-GRANADOS

In this article, Collier's presents one side of an important controversy leading up to the scheduled May 15th withdrawal of British forces from Palestine and the plans for setting up a Jewish State.

Jorge Garcia-Granados, a member of the United Nations Special Committee on Palestine, is a former president of the Guatemalan congress, and was ambassador to the United States at the time of his appointment to UNSCOP. The committee went to Palestine and the Arab states last summer, charged by the United Nations, at Britain's request, to find a solution for the Palestine problem. The committee's majority recommendation—partition—and its shelving by the U.S. are detailed in this article, which is taken from the author's forthcoming book

THE violence now taking place in Palestine is the direct result of vacillation, appeasement and the wish on the part of persons in high places, here and abroad, to sabotage the United Nations' decision to partition Palestine. This sabotage began long before the ink was dry on the resolution of November 29, 1947, in which the General Assembly of the United Nations, by more than a two-thirds vote, accepted our recommendation to divide Palestine into two independent states—one Arab, one Jewish.

I am convinced, and I believe I express the opinion of the majority of my colleagues on the United Nations Special Committee on Palestine, that partition was, and is, the only possible answer to the problem. Any stopgap formula that may be advanced regardless whether it be described as "trusteeship" or "federated state" or "unitary state," can only lead to further tragedy.

History itself has already partitioned Palestine. That was the reality our committee found as we traveled the length and breadth of the Holy Land and spoke with Arab and Jew, Briton and American. We discovered two distinct peoples, each rooted in the land, each with its own religion, its own language, its own culture; two separate national entities inspired by distinctly separate needs for national survival.

From the beginning it was apparent that any solution we would recommend would have to be imposed. There could be none upon which both Arabs and Jews would agree.

This was recognized by the British High Commissioner in Palestine, Sir Alan Cunningham—in striking contradiction to the official British position that Great Britain would cooperate in any solution we recommended *if* it were agreed to by both Arabs and Jews.

By setting a condition that even its own representative on the spot knew was impossible of fulfillment, Britain began the process of sabotage which continues to this moment.

A Jury without Self-Interest

My colleagues and I went to Palestine as an impartial jury acting for the civilized nations of the world. None of our eleven countries was a great power; none had oil concessions in the Middle East and none had political or economic interests in Palestine; and the majority of our countries had not even religious or cultural ties with the majority of Palestine's inhabitants.

In casting about for a solution during our public hearings in Jerusalem, Vladimir Simic, Yugoslavia's representative on UNSCOP, pursued the idea of binationalism, envisaging a unitary state in which Jews and Arabs would enjoy political parity—that is, an equal number of representatives in the government.

"Would this not be an answer to the problem?" he asked David Ben-Gurion, chairman of the Jewish Agency for Palestine.

"The result would be a permanent deadlock in government," Ben-Gurion replied. "It would be ten Jews versus ten Arabs, or three Jews versus three Arabs, on every question requiring positive action, from immigration to land development. I cannot imagine how the government would function."

Karel Lisicky, Czechoslovakia's representative on UNSCOP, asked, "Then you are definitely pessimistic about Arab-Jewish agreement?"

"On the contrary," Ben-Gurion replied. "I am definitely optimistic, but there must be a Jewish State first. Co-operation between the Jewish people as a people and the Arab people as a people will be possible only when we have the same status as they—that of an independent nation."

That co-operation was possible I saw time and again as we toured the country in twenty-four U.N. cars, driven by twelve Jewish and twelve Arab chauffeurs.

On one occasion while we were visiting in the Mosque of Abraham in the ancient town of Hebron, our drivers entered an Arab café to refresh themselves with Turkish coffee. The proprietor was ready to serve the Arabs but not the Jews. He had evidently had his instructions.

One of the Jewish drivers told me, "We Jews walked out. A moment after, the Arab drivers joined us. They refused to accept the coffee unless we also were served. The proprietor, to save face, sent his boy out with 24 cups of cold water for all of us, Jew and Arab alike.

"You see, Señor Ambassador, *we* ordinary folk get along . . ."

Later, as I was driving, with an Arab chauffeur, through a remote area of Palestine, I saw a figure on the road before us.

It was a lone Arab Bedouin, wrapped almost to his ears in a heavy robe reaching to his ankles. As we came alongside him, I had my driver stop the car and put several questions to him.

The Bedouin listened for a few moments, then suddenly replied in a torrent of rapid Arabic, now and then pointing angrily off into the distance. Then, his tirade finished, he flung his scarf across his face and over one shoulder and indignantly stalked off.

Puzzled, I asked my driver, "What is it?"

"Sir," he answered, obviously embarrassed, "I will give you his words. He said, 'I hear on the radio about the Jews. My sons they read in the press about the Jews. Somewhere off in that direction' "—and he gestured violently as the other had done—" 'they tell me, there live some Jews. But I have never seen a Jew, I have never met a Jew, I have never talked with a Jew! The Jews do not concern me and I do not concern them. Now please go away and let me be in peace.' "

Later on, we went to Lebanon to hear testimony by spokesmen of the Arab states. We arrived in Beyrouth, Lebanon's capital, amid charges that the Lebanese government was in power illegally, because of falsification of ballots and terrorization of the electorate. Soon after we reached our hotel, word came to me that one of the highest ranking leaders of the opposition with his aides wished to speak with us.

They claimed that the government was not supported by public opinion; that the majority of the Lebanese—who were Christians—did not wish Lebanon to be a member of the Arab League, but rather a link between East and West; and that it was to the interests of the Christian Lebanon that the Jews should have a Jewish State. Lebanese Christians and Palestine Jews would mutually protect each other from being engulfed in a Moslem sea.

Later, the Lebanese opposition leader spoke to me privately.

"I will be frank," he said. "I feel very warm toward a Jewish State, but I cannot say so openly now because I would have trouble with certain persons in this country. We have a dictatorship here and that is why we must speak to you in this fashion."

The testimony later given us by the Arab states' spokesmen made perfectly clear that the only political solution for Palestine they would accept was its establishment as a unitary Arab State.

What, we asked, would be the status of the Jews in such a state? Hamid Frangie, Lebanese foreign minister, and Emir Adel Arslan of Syria replied in effect that all Jews who had come to Palestine after the Balfour Declaration of November, 1917—which the Arabs consider illegal—would have their citizenship re-examined.

Those who had entered Palestine without "permission of the Mandatory Power" should be expelled from the country, Frangie added. Those who had entered legally but had not acquired Palestinian citizenship, would have their status determined by the Arab government.

The implication was clear: The majority of the 700,000 Jews now in Palestine had entered since 1917; most of these would be subject to deportation, depending upon the rigidity or benevolence of the future Arab mufti-dominated government of Palestine.

A few days later, I had a private conversation with Camille Chamoun, chief Lebanese delegate to the United Nations and one of the most enlightened of Arab leaders. "The Arabs will never accept any further Jewish immigration," he said.

Days of Debate in Geneva

Our minds full of testimony, we flew to Europe. In Geneva, we spent long days debating the possible solutions. We began by agreeing that the mandate for Palestine had failed and that both Jews and Arabs were ripe for independence. The mandate must terminate. No other trusteeship scheme should take its place. We agreed that we could not accede to the complete demands of either Arabs or Jews. Palestine could not be wholly Arab, nor wholly Jewish.

This brought us finally to partition. We called in our economic experts; we studied the number of immigrants that could be absorbed within ten years, fifteen years, twenty years. As we probed deeper, we examined the possibility of a common fiscal system, currency and transportation, as well as a customs union—searching for an arrangement which would bind the two states together, not politically but economically, and thus ensure their ability to survive. And after all our studies, we agreed that the only solution was partition with economic union.

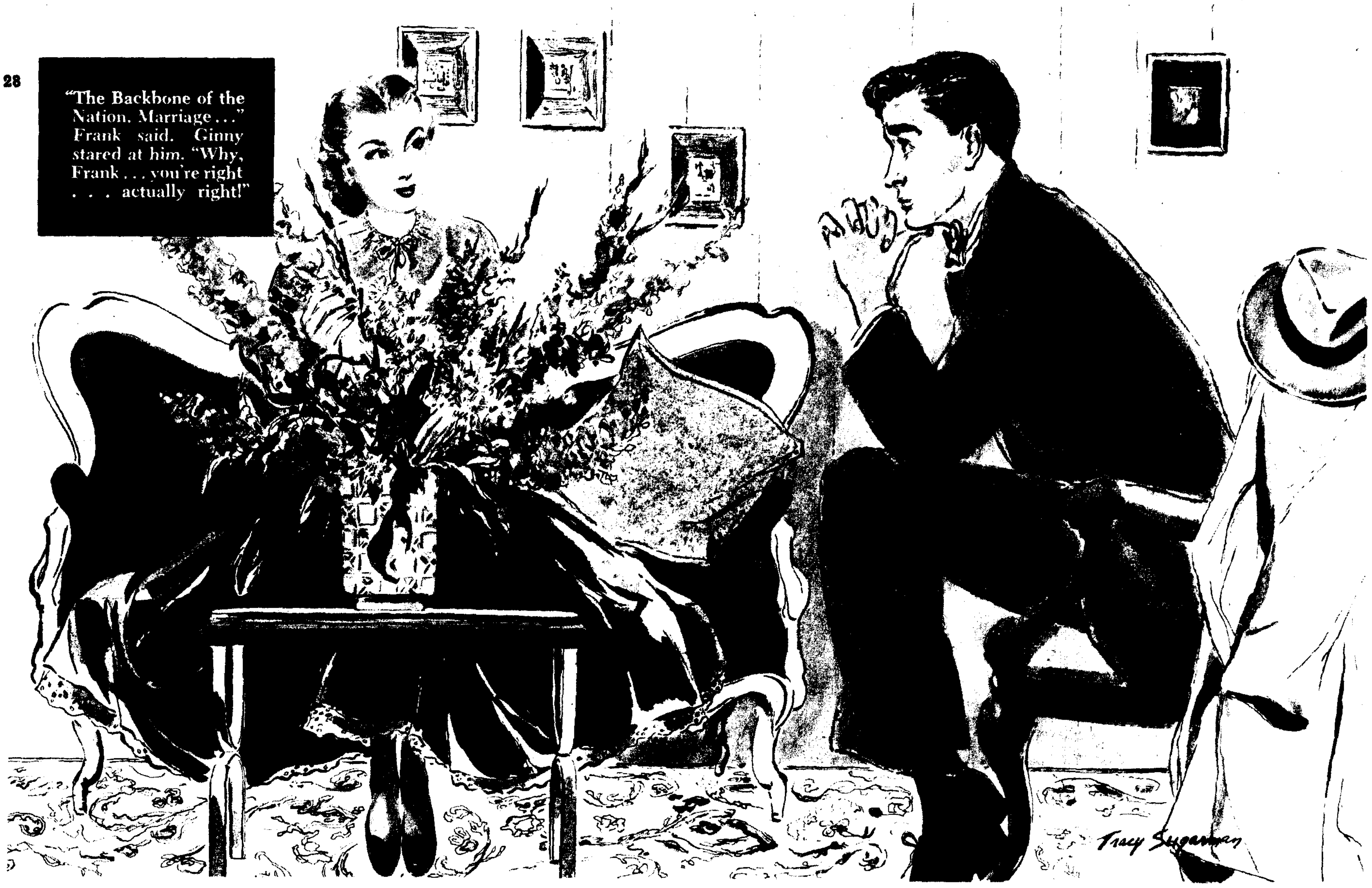
This concluded, we flew to Lake Success, where the partition vote itself is a matter of history. It has been said that this vote (33 to 13 with 11 abstentions) was the result of improper pressures, but I should like to make it clear that the Arabs, who have been especially vehement in such accusations, were actively working behind the scenes to procure anti-partition votes.

I myself can testify to this. A few days before the vote I was accosted in the delegates' lounge by a group of Arab spokesmen, among whom were Faris Bey el-Khouri of Syria, General Noury As-Said and Dr. Mohamed Fadhil Jamali of Iraq and Camille Chamoun of Lebanon.

(Continued on page 76)

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY JERRY COOKE

Regardless of the U.N. decision, Haganah members like the young woman pictured above are armed to defend the land which they regard as their rightful home



"The Backbone of the Nation. Marriage . . ." Frank said. Ginny stared at him. "Why, Frank . . . you're right . . . actually right!"

THE TIME, THE PLACE, THE MAN

BY JAMES A. KIRCH

ILLUSTRATED BY TRACY SUGARMAN

SETTING his beer glass down on the bar, Mr. Frank Carstairs, Sr., looked at his son. "A firm hand, my boy," he said. "The direct approach."

Mr. Frank Carstairs, Jr., studied his father morosely. "Yeah," he said. "Sure, Dad. But suppose Ginny turns me down?"

Mr. Carstairs, Sr., smiled. "You're a Carstairs, son. The Carstairs go after their women. They sweep them off their feet." He finished his beer. "Off their feet." He waved his arm in a gesture that took in the bar. "One," he said to the bartender.

"Yeah," Frank said. "It sounds fine. It sounds easy."

"The direct approach," his father explained. He sampled his fresh glass of beer. "Women like to be carried away. A fact. Proved through the ages." Inspiration took hold of him. "From caves," he said. "By the hair."

"Look," Frank said. "I'm no cave man." He thought of Ginny's hair. Red. He thought of dragging her by it. He shuddered.

"A figure of speech," his father said. "Just an expression. Forcefulness, my boy. Women admire it."

"Yeah," Frank said. "But, Dad, marriage is important. It's . . ."

"The Backbone of the Nation," Mr. Carstairs announced. "The Cornerstone of Democracy. Don't take marriage lightly, my boy." He emptied his glass.

"I'm not," Frank said. "That's just it. When I think about it, I get butterflies . . ."

Mr. Carstairs scowled. "Butterflies," he repeated. "Don't marry a butterfly, son."

"In my stomach," Frank explained.

Mr. Carstairs frowned at his son's untouched beer glass. "Go easy," he warned. "Always coddle your stomach." He slid his own glass to the back of the bar. "One," he said to the bartender.

"About asking, Dad," Frank insisted. "You can't just come out cold turkey. I mean, when you asked Mother, you didn't just come out point-blank?"

Mr. Carstairs considered the matter. He let his thoughts go back. A dashing figure. Forceful. Not like the youngsters of today. Knew what he wanted. "Worked around to it," he said. "Just brought it in naturally."

"*Naturally,*" Frank said. He sighed. "Like, 'Will you go to the dance Saturday?' "

Mr. Carstairs put his mind to it. He should help the boy. A father's duty. Out of the wealth of his experience. He was remembering, now. A soft June night. A moon that hung over the river. Edith in a filmy blue dress. Edith with stars in her eyes. That was the night. He'd built up to it slowly.

"Build up to it slowly," he said. He kept the picture in mind. There was something that had given him a start. Something he'd used to build on. He took a sip of his beer and it came to him.

He'd learned the old Williams place was for sale, cheap. A substantial house, in a good section. A chance for a young couple to make a start, without mortgaging themselves for life. He'd mentioned it casually to Edith.

He finished his beer and the picture grew clearer. It had been Edith who'd mentioned it. She'd heard someplace that the house was on the market and she'd happened to mention it to him. He'd seized the opportunity.

"Seize your opportunity," he told Frank. "Strike while the iron is hot."

"Hot," Frank said. "But don't you have to fan it, or something? Didn't you pick out a romantic setting?"

"Romantic," Mr. Carstairs said. "By all means. Romantic." They'd driven down by the river. The moon had hung low over the water. He remembered he'd suggested . . . He checked his thoughts, fingering his beer glass. He had it straight, now. It had been Edith who'd suggested it. She'd said, "It's such a beautiful night. Let's just drive down by the river."

"Humor her," he said. "Let her pick the place. Always humor a woman. Sets the right mood."

"Yeah," Frank said. He slid off his stool. "Well, thanks, Dad. I'd better be running along. Ginny's expecting me. But thanks. . . ."

Mr. Carstairs stopped him with upraised palm. "Nothing," he said. "A father's duty. A privilege. Bless you, my son." He turned back to the bar. "One," he said to the bartender.

GINNY was breath-taking in filmy blue. Stars danced in her eyes. Frank gaped at her helplessly. He remembered his father's advice: "Off their feet." He envied his father. The older generation had had what it takes. He said, "You look nice."

"That's sweet," Ginny said. She was bubbling, excited. She said, "You know, I've just had the most wonderful news. Art Graham's been promoted."

"Oh," Frank said. "I mean, *fine!*"

"Daisy's delirious," Ginny said. "They've only been married a year, and that's his second promotion. It's almost as if marriage had done something for him."

"Yeah," Frank said.

"It makes you feel good all over to hear of a marriage working out like that. You feel it *does* mean something."

"The Backbone of the Nation," Frank said. "Marriage, I mean."

Ginny stared at him, wide-eyed. "Why, Frank, I never thought of it like that. But you're right. You're actually right!"

"The Cornerstone of Democracy," Frank said. "Marriage, that is." The butterflies stirred inside him.

Ginny busied herself with the flowers. "It means Art goes to the head office," she said. "They're moving to New York."

"Oh," Frank said. "New York."

"And their apartment," Ginny said. "You know their lovely apartment? It means they're giving it up."

"That's too bad," Frank said.

Ginny buried her head in the flowers. "She called me," she said. "Daisy did. She wanted to know if I knew anybody who'd like it."

"Anybody," Frank said. "Sure. Anybody'd like their place."

"It would be wonderful," she said, "for some young couple starting out. With the housing shortage and all, it's a wonderful break for some young couple."

"A young couple," Frank said. "Yeah." The butterflies kicked him with paralyzing force. It was too hot in the room. He took a deep breath. "Well," he said, "let's go." He picked up her wrap. He knew that he'd lose her. He didn't have the nerve. He didn't know how other men did it. Men like his father. He just wasn't one of them. Words froze in his throat. On the doorstep, he draped her wrap over her shoulders. His hands trembled. He said, "Is there anything special? Anyplace you'd like to go?"

She smiled up at him, and the low-hanging moon brightened the stars in her eyes. "It's such a beautiful night," she said. "Such a beautiful night. Let's just drive down by the river."

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

How to get fine veal every time...

Swift's
Swift's
Swift's
Swift's

Just look for a Swift brand:

Swift's Premium, Swift's Select or Swift's Arrow right on the meat!

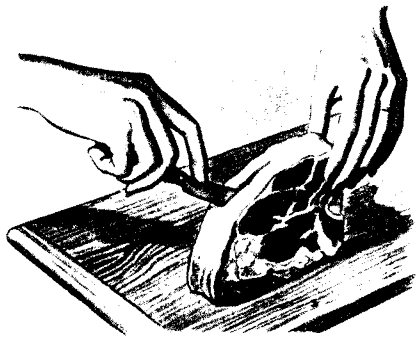
YES, YOU CAN BE SURE of getting tender, juicy, wonderful tasting veal *every time!* All you do is look for a Swift brand name—*Swift's Premium, Swift's Select,* or *Swift's Arrow*—right on the meat itself. Men whose lifework has been the judging of fine meat select this veal for your table. It's *always* fresh and flavorful ... good right down to the last juicy tidbit. So look for, ask for, Swift's *Branded* Veal at your meat dealer's.

A SWIFT QUALITY FOOD

Martha Logan

Swift's Home Economist,
gives you

HINTS ON COOKING VEAL CHOPS



IT'S ECONOMICAL as well as delicious to *stuff* veal chops. With a sharp paring knife, cut a deep, wide slit in the fat side of loin chops. Fill with your favorite bread or fruit dressing. Fasten with toothpicks or skewers, and braise.

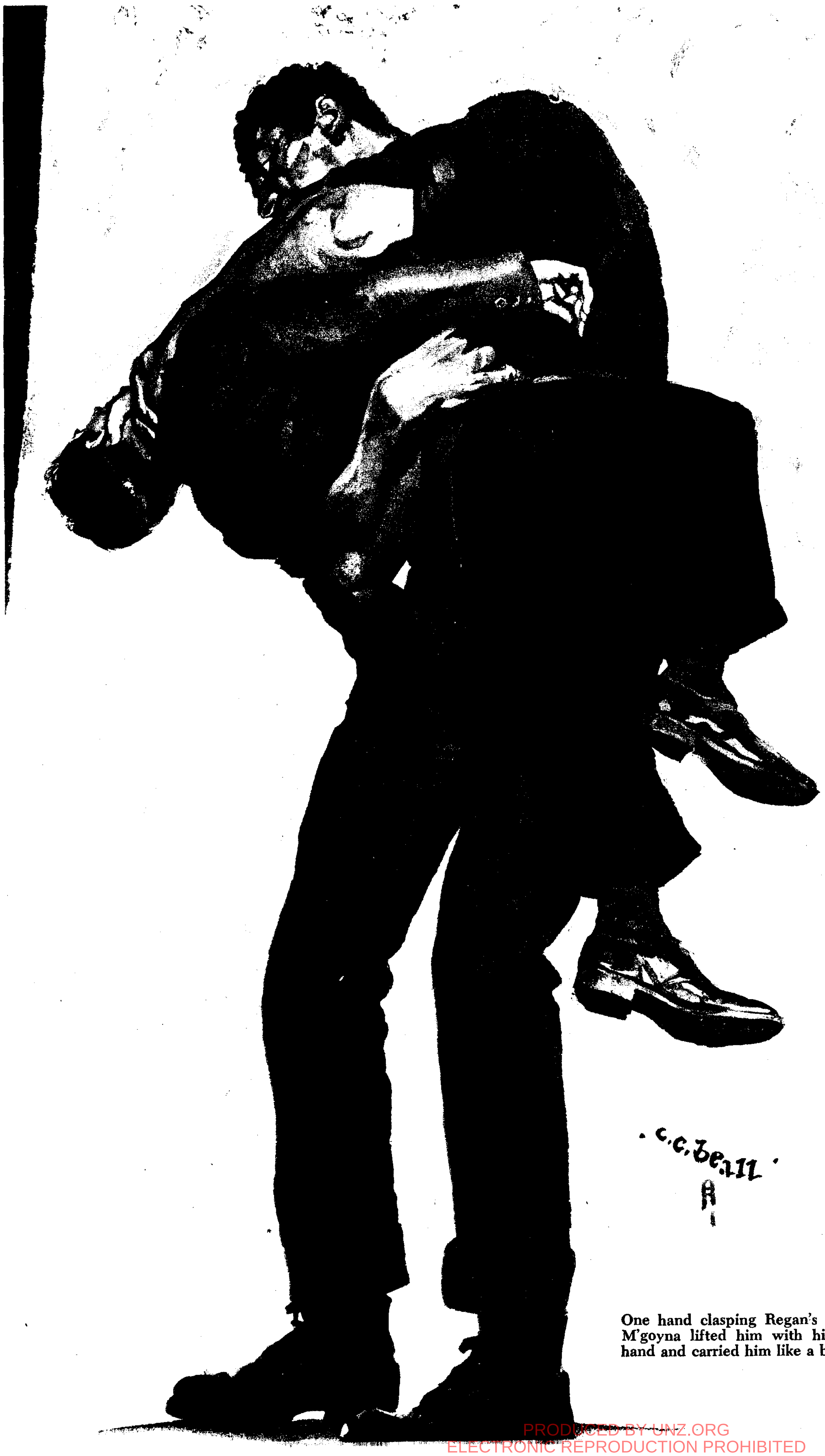
TO FLOUR CHOPS QUICKLY, try this trick: Toss them, one at a time, in a paper bag in which you've placed several tablespoonfuls of flour and seasonings. For breaded chops, toss in *sifted,* seasoned crumbs, dip in slightly beaten egg, toss in sifted crumbs again.

BRAISING BRINGS OUT THE BEST in veal chops: After chops are coated, brown them in hot fat. Add about ¼ cup hot water (try such variations as apple or tomato juice, sour cream, or diluted mushroom or celery soup). Cover; cook slowly until tender—about 1 hour—on top of range or in moderate (350°F.) oven. Add more liquid *sparingly,* as needed. Hot stuffed olives make an interesting garnish.

SHADOW OF FU MANCHU

BY SAX ROHMER

CONTINUING THE STORY OF A SINISTER CONSPIRACY



One hand clasping Regan's throat M'goyna lifted him with his free hand and carried him like a bundle

The Story:

Sir Denis Nayland Smith, world-famous detective, is in New York trying to keep the notorious archcriminal, Dr. Fu Manchu, from obtaining the secret of a terrifying new weapon. The device, a giant disintegrator operating on power hidden in the ultraviolet belt above the ionosphere, is coveted by the agents of every major power in the world. The machine is not yet completed, but its inventor, Dr. Morris Craig, is working on the final stages.

Dr. Fu Manchu, who is masquerading as Professor Hoffmeyer, celebrated Viennese psychiatrist, sends a zombi to abduct Camille Navarre, Craig's beautiful but enigmatic secretary. Fu Manchu hypnotizes her and sends her back to the laboratory to steal the combination of the safe where Craig keeps a drawing of the disintegrator's missing element. The Oriental fanatic also makes a duplicate of her master key to the Huston laboratory.

Michael Frobisher, president of the Huston Electric Company and Craig's financial backer, complains that he is being followed by Orientals. His wife, Mrs. Michael Frobisher, is taking treatment from Professor Hoffmeyer, ignorant of the fact that the "professor" is really Dr. Fu Manchu.

While conducting a reconnaissance of a suspicious shop in Chinatown one night, Smith is seized by henchmen of Fu Manchu and brought to a cellar, where he meets the notorious fanatic. Smith is facing certain death.

III

IT IS at least possible that the disappearance of Nayland Smith might have gone on the unsolved list if any detective officer other than George Moreno, already back on duty, had been assigned to a certain post that night.

The shop of Huan Tsung, for which Smith had set out the night before, was being kept under routine observation. And at ten o'clock Moreno relieved a man who had been on duty since six. Chinatown was Moreno's special stamping ground, and his orders were to make a record of all visitors and to note, particularly, any movements of the mysterious proprietor.

The small, stuffy room from which he operated put out a nauseating blend of odors. It was one of several in the house commanding an excellent view of part of the Asiatic quarter, and this was not the first time it had been used for police purposes. But the days of tong wars seemed to be over. Chinatown was as gentle-mannered as Park Avenue.

He had been there for a long time when old Huan Tsung's antique car was brought around to the front of the shop. Assisted by a yellow-complexioned driver of ambiguous nationality and by a spruce young shopman, the aged figure came out and entered the car. Huan Tsung wore a heavy, dark topcoat with a fur collar; the wide brim of a soft black hat half concealed his features. His eyes were protected by owlish spectacles.

The car was driven off. The shopman returned to the shop.

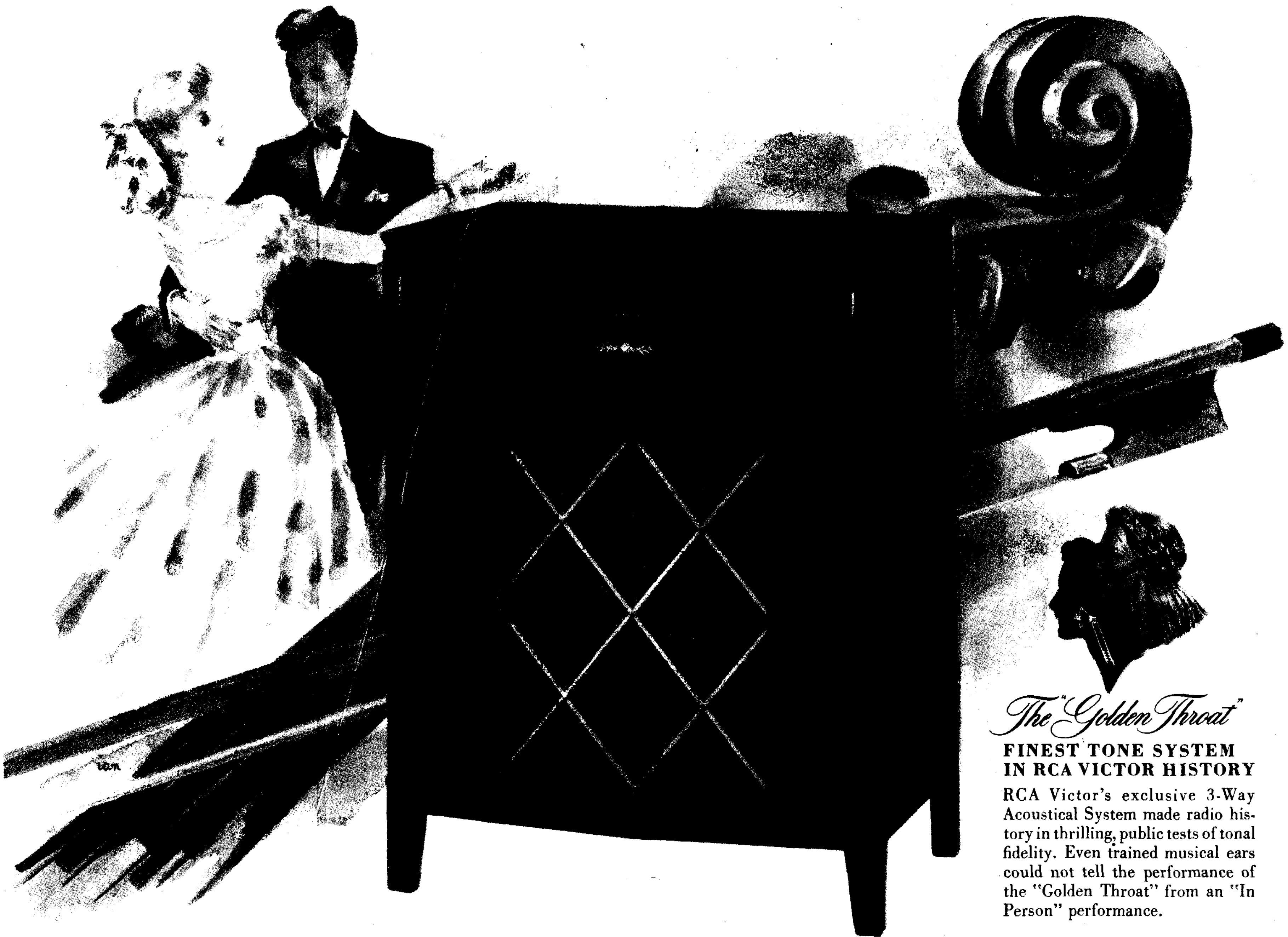
Moreno knew that the journey would be kept under observation. But he doubted that any evidence of value would result. In all likelihood, these drives were purely constitutionals. The old man believed in the merit of night air.

After his departure, little else occurred for some time. Moreno, who had a pair of powerful glasses, began to grow restive. He learned that he could read even the smaller lettering on shop signs across the street. Faces of passers-by might be inspected minutely. But no one of particular interest came within range of the strong lenses. There were callers at Huan Tsung's, Asiatic and Occidental, but none to excite suspicion. . . .

A small truck drew up before the shop. The young Oriental helped a truckman lower into the basement a big packing case covered with Chinese lettering. Evidently a consignment of goods; something uncommonly heavy.

The trap door was closed. The truck went away. Moreno, in the airless room, began to grow sleepy. Then, in a flash, he was wide awake.

A tall man was leaving Huan Tsung's. He wore a dark topcoat, a white scarf and a neat black hat. He carried a leather case. Moreno hadn't seen this man



The "Golden Throat"

FINEST TONE SYSTEM IN RCA VICTOR HISTORY

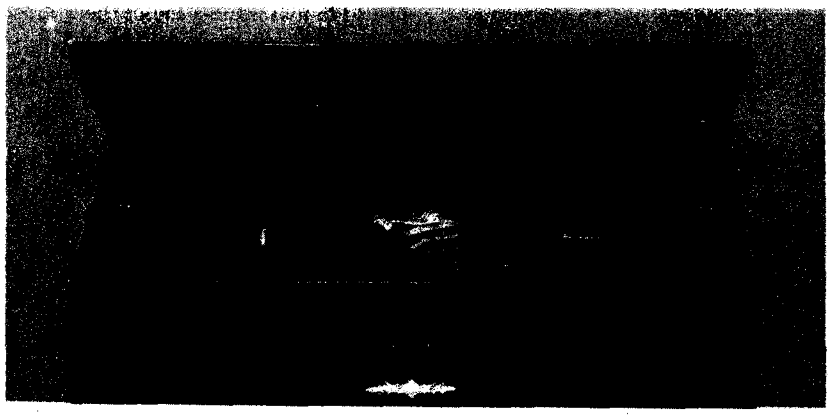
RCA Victor's exclusive 3-Way Acoustical System made radio history in thrilling, public tests of tonal fidelity. Even trained musical ears could not tell the performance of the "Golden Throat" from an "In Person" performance.

It's "Golden Throat" sounds like a million

. . . but it's priced to please your pocketbook

● If it's value you want you'll find this new Victrola radio-phonograph 77VI is hard to beat! Look what you get for its low cost: A beautiful, compact cabinet in contemporary classic styling . . . your choice of walnut or mahogany finish . . . superb radio reception . . . trouble-free record changer to play up to 12 records automatically . . . the "Silent Sapphire," RCA Victor's permanent point pick-up that's kind to your choicest records . . . big 12-inch speaker . . . the "Golden Throat" tone system, finest in RCA Victor history! Hear it, today, at your RCA Victor dealer's.

At the right you see your radio controls and your Victrola phonograph. Top panels can be lifted separately, of course. There's a fine new RCA Victor record album, "Down Memory Lane" with Vaughn Monroe, one of many you can enjoy on your Victrola 77VI.



Tune in Robert Merrill, singing "Music America Loves Best" . . . Sundays, 2:30 PM, EDT, on your NBC station.

RCA VICTOR

DIVISION OF RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA

ONLY RCA VICTOR MAKES THE VICTROLA

"Victrola"—T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

"Stop it, Ed—
that man'll KILL you!"

ED: Well, a man's got a right to a little liberty in this country, I guess, my love. And I *won't*—

ANN: Yes! You won't pose unless you can show yourself off in that *wonderful, cool, lightweight* Arrow Shirt, will you? Humph! That man'll KILL—

ED: Let us not indulge in dolorous forebodings, my dove. You know how sad I look without that one-and-only Arrow Collar! You *also* know what that streamlined, shaped-to-my-shape shirt fit* does for me!

ANN: I *know,* But—I don't want to be a young widow just because of a man's vanity! And when that photographer comes back, Ed, he'll simply EAT YOU UP!

ED: *There!* Now I can sit for our portrait, darling—and do us both justice! If I could only show the *Sanforized* label on my neckband—

ANN: You know something? I think you're *plumb raving crazy!* Mother always said you were. *Sanforized* label, indeed! Everybody knows it means "fabric shrinkage less than 1%," and why you—OH-oh!

ED: Ah, ready now, Sir Flashbulb? I have taken a very slight liberty with your scenery, as you may observe. And I trust—now, TAKE IT EASY, BUSTER!

ANN: Oh *dear!* Run, Ed!

PHOTOG: No-no! No run from Tony. He just want-a looka thees mos' *beautiful* shirt inna world! What ees hees

name, Senor? Where can I get heem? How much-a he cost? I paint heem ina my scenery, no? Make much-a money for Tony, heem! **$3.50** **Mitoga*

Arrow, Mitoga, Sanforized: Registered Trade-marks
Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.

ARROW *LIGHTWEIGHT* **SHIRTS**

go in; he instantly focused the glasses on his face. And, as he did so, his hands shook slightly.

It was the first face he had seen when he had opened his eyes in the hospital.

The man was "Dr. Malcolm!"

Moreno was hurrying downstairs when Huan Tsung's car returned, and the shopman came out to help a fur-coated figure alight. It had been driven away before Moreno reached the street —and Dr. Malcolm had disappeared.

FU MANCHU said, "My mission is to save the world from the leprosy of Communism. I alone can do this. And I do it not because of any love I have for the American people, but because if the United States falls, the whole world falls. In this task, Sir Denis, I shall brook no interference."

Nayland Smith made no reply. He was listening, not only to the sibilant, incisive voice, but also to certain vague sounds which penetrated the cellar. He was trying to determine where the place was located.

"Morris Craig, a physicist touched with genius, is perfecting a device which, in the hands of warmongers, would wreck those fragments of civilization which survive the maniac Hitler. News of this pending disaster brought me here. I am inadequately served. There has been no time to organize a suitable staff. My aims you know."

Nayland Smith nodded. From faint sounds detected, he had deduced that the cellar lay near a busy street.

"I appreciate your aims. I don't like your methods."

"We shall not discuss them. They are effective. Your recent visit to Teheran failed to save Omar Khan. He was the principal Soviet agent in that area. Power is strong wine even for men of culture. But when it touches the lips of those unaccustomed to it, power drives them mad. Such a group of power-drunk fools now threatens the future of man. One of its agents is watching Craig's experiments. He must be silenced."

"Why don't you silence him?"

The brilliant green eyes almost closed, so that they became mere slits in an ivory mask.

"I have always respected your character, Sir Denis." The words were no more than whispered. "It has that mulish stupidity which won the Battle of Britain. The incompetents who serve me have failed, so far, to identify this agent. I still believe that if you could appreciate my purpose, you would become of real use to a world hurtling headlong to disaster. I repeat—I respect your character."

"It was this respect, no doubt, which prompted you to attempt my murder?"

"The attempt was clumsy. It was undertaken contrary to my wishes. You can be of greater use to me alive than dead."

Those softly spoken words were more terrifying to Smith than any threat.

Had Fu Manchu decided to smuggle him into his Far Eastern base by that mysterious subway which so far had defied all investigation? As the dreadful prospect flashed into Smith's mind, Fu Manchu exercised one of his many uncanny gifts: that of answering an unspoken question.

"Yes—such is my present intention, Sir Denis. I have work for you. This cellar is shared by several Asiatic tradesmen, one of whom is an importer of Chinese coffins. A death has occurred in the district, and the deceased—a man of means—expressed a wish to be buried in his birthplace. When his coffin is sent there, via Hong Kong, he will not be in it . . ."

There was an interruption.

Heralded by the sound of an opening door, two stockily built, swarthy figures entered. One of them limped badly. They carried an ornate coffin, which they set down on the concrete floor. They saluted Dr. Fu Manchu profoundly.

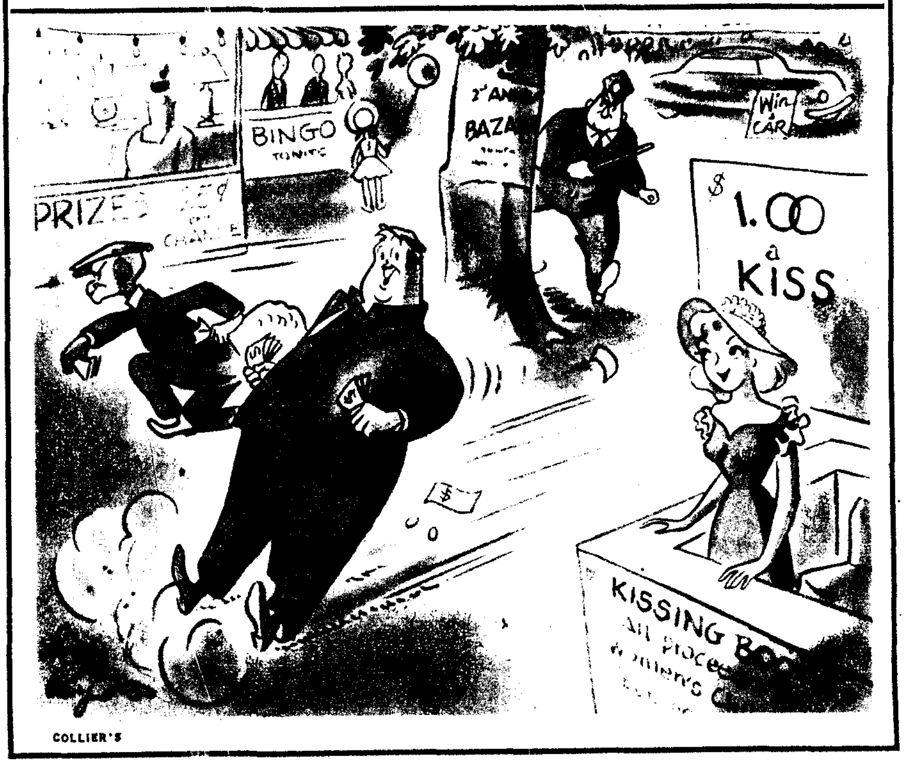
Nayland Smith clenched his fists, straining, briefly but uselessly, at the slender, remorseless strands which held him. The men were Burmese ruffians of the dacoit class from which Fu Manchu had formerly recruited his bodyguard. The one who limped and had a vicious cast in his right eye spoke rapidly.

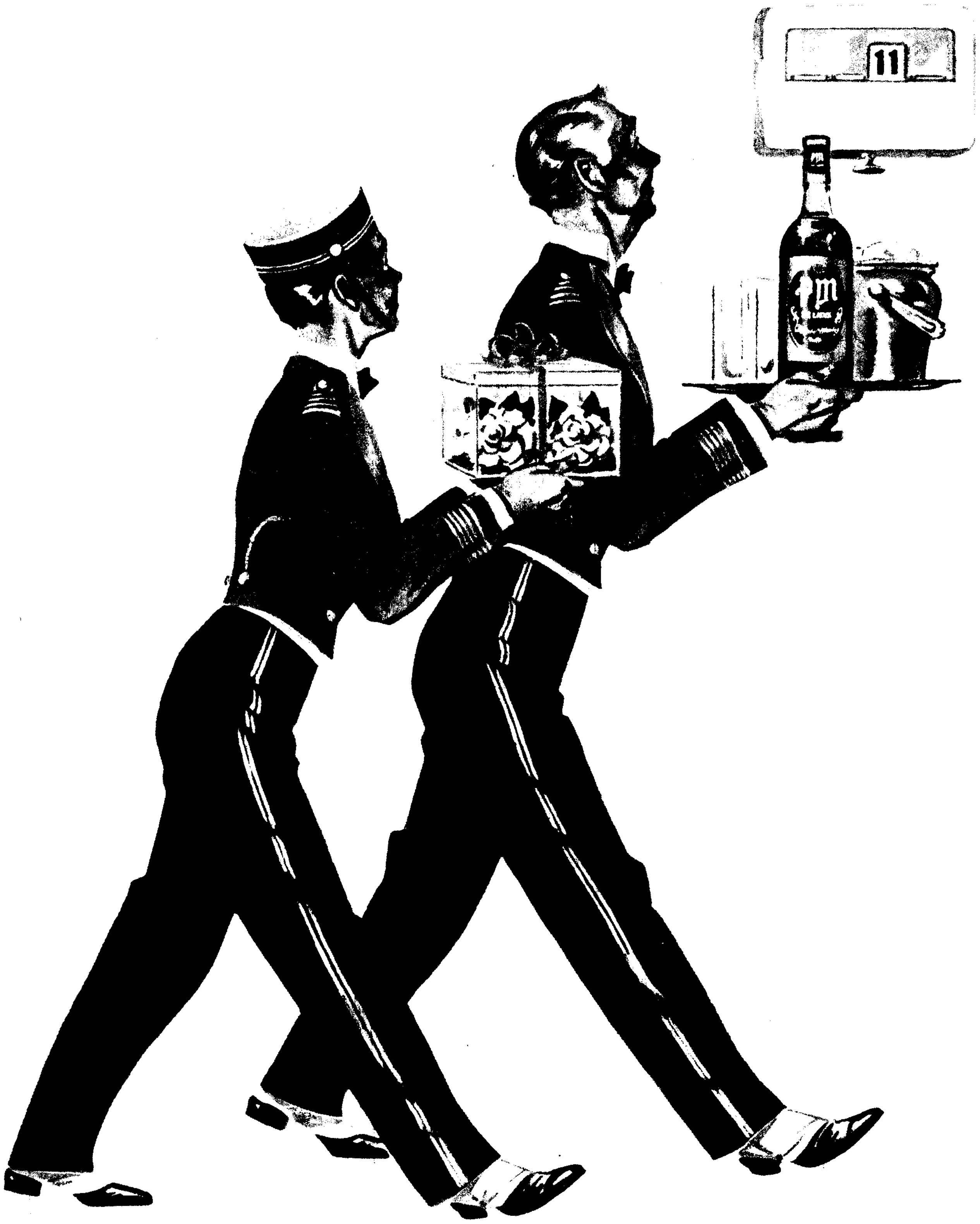
Fu Manchu silenced him with a gesture. But Nayland Smith had heard—and understood. His heart leaped. Hope was reborn. But Fu Manchu remained unmoved. He spoke calmly.

"The preparation for your long journey," he said, "calls for time and care. It must be postponed. I believe you have had opportunity to study examples of that synthetic death—a form of catalepsy —which I can induce. I hope to operate in the morning. This"—he extended a long-nailed forefinger in the direction of the coffin—"will be your berth. You will require no passport . . ."

Nayland Smith detected signs of uneasiness in the two Burmese. The one who limped and squinted was watching him murderously—for this was the man whom he had kicked the night before. Faintly, he could hear sounds of passing

BUTCH **by LARRY REYNOLDS**





FOR PLEASANT MOMENTS—Come join the parade . . .
PM and gardenias, good companions and you!
Come along—to the whiskey that's Perfectly Mellow . . .
Come along—to the taste you'll be Pleased to Meet!
It's an open invitation to a jolly good fellow,
So PM—march!

PM
PM
DE LUXE
Blended Whiskey

IF IT ISN'T PM IT ISN'T AN EVENING

National Distillers Products Corporation, New York, N. Y.
Blended Whiskey. 86 Proof. 70% Grain Neutral Spirits.

what the New COOPER TIRE SERVICE GUARANTEE means to YOU

PROTECTION for your new tire investment because Coopers are guaranteed up to 2 full years against the most common causes of tire failure—cuts, bruises, ply separation, fabric breaks, blowouts.

YOU PAY NOTHING for undelivered service if the long normal life of a new Cooper tire should be cut short by accidental failure. If tire trouble comes . . . you get a prompt adjustment from any Cooper dealer to the full extent of your guarantee. And you get this assurance in writing.

CONFIDENCE that the new Coopers on your car are strong enough and tough enough to be backed by a written guarantee. Confidence that the extra durability of Cooper tires is fact instead of fiction.

Cooper gives you a guarantee instead of a promise

A promise of satisfactory tire service is one thing. A written service guarantee is still another. So why invest dollars in a promise when Coopers are actually guaranteed in writing up to 2 full years against accidental failure, for life against defects.

COOPER SOFT-AIRE
CUSTOM BUILT

It pays to be protected—and Cooper guaranteed service protects you while tires are new and the dollar loss from accidental failure is greatest. This protection is now yours from your Cooper dealer at no extra cost. So see him soon for tires that make your driving safer and bring you guaranteed service, too.

COOPER TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY
FINDLAY, OHIO

COOPER ARMORED-CORD TIRES

TIRES • TUBES • REPAIR MATERIALS • INDUSTRIAL RUBBER PRODUCTS

traffic, but nothing else. The odds against his survival were high.

Dr. Fu Manchu signaled again—and the two Burmese went toward their helpless prisoner.

THE life of Chinatown apparently pursued its normal midnight course. Some of the shops and restaurants continued to do business. Others were closing. There was nothing to indicate that every man and woman leaving Chinatown did so under expert scrutiny.

The grim deputy commissioner, who had arrived to direct operations in person, spoke to Raymond Harkness. "If Nayland Smith's here, they won't get him out—alive or dead."

In Huan Tsung's shop, Police Captain Rafferty found a young Oriental writing by the poor light of a paper-shaded lamp. He glanced up at Rafferty, without apparent interest.

"Where's Huan Tsung?"

"Not home."

"Where's he gone?"

"Don't know."

"When did he go?"

"Ten minute—quarter hour."

This confirmed reports. The ancient car had appeared again. Old Huan Tsung had sallied forth a second time.

"When's he coming back?"

"Don't know."

"Expect him tonight?"

"Sure."

"While we're waiting," said Rafferty, "we'll take a look around. Lead the way upstairs."

The young man offered no protest. He put his brush away and stood up. "If you please," he said, and opened a narrow door at the back of the counter.

At about the time that Rafferty started upstairs, a radio message came through to the car which the deputy commissioner was using as mobile headquarters. It stated that Huan Tsung's vintage car was parked on lower Fifth Avenue just above Washington Square.

Inquiries brought to light the fact that it stood before an old brick house. The officer reporting didn't know who occupied this house. Huan Tsung had called there earlier that night and had returned to Pell Street. He was now presumably there again.

"Do I go in and get him?" the officer inquired.

"No. But keep him covered when he comes out."

This order of the deputy commissioner's was one of those strategic blunders which have sometimes lost wars . . .

Police Captain Rafferty found little of note in the rooms above the shop. They resembled hundreds of such apartments to be seen in that neighborhood. The sanctum of Huan Tsung, with its silk-covered walls and charcoal brazier, arrested his attention for a while. He stared at the crystal globe with particular interest, then glanced at his guide, whose name—so he said—was Lao Tai.

"Fortuneteller work here?"

Lao Tai shook his head.

"Here Huan Tsung meditate. Huan Tsung great thinker."

"He'll have to think fast tonight. Now show me the way into the cellar."

Lao Tai obeyed, leading Rafferty through to the back of the shop where a narrow wooden stair was almost hidden behind piles of merchandise. He switched on a light at the bottom of the stair, and Rafferty went clattering down.

He found himself in a cellar not much greater in area than the shop above. A chute communicated with a trap in the sidewalk overhead. Cartons and crates bearing Chinese labels and lettering nearly filled the place. It smelled strongly of spice and rotten fish.

One long, narrow packing case seemed to have been recently opened. Rafferty examined it with care, then turned to Lao Tai who watched him disinterestedly.

"When did this thing come?"

"Come tonight."

Rafferty was beginning to wonder. All this man's answers added up correctly, for he knew that such a crate had been delivered earlier that night.

"What was in it?"

Lao Tai vaguely indicated the litter around: "This and that."

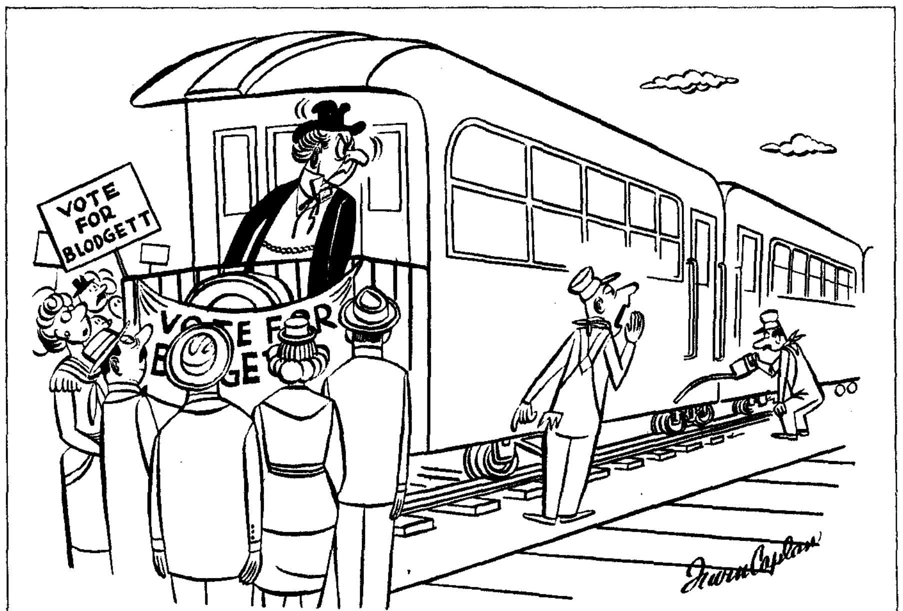
"Well, show me some 'this.' Then we can take a look at any 'that' you've got handy."

LAO TAI touched a chest of tea with a disdainful shoe, and pointed to a number of bronze bowls stacked on a wooden bench. His slightly slanting eyes held no message but one of a boredom too deep for expression. And it was while Police Captain Rafferty was wondering what lay hidden under this crust and how to break through it that Huan Tsung's remarkable chariot returned to Pell Street and the old man was helped out.

He expressed neither surprise nor interest to find the police on the premises. He bowed courteously when Raymond Harkness stated that he had some questions to put to him and, leaning on the arm of his Mongolian driver, led the way upstairs. Seating himself on the cushioned divan in the silk-lined room, he dismissed the driver, offered cigarettes and suggested tea.

"Thanks—no," said Harkness in his quiet way. "Just a few questions. You are acquainted with a doctor—a European, I believe. He is tall, dark and wears a slight mustache. He called here tonight. I should be glad of his address."

Huan Tsung began to fill a long-



"You needn't bother here, Ed, this one's got plenty of oil"

COLLIER'S IRWIN CAPLAN

Served in the New York Studio of
James Montgomery Flagg
Outstanding American Illustrator
Pabst
Blue Ribbon
Beer

PORTRAIT by "MONTY" FLAGG . . . *or You!*

Whether it's Mr. Flagg, sketching a Cover Girl for a popular magazine—or you, pasting snapshots in the family album, you'll find Pabst Blue Ribbon always a pleasant, friendly companion.

That ever-faithful, real beer flavor you enjoy in Pabst Blue Ribbon was achieved by 104 years of pioneering in the *Art of Brewing* . . . and the *Science of Blending*.

By tasting, by comparing, you will understand why millions the world over have settled down to the real beer enjoyment of blended, splendid Pabst Blue Ribbon.

Pabst
Blue Ribbon

Pabst
Blue Ribbon
Beer

33 FINE BREWS BLENDED INTO ONE GREAT BEER

Tune in the EDDIE CANTOR Show
Every Thursday Night over N B C.

Copr. 1948, Pabst Brewing Company, Milwaukee, Wisc.

BOWES
SEAL FAST

As a Bowes Dealer He has the "Know-How" on Tire-Repairing

● Whenever you have a tire or tube repaired, you entrust the lives of your loved ones to the repairman. Therefore his ability, equipment, and the quality of materials he uses are of tremendous importance.

The dealer who displays the Bowes "Seal Fast" Trade Mark has been trained in our method of tire and tube repairing. He has the "know-how." He is supplied with the most modern equipment and materials, tested and improved through 30 years' experience. That's how we protect our good name and your safety. Your Bowes dealer can give you lasting, dependable tire repair service.

DRIVE IN Where You See This Sign!...

Safe tire repairs-
BOWES
SEAL FAST
PATENT PROCESS

Also see famous Bowes "Seal Fast" Spark Plugs . . . Corrodeless Terminal Battery Cables . . . Polishes and Radiator Compounds . . . Fan Belts . . . and other accessories "for smoother motoring."

BOWES "SEAL FAST" CORPORATION
INDIANAPOLIS 7, INDIANA

stemmed pipe. He had extraordinarily slender, adroit fingers.

"I fear I cannot help you," he replied in his courteous, exact English. "A European physician, you say?" He shook his head. "It is possible, if he came here, that he came only to make a purchase. Have you questioned my assistant?"

"I haven't. The man I mean is employed by Dr. Fu Manchu."

Not one of Huan Tsung's hundred wrinkles stirred. His benevolent gaze remained fixed upon Harkness.

"A strange name," he murmured. "No doubt a pseudonym. Tell me more of this strangely named doctor—"

"It's for you to tell *me* more. Will you tell me now, or will you come along and tell the boys at Centre Street?"

"Why, may I ask, should I drag my old bones to Centre Street?"

"It won't be necessary, if you care to talk. You are an educated man, and I'm prepared to treat you that way if you behave sensibly."

HUAN TSUNG went on filling his pipe. His parchment face creased into what might have been a smile.

"It is true. I formerly administered a large province of China, probably with justice, and certainly with success. Events, however, necessitated my departure without avoidable delay."

"Did you know Dr. Fu Manchu in China?"

Huan Tsung ignited a paper spill in the brazier and began to light his pipe.

"Your question is a foolish one. I thought I had made it clear that I am unacquainted with this person."

"Pity your memory's getting so unreliable," said Harkness.

"Alas, after seventy, each succeeding year robs us of a hundred delights."

Heavy footsteps sounded on the stairs, and Captain Rafferty came in.

"Listen—there's a door down in the basement leading to some other place—another cellar, I guess. Let's have the key, or shall I break it open?"

Huan Tsung regarded the intruder mildly.

"I fear you have no choice," he said. "The door leads, as you say, into the storeroom of my neighbor, Kwee Long, whose premises are on the adjoining street. He will have gone, no doubt. The door is locked from the other side. I possess no key to this door."

"Sure of that, Huan Tsung?" Harkness asked quietly.

"Unless my memory betrays me." . . .

The door in the cellar was forced. It proved no easy job: It was a strong, heavy door. The police found themselves in a much larger cellar, which evidently ran under several stores and was of irregular shape. Part of it seemed to be used by a caterer, for there were numerous cases of imported delicacies. They could find no switches and worked by flashlight.

Then they came to the part of the cellar where Chinese coffins were stacked.

This place struck a chill—to the spirit as well as to the body. The deputy commissioner had just joined the party. Their only clues, so far, led to Huan Tsung's. Hope rested on the report of Officer Moreno that the pseudo doctor had been seen leaving there that night.

"No evidence anybody's been around here," Rafferty declared. "See any more doors anyplace?"

"There's one over here, Captain," came a muffled voice.

All looked in that direction. Sure enough there was one at the back of a deep alcove. The man who had found it tried to open it. He had no success.

"Smash it!" the deputy commissioner ordered.

They had just gone to work with enthusiasm when Rafferty held his hand up.

"Quiet, everybody!"

Nervous silence succeeded clamor.

"What did you hear?" the deputy commissioner whispered.

"Sort of tapping, sir."

"Where from?"

"The coffins . . . Ssh! There it is again!"

"Maybe there's a rat in there."

"Quiet! Listen!"

A faint, irregular knocking sound became audible. It was followed by what seemed to be a stifled moan.

"Quick! This way! Open all those things!"

A rush back to the coffin cellar took place. The men pulled down five or six, and found them empty. Rafferty held up his hand. "Stop the clatter. Listen."

All became quiet. And from somewhere near the base of another pile not yet attacked they heard it again, more clearly . . . tapping and a stifled groan.

"It's that thing with all the gilt. The second one from the bottom!"

To move the empty coffins on top was a business of minutes. And in the most ornate specimen of all they found Nayland Smith.

His wrists and ankles were lashed up with what looked like sewing silk. But clasp knives failed to cut it. A piece of surgical strapping was fastened across his mouth. One man gently removed it.

"Thank God you heard me," he croaked. "I could just move one foot. Don't blunt your knives on this stuff. Get a wire cutter. Lift me out."

Two men lifted him out and supported him to a bench set before the opposite wall. He smiled grimly as he sat there. The commissioner produced a flask.

"Thank God indeed, Sir Denis. It's a miracle you weren't suffocated."

"Air holes bored in coffin. Never mind *me*. What of Dr. Fu Manchu?"

"Not a sign of him."

Nayland Smith sighed, and took a drink. "He left here little more than half an hour ago."

"*What!* But it's impossible! No one left this area during that time who wasn't known to be a regular resident."

Smith gave him a grim look.

"What about Huan Tsung? Doesn't he wear a wide-brimmed hat and a heavy, fur-lined coat?"

The deputy commissioner and Captain Rafferty exchanged worried looks.

"He does, and he certainly went out again," said Rafferty. "He went twice to a house on lower Fifth. But he's back."

"He may be," Smith rapped. "But he only went there once. It was Dr. Fu Manchu, dressed like him, who came back and Dr. Fu Manchu who has just slipped through your fingers again! Have this Fifth Avenue place raided—*now*. . . . But already it's too late."

AN ENEMY, one who sought nothing less than dictatorship of the United States, was within the gates, watching Morris Craig's revolutionary experiments. London, knowing the hazard, watched also. Washington, alive to the menace, had instructed the F.B.I. And the F.B.I., aware of a further danger in the formidable person of Dr. Fu Manchu, had sent for Nayland Smith. But no hint of the desperate battle waging in their midst was permitted to reach the ears of those whose fate hung in the balance.

Nayland Smith called up Craig the next morning.

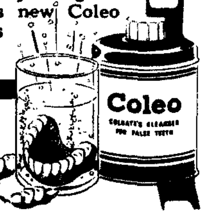
"Thought you might be worried," he said. "Had a brush with the enemy, but no bones broken. Watch your step, Craig. This thing is coming to a head. Hope to look in later. . . ."

The mantle of gloom which had enveloped Craig dropped from his shoulders. His problems no longer seemed insuperable. Clearly enough, opposition more dangerous than that of commercial rivalry was in the field against Huston Electric. His empirical mind, which demanded tangible evidence before granting even trivial surmises, had fought against acceptance not merely of the presence, but of the existence of Dr. Fu Manchu. Now he was converted.

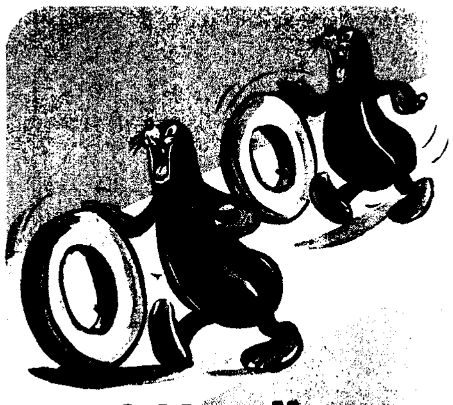
NEWS FROM HOLLYWOOD...
for
FALSE TEETH WEARERS!
8 OUT OF 10 SCREEN PLAYERS WHO TESTED NEW COLEO PREFER IT!

NEW COLEO CLEANS
FALSE TEETH
Really Clean!

Million-dollar Hollywood smiles often mean costly plates and dentures. Coleo's exclusive ingredient that "fizzes" away film and surface stain in minutes made a big hit! No brushing! False teeth *gleam*. The taste is fresh, delightful. No danger of offensive breath from dentures. Nor does it fade them. Try Colgate-Palmolive-Peet's new Coleo for *cleaner* plates and dentures.


Coleo
COLGATE'S CLEANSER FOR FALSE TEETH

NEW "FIZZ" TYPE CLEANSER FOR FALSE TEETH



YOU roll up More Miles

. . . when the two seals—and an accurate Schrader gauge are on the job to make your tires last longer.

GET ALL THREE AT YOUR DEALERS

1st SEAL
2nd SEAL
Schrader

[illegible]

Ignorant, yet, of what had happened to Nayland Smith, he must regard the attempt on Moreno as the work of some enemy unusually equipped. The mode of attack certainly suggested Oriental influence. If, then, Dr. Fu Manchu—what of the Soviet agent?

He might reasonably suppose, although Smith had never even hinted it, that Smith acted for the British government. Very well. Who was acting for the Kremlin?

When Camille came in, he turned to her with a happy smile.

"Just heard from Nayland Smith. Thank Heaven, the old lad's okay."

"I am glad," said Camille, and Craig listened to the harp notes in her fascinating voice. "I know you were worried."

"I'm worried about you, too, Miss Navarre."

She started; her eyes seemed to assume a deeper shade. "Why, Dr. Craig?"

"You're overdoing it, my dear," he explained. "I'm sure you're not getting enough sleep."

"Do I look such a wreck?" she asked.

"You always look lovely when you don't wear those damned glasses."

"Oh!" said Camille. "Since you told me you didn't like them I only wear them, now, when I am working."

"I didn't say anything of the kind. I said I preferred your eyes in the nude, so to speak. There's only one other thing you might do for me."

"What is that, Dr. Craig?"

"Well—must you hide that wonderful hair behind your ears as if you wanted to forget it?"

Then Camille laughed, and her laughter rang true.

"Really, you *are* ridiculous! But very complimentary. My hair is rather—well—flamboyant, and I don't feel—"

"It's a display entirely in order for the office of a stuffy physicist? Well—I'll let you off. But there's a proviso."

"What is the proviso, Dr. Craig?"

"That you wear it long this week end at Falling Waters."

"Oh," said Camille, demurely. "Am I allowed to think it over?"

"Yes. But make up your mind by the morning."

Camille crossed toward the door of her room, then paused and turned.

"I'm sorry. But I'm afraid I quite forgot to mention what I really came to ask you, Dr. Craig."

"What is it?"

"Mrs. Frobisher was speaking to me on the phone yesterday, and we discovered we both suffered from insomnia. She called me this morning to tell me she had arranged an appointment with Professor Hoffmeyer. Of course, I should never have dreamed of such a thing. But—"

"You can't duck it because the boss' wife has fixed it? I quite agree. He'll probably prescribe six weeks at Palm Beach. But pay no attention."

"What I wanted to ask you was if it would be all right for me to go along there at eight tonight?"

"Eight?"

"Yes. An unusual hour for a consultant. I suppose he is fitting me in when he has no other appointments."

"Between the cocktails and the soup, I should guess. Certainly, Miss Navarre. Why ask?"

"Well"—Camille hesitated—"I know you plan to work late tonight, and I'm often wanted to take notes—"

"Forget it. And go right home afterward. We make an early start tomorrow morning."

"That's very kind of you, Dr. Craig, and I am grateful. But when I took this appointment I knew what the hours would be. I shall certainly come back."

At a quarter to eight, when Camille set out, Craig was crouched over his work, a formula like a Picasso drawing pinned to a corner of the board and a pen in his mouth.

"I expect to return in an hour, Dr. Craig."

Craig raised his hand in a gesture of dismissal and said something that might have been, "Go to bed."

Camille pressed the button of the private elevator, and when it arrived, opened the door with her passkey and went down to the thirty-second floor. She closed the door there—they were all self-locking—and crossed the big office, in which a light was always left on, to a similar door on the other side. She knew the second elevator would be below, for Regan had gone down at four o'clock, when Mr. Shaw had relieved him.

She pressed the button, and when the signal light glowed, unlocked the door and descended to the main floor. There was a small, dark lobby which opened directly onto the street, a means of private entry and exit used only by the laboratory staff and Michael Frobisher. As soon as Camille stepped out of the elevator she knew that someone was in this lobby.

She stood quite still.

"Who's there?" she asked in a low voice.

"Don't be alarmed." A flashlight came to life.

"Sir Denis—!" Camille whispered.

She could see his face, now, framed in the upturned collar of an overcoat. It was a very grim face.

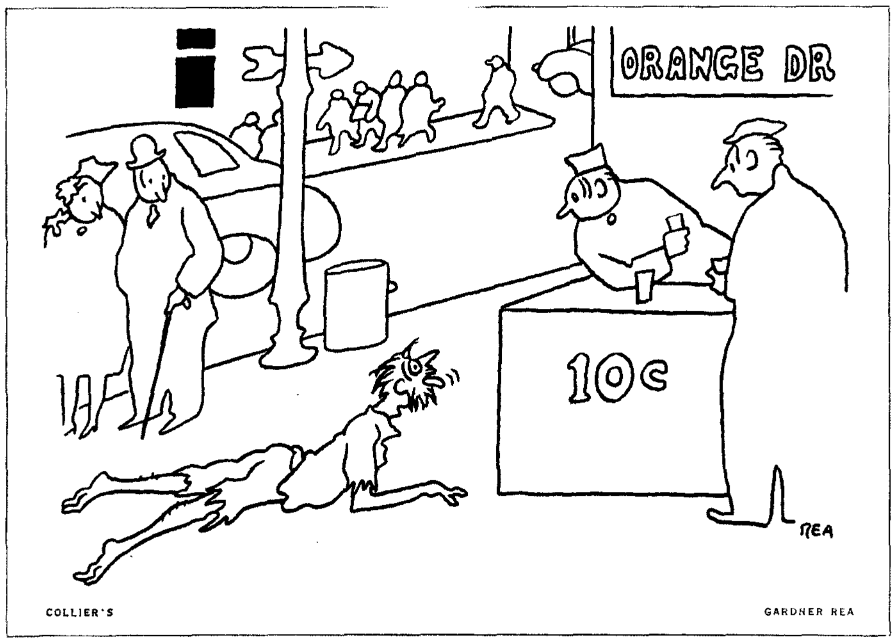
"Wondering how I got in? Well, I'll explain the great illusion. I have a duplicate key. Craig up there?"

"Yes, Sir Denis—and very busy."

"Are you off for the night?"

"Not at all. I hope to be back in an hour."

"Good girl!" A smile swept the grim-



with hair like this, you'll hear: "hello handsome"

Good-looking hair *works* for a guy. Pleases bosses. Delights bosses' secretaries. To give your hair that well-groomed, young-executive look . . .

use Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout"

Product of Bristol-Myers

to stimulate scalp...keep hair handsome

50 seconds to massage—Feel that tingle! That's the alcohol in Vitalis stimulating your scalp. Different from those dressings that contain nothing but oil!

Won't dry your hair—The alcohol disappears, leaving a fine, protective film of pure vegetable oils that *prevent* dryness. At the same time, you condition your scalp—rout loose dandruff, help check excessive falling hair.

10 seconds to comb—Man, what grooming! What natural lustre! No greasy "patent-leather" shine—Vitalis contains only pure vegetable oils, *no mineral oil*. Get Vitalis...any drug counter or barber shop.

Your barber is an expert. He knows how to keep your hair handsome, stimulate your scalp. Ask him about Vitalis and the individual, sanitary Sealtube application.

Vitalis and Sealtube are Bristol-Myers trade marks

Why all the excitement about the new U. S. Royal Golf Ball?

BECAUSE: This year's U. S. Royal is an entirely new kind of golf ball—the first with a Silicone "Magic" Center—the liveliest ever—plus Electronic Winding—the last word in controlled tension.

ONLY THE NEW U. S. ROYAL HAS ALL THESE FEATURES

SILICONE "MAGIC" CENTER
Liveliest substance ever put in a golf ball.

ELECTRONIC WINDING
For uniformity, accuracy and controllability.

CADWELL-GEER COVER
Toughest cover of all.

We're just as excited about our new U.S. Royal as you golfers are. That Silicone "Magic" Center (a new development of U.S. Rubber using General Electric Silicone) really makes a lot livelier ball. Electronic Winding gives it perfect tension and balance. Together they add to your long shots, give you a greater sense of control over every club in your bag. From the first sweet "click" to the last true putt, this ball *feels* right.

U. S. ROYAL Golf Balls

BLUE for championship and tournament play. RED for greater durability—and distance too.

Sold only through Golf Professional Shops

★

U. S. True Blue and U. S. Three Star at leading Sporting Goods Dealers

MADE BY U.S. RUBBER SERVING THROUGH SCIENCE

UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY

ness from his face swiftly as a mask removed. "I have excellent reports of your keenness and efficiency."

He patted her shoulder, passed her and put his key in the elevator door.

Camille went out into the street. Two men lounging immediately outside gave her searching glances, but she preserved her admirable poise, waiting with apparent calm until a cruising taxi came along.

She gave the address, Woolton Building, and then tried to carry out advice printed on a card before her, "Sit back and relax."

It was useless to ignore the fact that she had reached a climax in her affairs. The tangled threads of her existence had tripped her at almost every turn.

Morris must be told. She had made up her mind to tell him tomorrow. Her crowning dread was that he would find out from someone else. She wanted him to learn the truth from her own lips. . . .

Only one elevator remained in service at the Woolton Building. Most of the office staffs had left.

"Hoffmeyer? Top," the bored operator told her.

She stepped out on an empty corridor. Directly facing her was a door marked "Professor Hoffmeyer. Information."

It proved to be a well-appointed reception office. No one was there.

Camille sat down on a cushioned divan. A clock above the desk told her that she was three minutes ahead of time.

On the stroke of eight, a Chinese girl came in through a doorway facing that by which visitors entered. She wore national dress and had a gazelle's grace of movement. Clasping her hands on her breast, she bowed. "If you will be pleased to follow me," she said.

Camille followed her across a large salon decorated with miniature reproductions of classic statuary and beautiful paintings. There were richly cushioned settees, desks provided with the latest periodicals, softly shaded lamps. She began to understand that Professor Hoffmeyer was a luxury reserved for the wives and concubines of commercial sultans, and to wonder if Mrs. Frobisher had any idea of her salary.

From here they passed along a tiled corridor between cubicles resembling those in a Pompeian bath. There were medical odors mingling with all those perfumes peculiar to a beauty parlor. There had been no one in the salon and there was no one in any of the cubicles.

THE journey ended in an office which, unlike the other rooms, conformed with Camille's idea of what a consultant's establishment should be. There was a large, neat desk. One of the drawers was open, as if someone had been seated there only a moment before. A number of scientific books filled a heavy mahogany case. On the right of this was an opening which evidently communicated with another room.

Camille's Chinese guide clasped her hands on her breast, bowed and retired.

The place possessed a faint, sweetish smell. It awakened some dormant memory. Then a voice spoke, the voice of someone in the dimly lighted room beyond: "Be so good as to enter."

Camille's mind, her spirit, rose in revolt. Suddenly, she was fired by a single impulse—to escape. But she seemed to be incapable of escape. Those words were a command she found herself helpless to disobey.

Slowly, with lagging steps, she walked in. Her movements made no sound on a thick carpet. It was an apartment Orientally furnished. There were arched openings in which lanterns hung. She saw painted screens, lacquer. But these were only a background for a figure seated behind a long, narrow table.

He wore a yellow robe; his chin rested on his hands, his elbows on the table. And his glittering green eyes claimed and owned her.

Camille stifled a scream, turned—and the opening through which she had come in was no longer there; only a beautifully wrought lacquer panel. She twisted back, fighting down hysteria. Her glance took in the whole room.

"Yes," the sibilant voice assured her, "you are not mistaken, Miss Navarre . . . you have been here before."

MORRIS CRAIG, seated with his back to the desk, watched the lean, restless figure of Nayland Smith parading the office. He looked gaunt, but his steps were springy, his eyes clear.

"The greatest compliment ever paid to me!" said Nayland Smith, grimly. "Dr. Fu Manchu considers I am more useful alive than dead!"

"It's a miracle you're alive."

"I suppose it is. Mysterious news of the pending raid on Huan Tsung's led to a postponement of the treatment prescribed. Otherwise, I should have been found, certifiably dead, in that ghastly coffin. Failing the raid, I should by now be on my way to China."

"Do you think the headquarters of this thing are in China?"

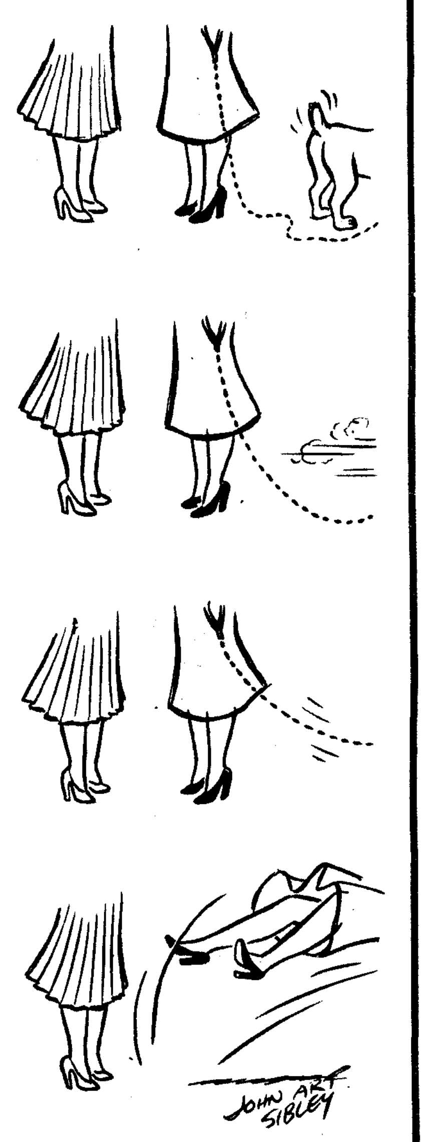
"No," rasped Smith. "In Tibet. In a completely inaccessible spot. Lhasa is not the only secret city in Asia—nor Everest the highest mountain. But leave that. I want certain facts."

Craig lighted a cigarette, which he had been holding for some time between his fingers.

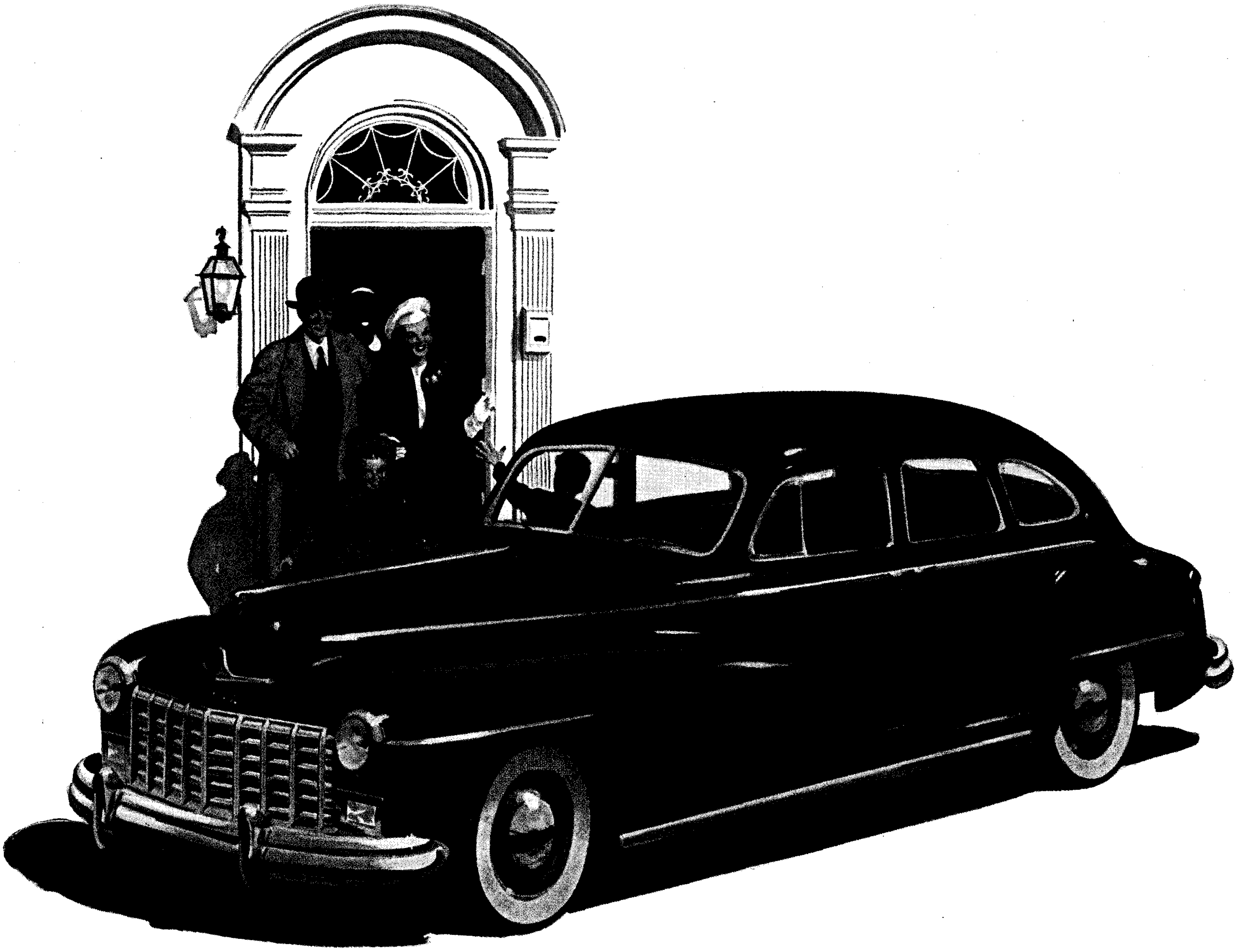
"You shall have them. But there are certain facts *I* want, too. I'm not immune from human curiosity, even if I have harnessed a force new to physics. When the

FEET FIRST

Cat



COLLIER'S JOHN ART SIBLEY



"A DODGE HAS COME INTO OUR LIFE"

There are many other ways of saying it—

There are many reasons for it—

But the fact remains that Dodge has broken all barriers to all fields of automobile selection, with qualities of performance not known before.

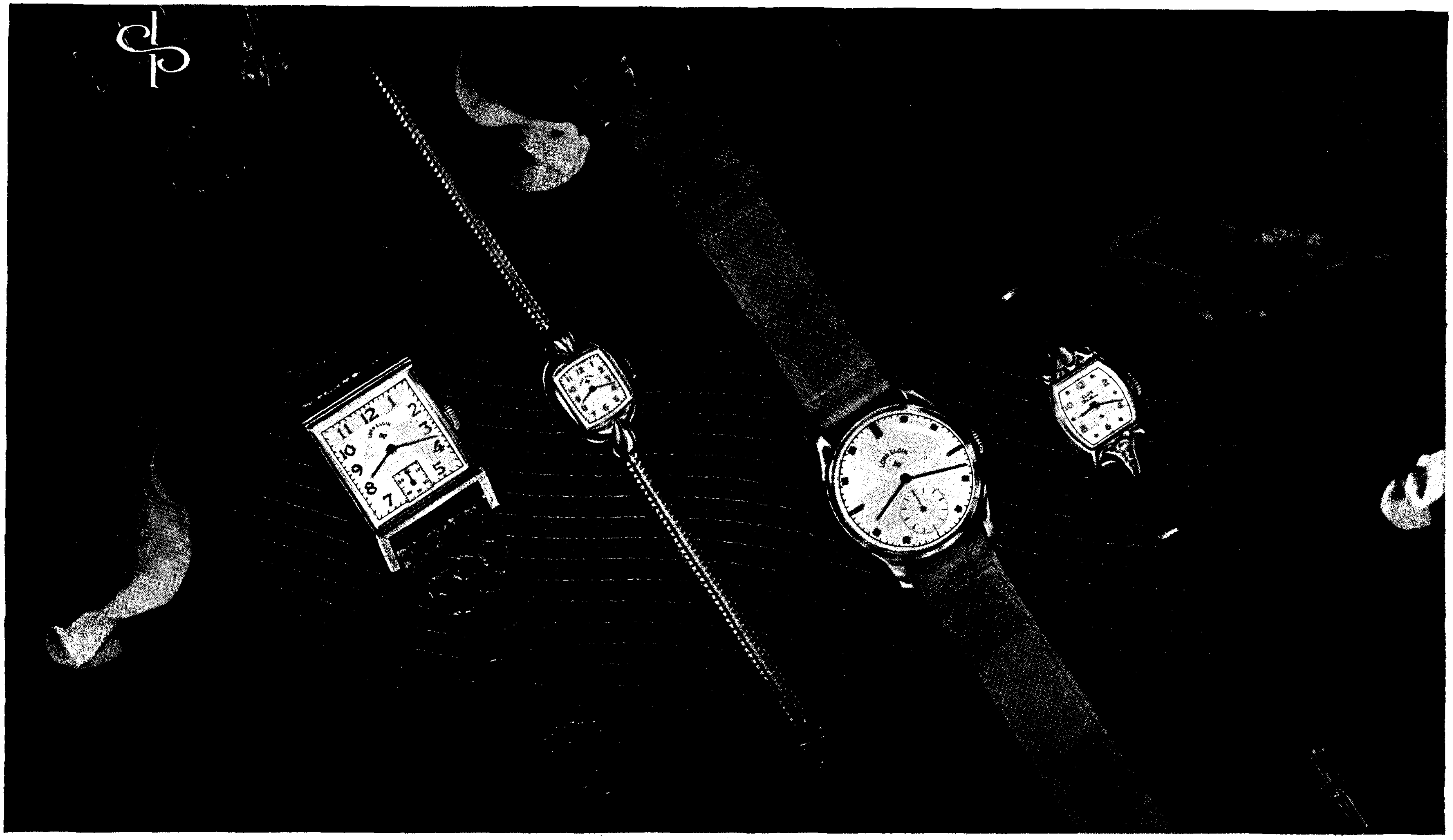
"A Dodge has come into our life," is just one way of saying it, as new families by the thousands enter this entirely new world of automobile experience.

Dodge

SMOOTHEST CAR "AFLOAT"

Lowest Priced Car with Fluid Drive

LOOK FOR THIS SYMBOL ON THE DIAL



*Patent pending

Look ahead with your Graduate!

ONLY AN *Elgin*
HAS THE DURAPOWER MAINSPRING*

MADE OF "ELGILOY" METAL

Eliminates 99% of watch repairs
due to steel mainspring failures!

You show how *very* proud you are of your graduate's achievement when your gift is a beautiful Elgin Watch. It's the traditional remembrance that has thrilled four generations of American graduates.

Elgin's leadership as the watch most wanted is now even more pronounced. For Elgin has achieved a remarkable improvement in the part that makes a watch go . . . the mainspring. Only an Elgin has the DuraPower Mainspring . . . and at no extra cost.

Made of an entirely new alloy of metals this miracle mainspring retains its "springiness" indefinitely for greater accuracy through the years. Completely overcomes rust, the commonest cause of breakage. *Eliminates 99% of watch repairs due to steel mainspring failures!*

Elgin Watches, made in America by American craftsmen, are adjusted to temperatures and positions and timed to the stars by Elgin's own observatory.

See at your jeweler's the beautiful styling that distinguishes the new Elgins. Choose an Elgin . . . to make *your* graduate happier now and in all the years ahead.

Lord and Lady Elgins are priced from $65.00 to $5000. Elgin De Luxe from $47.50 to $65.00. Other Elgins are priced as low as $29.75. All prices include Federal Excise Tax.

• • •

Now to Elgin's famous star-timed accuracy the DuraPower Mainspring adds a permanency of timekeeping performance never before possible in any watch. Elgin observatory time is the official time of United Air Lines.

Your Graduate will be happier with an ELGIN police found you last night, what about this fellow Huan Tsung?"

Smith smiled. It was a smile of pure enjoyment. He pulled up, facing Craig.

"Huan Tsung, ex-governor of a Chinese province, and a prominent member of the Council of Seven, I had met before. He blandly denied any recollection of the meeting. As I had clearly been delivered at his shop during the evening in a crate, and taken into an adjoining cellar, Harkness and the deputy commissioner proposed to arrest him."

"I should have proposed ditto."

"On what charge?" asked Smith.

"But you tell me he doubled with Fu Manchu—"

"Undoubtedly he did. But how can we prove it? A scholarly, elderly gentleman who claims to be French Canadian occupies the apartment on lower Fifth Avenue which Huan Tsung visited last night. They are old friends, it seems. They were discussing the political situation in China, and Huan Tsung returned to Pell Street for some correspondence bearing on the subject."

"But you were found in his cellar!"

"It isn't his cellar, Craig. Remember, the police *broke* into that cellar. And the man to whom it really belongs is out of town! Lastly, the shopman, a cultured liar, produced an invoice for the contents of the crate in which I was brought there from wherever I had been before!"

"But you recognized Huan Tsung?"

"Certainly. But he blandly assures me I am mistaken. He had the impudence to point out that, to the Western eye, Chinese faces look much alike. Had he had the privilege of meeting me before, he said, such an honor couldn't possibly have escaped his memory!"

"Is he going to get away with it?"

"For the time being, I'm afraid he is. Mr. La Fosse of lower Fifth Avenue, who is undoubtedly in Fu Manchu's employ, declares that he never even heard of such a person. Of course the police will watch them closely. Their lines are tapped already."

"And what about those damned injections? Do you feel no ill effects?"

"None whatever. You must accept the fact, Craig, that Dr. Fu Manchu has a knowledge of medicine which is generations ahead of anything known to Western science. And now, waste no more of my time. Listen—"

The big clock above the desk sounded its single note. Eight o'clock. The office door opened and Regan came in. His dour face wore an odd expression.

"I may be mistaken," he said, "but I fancy I saw a pair of tough-looking lads outside the private door downstairs."

Nayland Smith laughed. "Part of my bodyguard!"

"Oh," said Regan. "That's it, is it?"

"We are invested," murmured Craig. "A beleaguered garrison."

Regan went up the steps and unlocked the laboratory door. Eerie vibrations invaded the office. His figure showed outlined for a moment against green light. Then, the door was closed as he went in.

"I want to know," said Nayland Smith, "when you will be finished?"

"Tonight."

"Sure?"

"Perfectly sure."

"Even allowing an hour for dinner?"

Craig brushed his hair back, staring. "I'm stopping for no dinner."

Nayland Smith smiled again.

"Craig, I begin to agree with Dr. Fu Manchu, who informed me that you are what he described as 'touched with genius.' I don't want you to confirm his diagnosis by dying young. I have booked a table at a quiet restaurant. Until you are dragged away from that desk, your abstraction is deplorable. And there are important things I want to tell you."

"Won't they keep?"

"No. And by the way, I miss the invaluable Sam."

"The said Invaluable has twenty-four hours' leave. His mother is ill in Philadelphia. Result: For the first time in days I can go out for a drink without being tailed by a shadow in a peaked cap!"

THE laboratory yawned again and Shaw stepped out. He stood at the top of the steps for a moment, looking down. The chief technician had the heavy frame of an outdoor man, a mass of unruly blond hair and a merry eye.

"Just off, Shaw?" Craig called. "You don't know my masterful friend, Sir Denis Nayland Smith, do you?"

Shaw came down and shook hands.

"Free man until midnight," he said. "Then back to the bloody juggernaut that lives in there!" He turned to Craig. "If you had that valve detail ready tonight, I believe I could fit up the transmuter in time for tests on, say, Monday."

"Do you?" Craig replied. He grinned like a schoolboy. "Has no thought crossed the massive brain to file a will before that date?"

Shaw nodded. "It has, Doctor. Rests with you. But if we can keep the cork in when we really fill the bottle—"

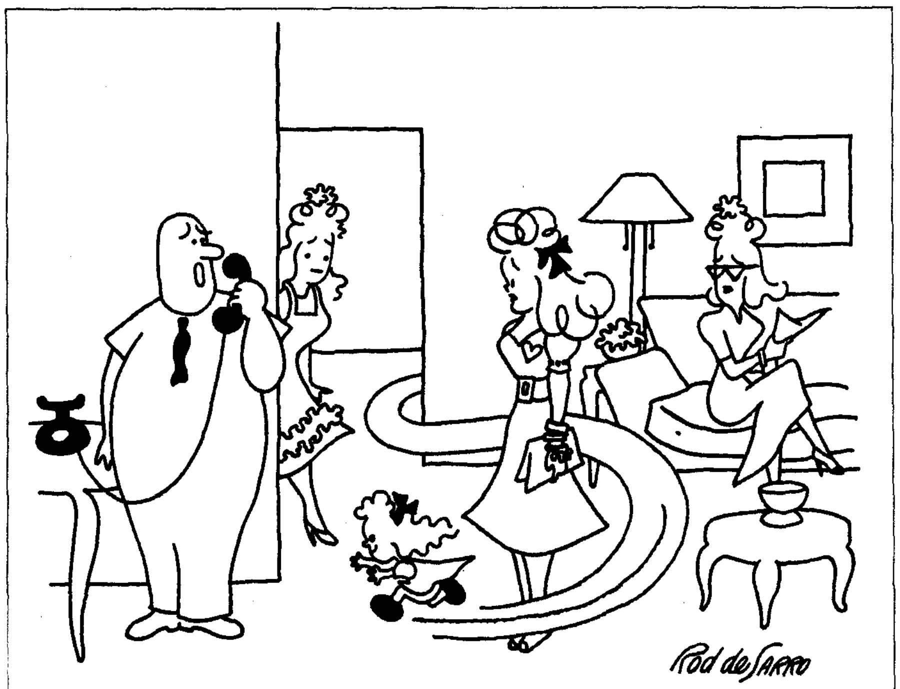
He went out.

"Our convoy awaits!" said Nayland Smith. "Let's move."

Craig called the laboratory.

"Regan here."

"I regret to state, Regan, that I am



"Who around here answers to the name of 'Dreamboat'?"

COLLIER'S RODNEY DE SARRO

Ah-h-h Walk-Over Koolies

Feel those air-holes fan your feet!

- What a wonderful way to spend the summer — in shoes that fan your feet!

Hot day? Start walking and you'll feel what we mean. Every step pumps fresh air in — lets hot air out. You live in a cool whirlpool of breezes.

Walk-Over Koolies — look for the name — the original air-holes-in-action shoes. Smart styles for loafing, sport or town.

Walk-Over Young Men Styles
Geo. E. Keith Company, Brockton 63, Mass.

MGM
presents
CLARK
GABLE
LANA
TURNER
ANNE
BAXTER
JOHN
HODIAK
Homecoming
RAY COLLINS • GLADYS COOPER
CAMERON MITCHELL
A MERVYN LeROY PRODUCTION
Original Story by SIDNEY KINGSLEY • Adaptation by JAN LUSTIG • Screen Play by PAUL OSBORN
Directed by MERVYN LeROY
Produced by SIDNEY FRANKLIN
In association with GOTTFRIED REINHARDT
A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

The love story of a he-man and two women!

And look what's coming!
IRVING BERLIN'S "EASTER PARADE" M-G-M MUSICAL IN TECHNICOLOR Starring JUDY GARLAND, FRED ASTAIRE, PETER LAWFORD, ANN MILLER.

being forcibly removed to some restaurant to dine—"

"Good thing, too."

"Well, I shall be back at nine. Want to see me before I go?"

"No, Doctor. Enjoy your dinner."

Craig carried his drawing board and his notes across to the safe. When they were locked away, he glanced toward the door of Camille's room.

"She's out," said Smith dryly. "I passed her as I came in."

THEY were already speeding along in a police car, two F.B.I. men following in another, as Camille faced Dr. Fu Manchu across the bizarre study.

"You have been here before," the harsh voice had said. And, in a moment of cold horror, Camille knew this to be true. Her dream had haunted her so persistently that she had spoken to Morris, warned him to change the safe combination. In her wastebasket she had found those fragments of a torn note. And, although she had spent hours trying to piece the fragments together and had failed, she knew that the paper on which the note was written came from the Huston Electric office.

Now, the man, the inscrutable, dreadful face of the man and every detail surrounding him, told her that the dream had been a memory recaptured in sleep.

She had come to the appointment with Professor Hoffmeyer wearing her dark-rimmed glasses. At this moment the incongruity of her appearance in such environment struck her forcibly.

One angle of the room was occupied by shelves filled with volumes, some of them large and in faded leather bindings. Then came the lacquer panel. This, she knew, masked an opening through which she had entered. Beyond it a curtain partly concealed a recess. A silk-shaded lantern hung in an arched doorway. A cushioned divan rose like an island in a sea of rugs. There were two strangely shaped medieval chairs. A long, black table bore books, open manuscripts, jars and a mummied head mounted on a wooden base. The dim light of a green lamp just outlined a crystal globe.

And behind the table, hands with attenuated nails crossed under his chin, was the *Man*. . . .

"Please sit down." His half-closed eyes glanced sideways in the direction of the divan. He did not stir, otherwise.

Camille, fighting a desperate battle for calmness, for sanity, remained standing. She stared challengingly at the motionless figure. Her throat was dry, but her soft voice did not betray her. "I came to consult Professor Hoffmeyer. Who are *you?*"

He remained immobile. When he replied, his thin lips seemed not to move.

"I am accustomed to asking questions, Miss Navarre, not to answering them. But I must make a concession in the case of a fellow scientist—and one whose courage I respect. I am known as Dr. Fu Manchu."

"Dr. Fu Manchu!" she whispered.

"I believe you have been warned against me. I regret that I should be so misunderstood, that the world should think badly of me."

"But what are you doing here? If Mrs. Frobisher knew—"

"If Mrs. Frobisher knew what? That Professor Hoffmeyer is Dr. Fu Manchu, or that Camille Navarre is employed by the Intelligence Service of an alien government?"

"What are you suggesting?"

"I suggest nothing. I ask a question. Mrs. Frobisher made the appointment for tonight because I told her to do so—"

"You mean—that Mrs. Frobisher knows—?"

"Mrs. Frobisher does not know anything. But I believe that her husband might react unfavorably if he knew you to be an agent of Great Britain."

Camille's heart was throbbing wildly, but she had been trained to face the worst.

"Why do you say that?"

"Because it is true." Slowly, Dr. Fu Manchu stood up. "Your employers are within their rights in seeking to learn the nature of those experiments being carried out in the Huston laboratory. We live in a dangerous age. I admire them for their ingenious removal to a better post of Dr. Craig's former assistant, and for providing you with the necessary credentials to take her place."

He was walking around the corner of the long, narrow table, and coming nearer. He had a catlike step.

"My credentials are my own."

"Indeed. And where did you acquire them?"

Fear made her defiant. "Is that your business?"

"And where did you acquire them?" he repeated in a low, sibilant tone.

"I graduated at the Sorbonne."

"I congratulate you. These are details I had no time to gather at our former interview. And did you carry out Intelligence work during the war?"

"I worked with the resistance." Camille spoke faintly. "In Grenoble."

Dr. Fu Manchu returned to his seat behind the long table.

"Again, accept my congratulations. You speak perfect English."

"My mother was English."

Camille sank down on the divan. She was terrified, but her brain remained cool. One thing was clear. During that hiatus which had cost her so many sleepless nights, she must have been here. How had she got here? And why, except in a dream, had she completely forgotten all that happened?

Above all, what *had* happened?

Camille clutched the cushions convulsively. A quivering, metallic sound stirred the silence.

The crystal was coming to life. A radiance as of moonlight glowed and grew within it. For a moment it seemed cloudy, resembling a huge opal. Then, the clouds dispersed, and a face materialized.

CAMILLE thought, at first, it was the living face of the Egyptian whose mummied head stood on the table. But it soon declared itself as that of a very old Chinese.

"I have the report, Excellency."

The voice was clear, but seemed to come from a long way off.

"Repeat it."

Dr. Fu Manchu was watching the face in the crystal. A sudden urge to run flamed up in Camille's mind. She glanced swiftly right and left.

"Remain where you are," came a harsh command. "There is no way to leave this room without my permission. Continue, Huan Tsung."

"Nayland Smith and Dr. Craig are in the restaurant. Contact is impossible. There is an F.B.I. bodyguard at the doors. All my incoming messages are overheard. Therefore this was sent to me in the Shan dialect."

Camille realized that she was not witnessing a supernatural phenomenon but some hitherto unknown form of television.

"I have one hour," said Dr. Fu Manchu, "in which to make the first move."

The face in the crystal faded slowly, like a mirage. The moonlight died away. As Dr. Fu Manchu turned to her again, Camille stood up.

"I want to know," she said, "why I have been trapped into coming here. Perhaps you think you can force me to betray Dr. Craig's secrets to you?"

"Were you not prepared to betray them to the British government?" he asked softly.

"Perhaps I was. But from a motive *you* could never understand. In the hope of preserving the peace of the world—if that is possible."

First of the social graces

Household cleanliness is the first sign of the good home maker. That includes toilet bowls—which your friends expect will be odorless and fresh. Your best friend here is Sani-Flush—which keeps toilet bowls as clean as new. No stains or film after a Sani-Flush cleaning. No work — no other disinfecting needed.

Safe in all toilet systems—works in hard or soft water. At grocers' everywhere. Two sizes. The Hygienic Products Co., Canton 2, Ohio.

Sani-Flush

GET TWO CANS AT A TIME

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

Sani-Flush
FOR CLEANING TOILET BOWLS

HAPS
GETS YOU OUT OF
TIGHT
SITUATIONS!

HE can't dance because his underwear tortures him . . . but *you* can dance through life in cool, absorbent *one-piece* HAPS; the under-cover comfort sensation! Nothing like it, for the exclusive INTERKNIT* Seat *cannot* bunch or pinch! *Guaranteed more comfortable and convenient than the underwear you wear now, or money back!*

The Smart, Modern ONE-PIECE Way to Wear SHIRT 'N' SHORTS

$1.95 up

FREE BOOKLET... gives vital comfort secrets; write for your copy today!

AUGUSTA KNITTING CORP.
710 Broad St., Utica 2, N.Y.

Jones QUALITY HAPS*
AMERICA'S Comfort UNDERWEAR

"Do you regard Great Britain as holding a monopoly in peaceful intentions? Do you suppose that Dr. Craig would welcome the knowledge that you worked with him only to betray him?"

Camille tried to meet the gaze of those eyes. "I—did not think of it as betrayal. Only as a duty."

"For which you must be prepared to sacrifice everything—even the respect of Dr. Craig—or possibly something more precious?"

Camille lowered her eyes and dropped back on the divan. Dr. Fu Manchu stood up and walked toward her. He carried a small volume.

"I will never reveal one of Dr. Craig's secrets to you," she said, on a note of desperation.

"My dear Miss Navarre—you have already revealed them all, or all that you knew at the time. Let you and me be sensible. Communist criminals aspire to rule man by fear. Nations no longer have the right to choose their rulers. As a result the market is glutted with politicians, but statesmen are in short supply. Man wants nothing but happiness."

He stood right before her, now.

"You see this book? It is a complete list of the megalomaniacs who are threatening the world with a third and final war. Power-drunk fools. They could all, quite easily, be assembled in this room. The unhappy peoples they claim to speak for are only the fuel to be thrown into the furnace of their mad lust. Advance guards of these ignorant ruffians already knock at the door—and one man holds in his hands a weapon which may decide the issue."

"You mean Dr. Craig?"

"I referred to him—yes."

Camille, with desperate courage, stood up and faced Fu Manchu.

"And you think I would put that weapon into *your* hands—even if I could? I would rather die—and leave the law to deal with *you!*"

But Dr. Fu Manchu remained unmoved.

"One who hopes to save civilization cannot afford to respect the law. You are that rare freak of the gods, a personable woman with a brain. Yet, like a woman you permit emotion to rule you. Why do you wear those pieces of plain glass?"

He fully opened his strange eyes, raised one long-nailed hand and pointed at her.

Camille ceased to possess any individual existence. She found herself in that trancelike condition which had made her dreams so terrible.

"Take them off."

Automatically, she obeyed. Something within rose in fierce, angry revolt. But Camille herself was helpless.

"Shake your hair down," Fu Manchu commanded.

She released her wonderful hair. It cascaded, a fiery torrent, onto her shoulders.

"Kneel."

She knelt at Fu Manchu's feet.

"Bow your head. . . . Sleep."

She bowed her head, a beautiful, submissive slave awaiting punishment.

Dr. Fu Manchu struck a silver bell which hung on a table beside the divan. Camille did not hear its sweet, lingering note. She was lost in a silent world from which only one sound could recall her—the voice of Fu Manchu.

A MAN entered through the archway. He never even glanced at the motionless, kneeling figure. He bowed, briefly but respectfully, to Fu Manchu. He was short, dark and thickset, with close-cropped hair. He wore a long, white, linen coat, like that of a surgeon.

Dr. Fu Manchu crossed and seated himself at the table.

"Koenig—tonight you will go to the Huston Building. The duplicate key you made after Miss Navarre's last visit opens the private door and also that of the elevator to the thirty-second floor. On the thirty-second floor there is another elevator. The key opens this, also. Any questions?"

"No."

"It will take you to the thirty-sixth where you will enter the office of Dr. Craig. The laboratory adjoins the office. The communicating door is locked. A man called Regan will be on duty in the laboratory. He must be induced to come out. Any questions?"

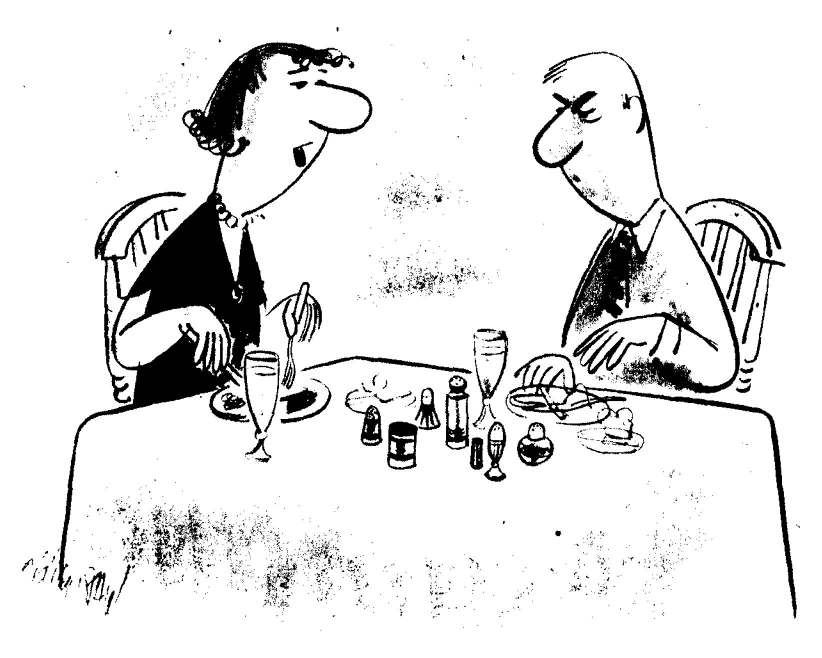
"No."

"M'goyna will be with you. If this alarms you, say so. Very well. Regan must be overpowered and taken back to the laboratory. M'goyna will then remain there with him. You will make it clear to Regan that should M'goyna be found there, he, Regan, will be strangled. Regan must speak on intercommunication should Dr. Craig call him. Any questions?"

"No."

Dr. Fu Manchu clapped his hands sharply. "M'goyna!"

The embroidered curtain which partly concealed a recess in the wall was drawn aside. A gigantic figure appeared. The shoulders of an Atlas, long arms, grotesquely large hands, and a face so



"They're all salt, but only one of them shakes"

COLLIER'S STANLEY BERENSTAIN

Of America's Leading
one is
OUTSTANDING

PALL MALLS are *good* to look at—*good* to feel—*good* to taste—and *good* to smoke!

Pick up a PALL MALL—*see* the difference *feel* the difference. Smoke a PALL MALL and *taste* the difference. For PALL MALL's greater length of traditionally fine tobaccos filters the smoke of this *longer, finer* cigarette . . . gives you that smoothness, mildness and satisfaction that no other cigarette offers you.

PALL MALL—the *longer, finer* cigarette in the distinguished red package.

PALL MALL
FAMOUS CIGARETTES
IN HOC SIGNO VINCES
"WHEREVER PARTICULAR PEOPLE CONGREGATE"
PALL MALL

-and they are mild!

They all agree

ON WOOL

SPORTSWEAR

MADE OF

PACIFIC FABRICS

LOOK TO THE *fabric* FIRST

Pacific Worsteds Woolens

PACIFIC MILLS, Worsted Division, Dept. 05, 261 Fifth Avenue, New York 16.

scarred as to be incomparable with anything human. A red tarboosh crowned these dreadful features, and the figure wore white Arab dress, a scarlet sash and Turkish slippers.

Slowly M'goyna came forward. Every movement was unnatural, like that of an automaton. The huge hands hung limp, insensate—the hands of a gorilla. Like a gorilla, too, he coughed hollowly as he entered.

Koenig clenched his fists, but stood very still. Camille remained kneeling. M'goyna crossed to the long table and came to rest there facing Dr. Fu Manchu, who addressed him in Turkish.

"Change to street clothes. You go with Koenig to the Huston Building."

"With Koenig to the Huston Building," *M'goyna intoned in a rasping* voice.

"You will be shown a man. You must seize him."

"Shown a man," M'goyna repeated the command. "I seize him."

"You must not kill him."

M'goyna slowly revealed irregular fanglike teeth and then closed his lips again. He coughed.

"Must not kill him."

"You are under Koenig's orders. Salute Koenig."

M'goyna touched his brow, his mouth and his breast and inclined his head.

"You will do as he tells you. At ten o'clock I shall come for you. Repeat the time."

"Ten o'clock—you come for me."

"At ten o'clock." Dr. Fu Manchu turned to Koenig and spoke one word in English: "Proceed."

MORRIS CRAIG'S office was empty. Outside the windows, night had dropped a velvet curtain, irregularly embroidered with a black pattern where the darkened building opposite challenged a moonless sky.

Only the tubular desk lamp was alight, as Craig had left it.

So still was the place that when the elevator came up and stopped at the lobby, its nearly silent ascent made quite a disturbance. The office door opened inch by inch, and Koenig looked in. Satisfied with what he saw, he entered and crossed straight to Camille's room. This he inspected by the light of a flash lamp.

Noiseless in rubber soles, he moved to the laboratory door and shined a light onto the steps leading up to it. He examined the safe and went across to the long windows, staring out onto the terrace.

Then, turning his head, he spoke softly:

"M'goyna."

M'goyna lumbered in. He wore brown overalls now. That huge frame, the undersized skull were terrible portents. He stood just inside the door, motionless, a bulk of humanity.

"Close the door."

M'goyna did so and resumed his pose.

"The man will come out from there—" Koenig pointed toward the laboratory. "Seize him."

M'goyna nodded his small head.

"Choke him enough but not too much—and then carry him back. You understand me?"

"Yes. Must not kill him."

"Hide here, between the couch and the steps. When he comes out, do as I have ordered. Remember—you must not kill him."

M'goyna nodded, and coughed.

"Are you ready?"

"Yes."

Koenig switched off the desk lamp. Now, it was possible to see that the night curtain beyond the windows was studded with jewels twinkling in a cloudless heaven. Koenig shined the light of his lamp onto a recess between the leather-covered couch and the three steps.

"Here. Crouch down."

M'goyna, walking as if motivated by hidden levers, crossed and squatted there.

Koenig switched his lamp off. He paused for a moment to get accustomed to the darkness, then went up the three steps and beat upon the door with clenched fists.

"Regan!" he shouted. "Regan! . . . *Regan!* . . ."

He ran down and threw himself onto the couch beside which M'goyna waited.

There followed an interval of several seconds—ten—twenty—thirty.

Then came a faint sound. The steel door was opened. Green light poured out, such a light as divers see below the surface of the ocean, giving no true illumination. The office became vibrant with unseen force.

Regan stood at the top of the steps, peering down.

"Dr. Craig! Are you there?"

He began to descend, picking his way.

And, as his foot touched the bottom step, M'goyna hurled himself upon him, snarling like a wild animal.

"A-h-h-h—"

The words were choked out of Regan. They faded into a gurgle, into nothing.

"Not too much! Don't kill him."

M'goyna grunted. One huge hand clasping Regan's throat, he lifted him with his free arm and carried him, like a bundle, up the steps.

Koenig followed.

The door remained open. Green light permeated the office and filled it with pulsations of invisible power. Then Koenig reappeared.

"You understand—he must answer calls. If Dr. Craig, or anyone else, comes in . . . you have your orders."

He closed the door behind him, so that silence, falling again, became a thing notable, almost audible. He stood still for a moment, taking his bearings, then crossed and switched up the desk lamp.

Noiselessly he went out.

The elevator descended.

"WAKE!" . . . Camille opened her eyes, rose from her knees and stared wildly at Dr. Fu Manchu, lifting one hand to her disarranged hair.

"What—what am I doing here?"

"You are kneeling to me as if I were the Buddha."

A wave of true terror swept over her. She almost lost control.

"You . . . Oh, my God! What happened to me?"

She retreated from the tall, yellow-robed figure until her legs came in contact with the divan. "There was—someone else here—a dreadful man . . ."

"M'goyna? You were conscious of his presence? That is informative. I regret that I cannot give you an opportunity to examine M'goyna. As a fellow scientist, you would be interested. M'goyna carried my first invitation to you, although I thought you had forgotten."

"I had forgotten," Camille whispered. She was trembling.

"He can climb like an ape. He climbed along the coping of the Huston Building in order to present my compliments. You spoke of 'a dreadful man.' But M'goyna is not a man. In Haiti he would be called a zombi. He illustrates the possibilities of vivisection. His frame is that of a Turkish criminal executed for strangling women. I recovered the body before *rigor mortis* had set in."

"You are trying to frighten me. Why?"

"Truth never frightened the scientific mind. M'goyna was created in my Cairo laboratory. I supplied him with an elementary brain—a trifle superior to that of a seal. Little more than a receiving set for my orders. He remains imperfect, however. I have been unable to rid my semihuman of that curious cough. Someday I must try again."

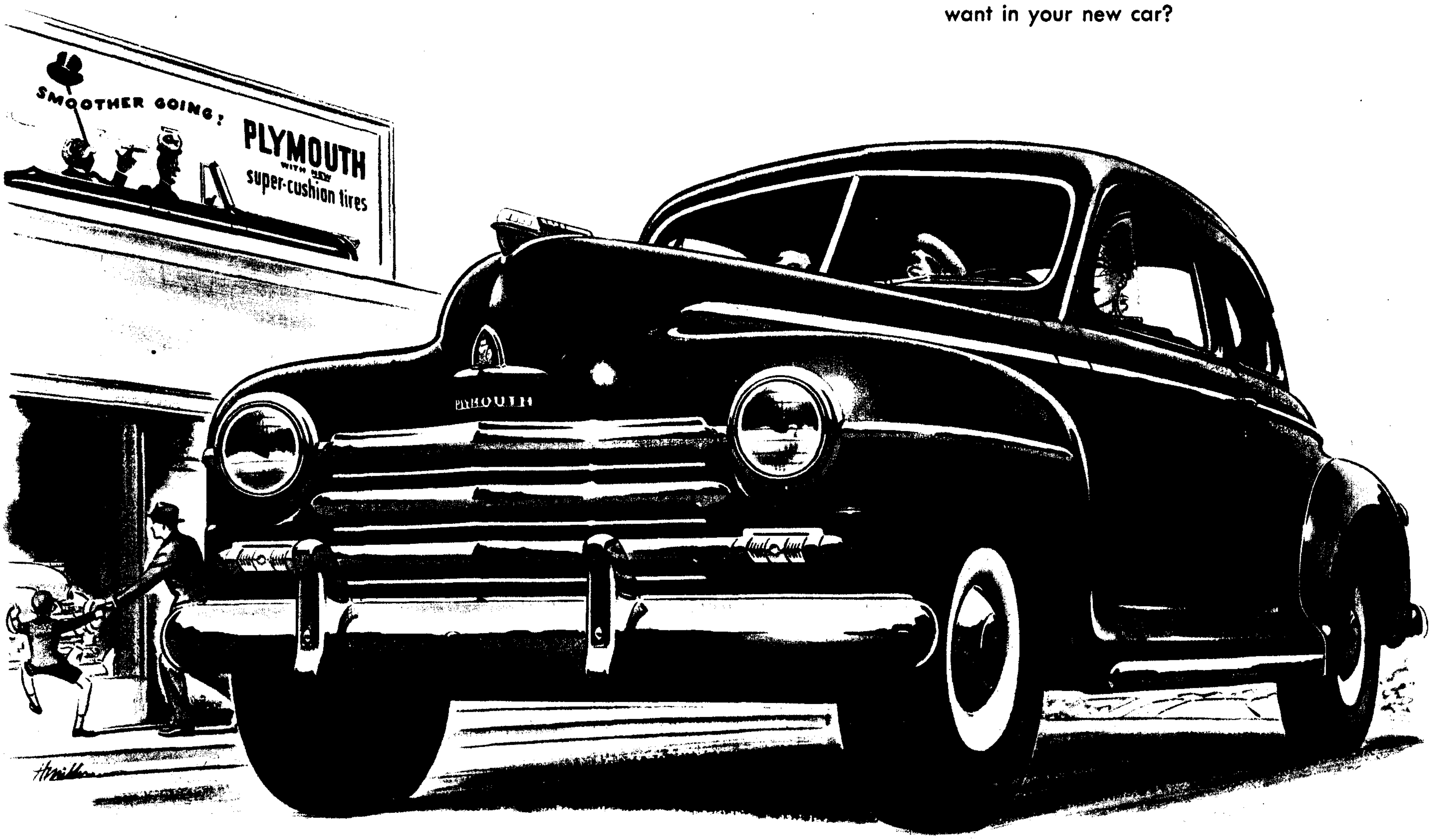
And, as the cold voice continued, Camille began to regain her composure; for Dr. Fu Manchu had been unable wholly to conceal a note of triumph. He was a

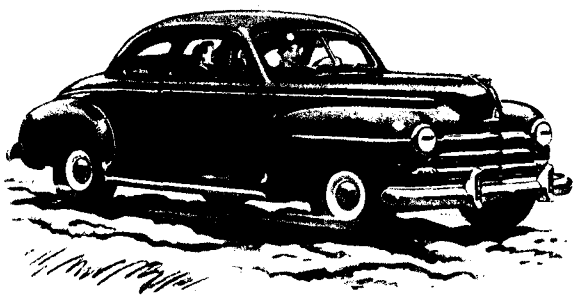
Which car gives you most for your money?

The answer is in the new Quality Chart at your Plymouth dealer's.

Won't you check it for yourself? With this chart you can see that Plymouth has 20 of 21 features common to most high-priced cars while neither of the other leading low-priced cars has *half* as many.

And remember that *above and beyond* the 20 features, Plymouth gives you the safety-comfort combination of Super-Cushion Tires on new, wider Safety-Rim Wheels, new light-touch braking efficiency, Floating Power for smoother going and many other advances *exclusive* in the lowest-priced field. Isn't this the Value you want in your new car?





All cars have TIRES but in the lowest-priced field only PLYMOUTH has SUPER-CUSHION TIRES on SAFETY-RIM WHEELS

New Super-Cushion Tires ride softer, run cooler, greatly reduce the chances of tire failure. But if trouble should occur you have the proved protection of Plymouth's new, wider Safety-Rim Wheels to rely on.

All cars have BRAKES but in the lowest-priced field only PLYMOUTH has SAFE-GUARD HYDRAULIC BRAKES

You measure the stopping force you want by "pedal feel". . . and get it! Plymouth's Revolutionary Safe-Guard Hydraulic Brakes are a third more effective. Light pedal effort, accurate response, full control!

PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS . . . GOOD SERVICE KEEPS THEM GREAT

Your nearby Plymouth dealer will provide the service and factory-engineered parts to keep your present car in good condition while you're waiting for your new Plymouth.

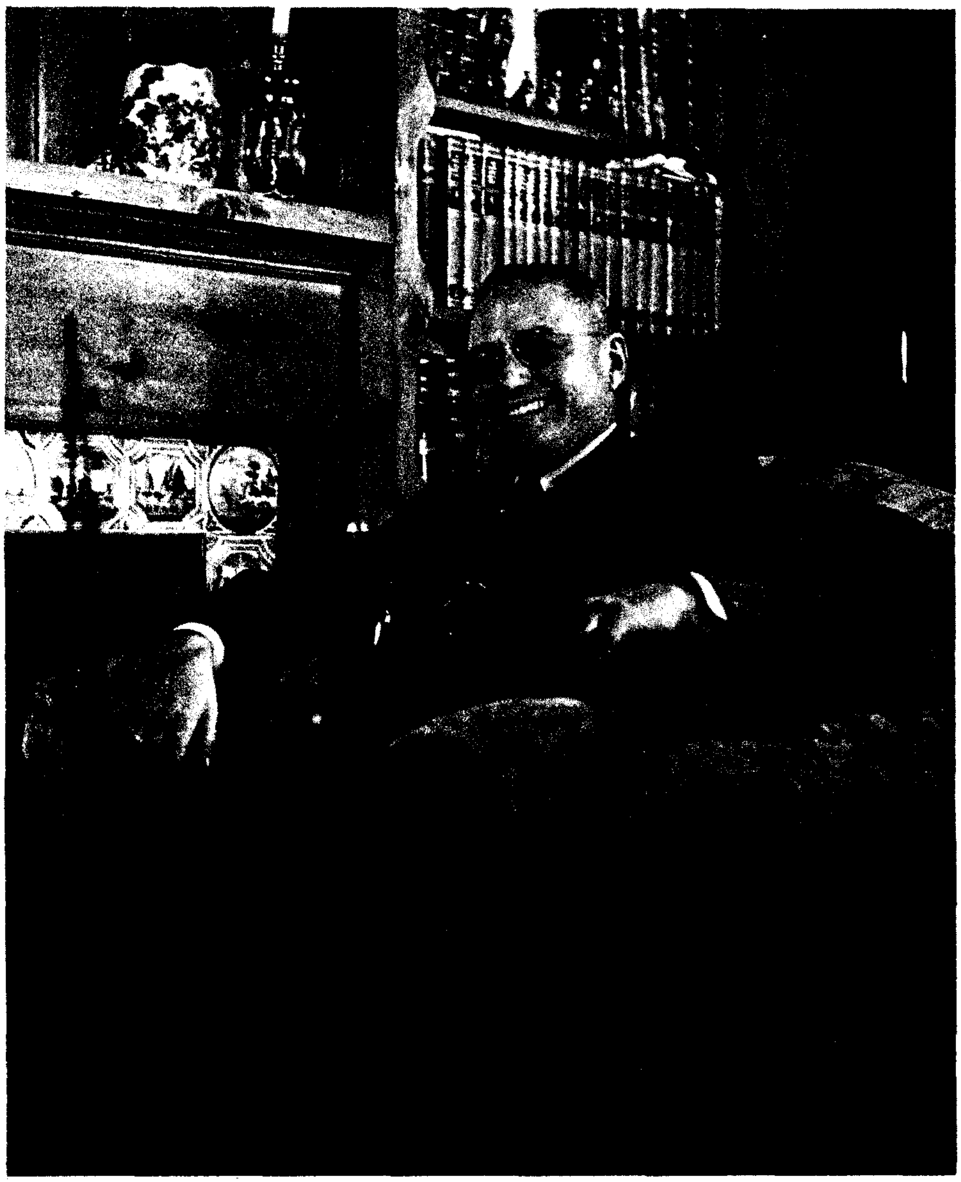
PLYMOUTH Division of CHRYSLER CORPORATION, Detroit 31, Mich.

If it's VALUE you want it's PLYMOUTH you want!

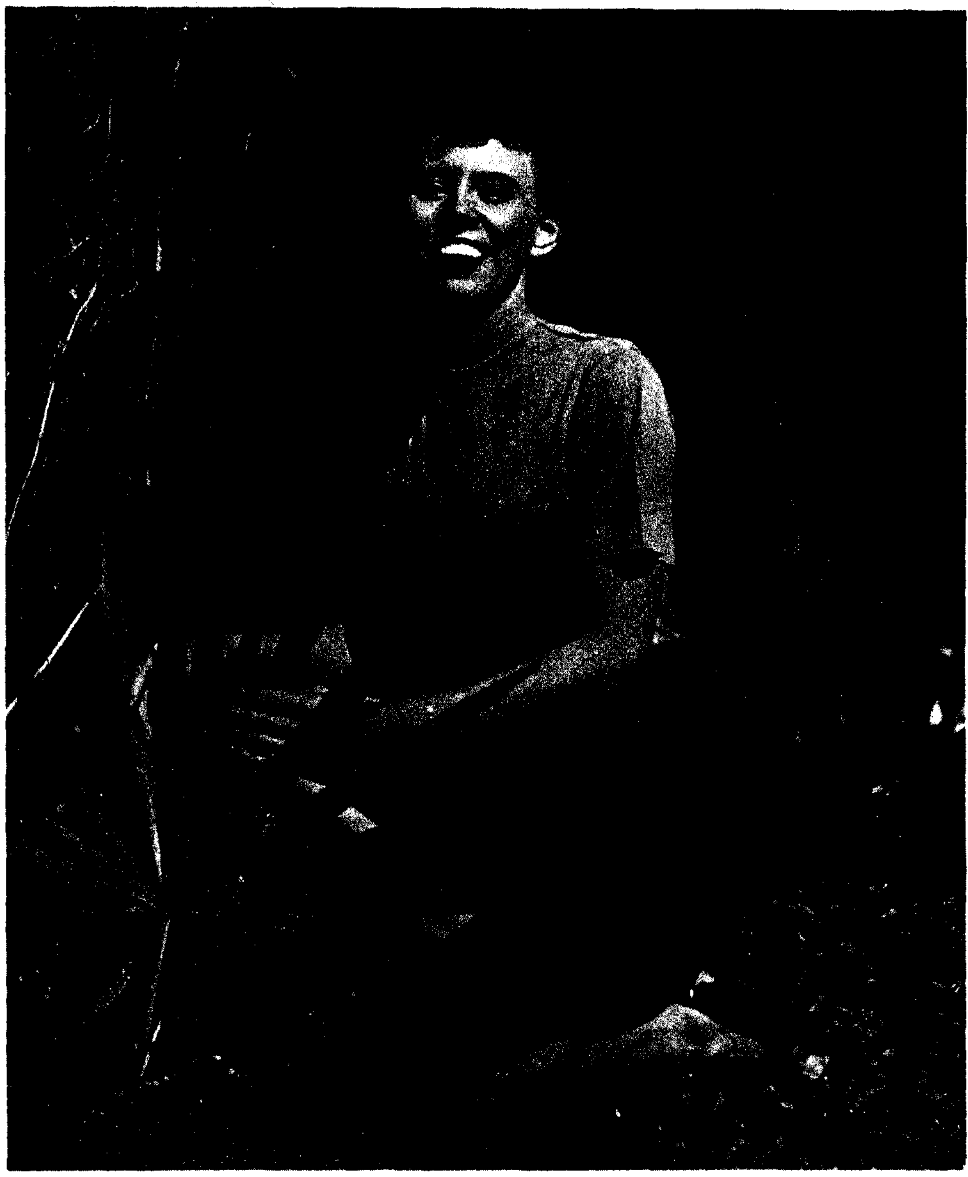
PLYMOUTH
BUILDS GREAT CARS

What it did for them

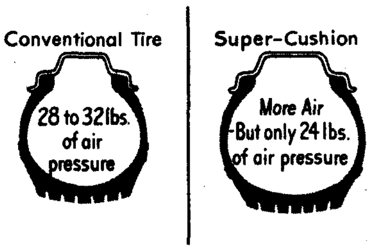
HERE'S WHAT USERS SAY ABOUT THE FIRST REALLY NEW KIND



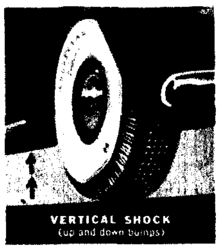
P. F. NORCROSS, insurance adjuster, Marblehead, Mass.: "I knew car makers were putting the Super-Cushion on a lot of the 1948 cars. So I put a set on my 1942 convertible. It's amazing how much smoother the car rides now, and how much easier it is to handle . . . and believe it or not, the tires did away with the rattles!"



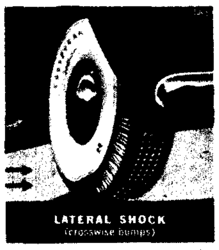
LEE HUNTER, office worker, Jacksonville, Fla.: "My new car came equipped with Super-Cushions. I've never in all my life had tires that give such a soft, comfortable ride. And they make my car ever so much easier to handle, especially in traffic and on curves. It responds to the lightest touch on the wheel."


Conventional Tire
28 to 32 lbs. of air pressure
Super-Cushion
More Air -But only 24 lbs. of air pressure

1. Softer ride, better car handling! Super-Cushions are bigger and softer. They run on *only 24 pounds* of air. So you get a wonderfully *softer* ride—and a great new ease and safety in car handling. Your car *hugs* the road, seems to *float* through traffic, to *flow* around curves!



VERTICAL SHOCK
(up and down bumps)



LATERAL SHOCK
(crosswise bumps)

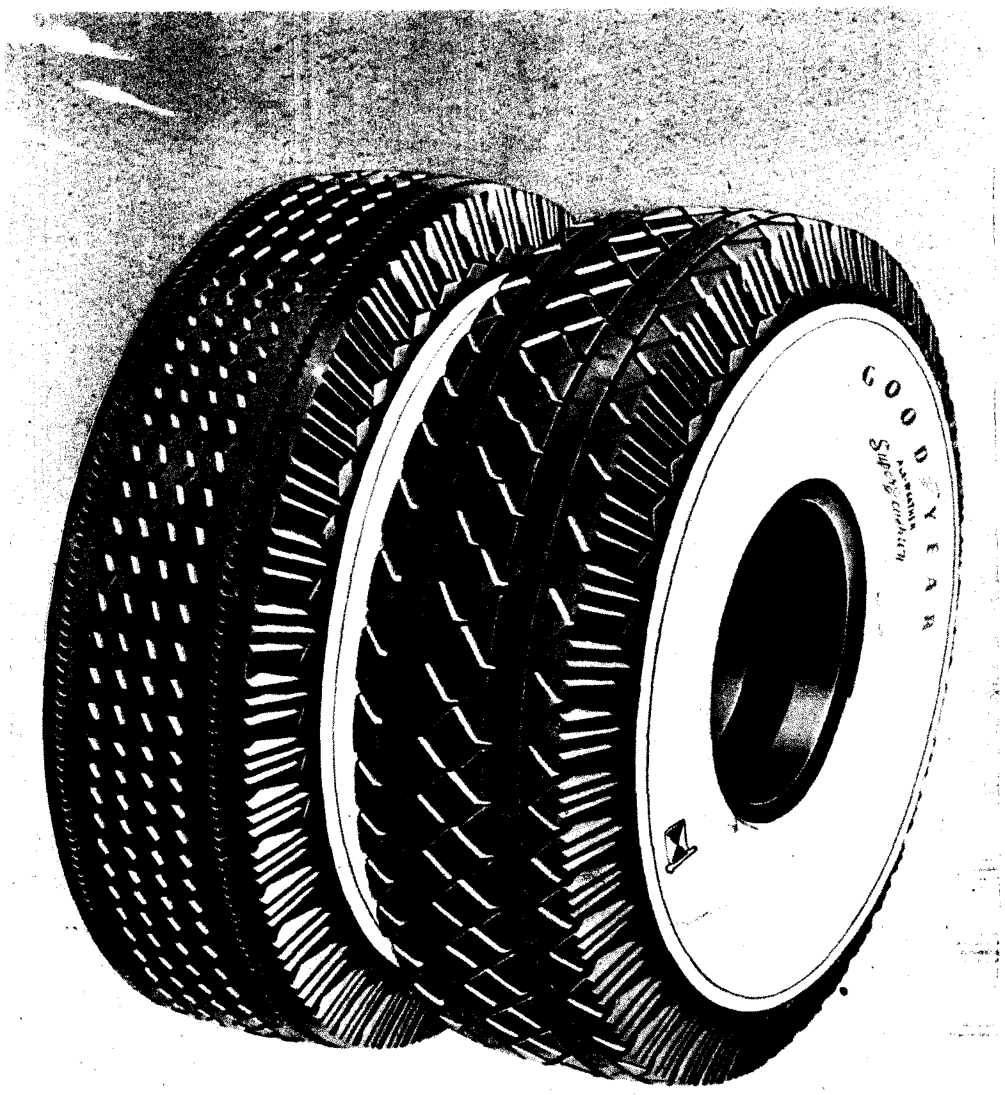
2. Fewer rattles and repair bills! Pillowy Super-Cushions *soak up* both up-and-down and crosswise road shocks. They *soak up* jolts, jars and vibration. Result: a more comfortable ride, less driving fatigue, less wear and tear on your car, fewer rattles, fewer repair bills!

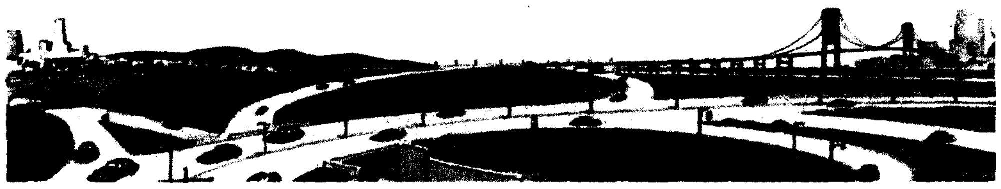
The new Super-Cush

. . . it will do for you!

TIRE IN 15 YEARS:

H. A. VREELAND, road supervisor, West Milford Township, N. J.: "I put Super-Cushions on my 1947 sedan, and they made a tremendous difference in the way it rides and handles. I get a much smoother ride, and better traction, too. That's a big advantage in climbing the slippery hills in my territory."





3. **More mileage, greater safety!** Super-Cushions run cooler, build up less air pressure. *They consistently average more mileage than finest standard tires.* Because they're softer and bigger, they "roll with the punch," have extra blowout resistance—dress up your car!

YOUR GOODYEAR DEALER HAS SUPER-CUSHIONS *NOW!* If you want the smoothest ride you've ever had, more car economy and greater safety, switch to Super-Cushions *today*—whether your car is old or new!

MILLIONS OF SUPER-CUSHIONS ARE NOW IN USE ON NEW AND OLDER CARS!

1898 GOODYEAR 50 ANNIVERSARY 1948

n by GOODYEAR

Super-Cushion T. M.—The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company

"There's one thing I *can* tell a Doctor!"

"You'll never catch me offering medical advice to a Doctor—or trying to prescribe . . .

"But when it comes to hospital routine, I'll tell *any* Doctor how much more comfortable my patients are with Acousti-Celotex sound conditioning.

"And if he doesn't already know, I'll quietly inform him that hundreds of hospitals from coast to coast have installed Acousti-Celotex* to *blot up* noise."

You know Acousti-Celotex is so good at banishing rattle, click, and clatter that more *buildings of ALL kinds have been sound conditioned with Acousti-Celotex products than with any other material.*

Offices . . . schools . . . banks . . . churches and stores, as well as hospitals, have found that *quiet promotes well-being.*

You are entitled to a *free* analysis of your own noise problem by a trained sound technician—your nearest distributor of Acousti-Celotex products.

His judgment reflects the experience accumulated from more than 200,000 Acousti-Celotex installations for every type of sound conditioning. Write us *today* saying when you would like to see him.

Sound conditioning is a sound investment. *REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

THE CELOTEX CORPORATION, CHICAGO 3, ILLINOIS

ACOUSTI·CELOTEX
TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
Sound Conditioning

PRODUCTS FOR EVERY SOUND CONDITIONING PROBLEM

dangerous genius, probably a madman, but he was not immune from every human frailty. . . . He was proud of his own fantastic achievements.

She dropped down onto the settee as he crossed, moving with that light, feline tread, and resumed his place behind the black table. When he spoke again he seemed to be thinking aloud . . .

"There are only a certain number of Nature's secrets which man is permitted to learn. A number sufficient for his own destruction."

A HIGH, wailing sound came from somewhere beyond the room. It rose and fell, rose and fell—and died away. For Camille, it was almost the last straw. Clasping her hands, she sprang up, threatened, now, by hysteria.

"My God! What was it?"

Dr. Fu Manchu rested his chin on interlaced fingers.

"It was Bast—my pet cheetah. She thinks I have forgotten her supper. These hunting cats are so voracious."

"I don't believe you. It sounded like . . ."

"My dear Miss Navarre, I resent the implication. Sir Denis Nayland Smith would assure you that lying is not one of my vices."

Delicately, he took a pinch of snuff from a silver box. Camille sat down again, struggling to recover her lost poise. She forced herself to meet his fixed regard.

"What is it you want? Why do you look at me like that?"

"I am admiring your beautiful courage. To destroy that which is beautiful is an evil thing." He stood up. "You wish for the peace of the world. You have said so. You fear cruelty. You flinched when you heard the cry of a cheetah. You have known cruelty—for there is no cruelty like the cruelty of war. If your wish was sincere, only *I* can hope to bring it true. Will you work *with* me, or *against* me?"

"How can I believe—"

"In Dr. Fu Manchu? In an international criminal? No—perhaps it is asking too much, in the time at my disposal, and the very minutes grow precious." He opened his eyes wide. "Stand up, Camille Navarre. What is your real name?"

And at command of the master hypnotist Camille was swept again into that gray and dreadful half world where there was no one but Dr. Fu Manchu.

"Camille Mirabeau," she answered mechanically. "Navarre was the name by which I was known to the Maquis."

The green eyes were very close to hers.

"Why were you employed by Britain?"

"Because of my success in smuggling air force personnel out of the German zone. And because I speak several languages and had had science training."

"Were you ever married?"

"No."

"How many lovers have you had?"

"One."

"How long did this affair last?"

"For three months. Until he was killed by the Gestapo."

"Have you ceased to regret?"

"Yes."

"Does Morris Craig attract you?"

"Yes."

"He will be your next lover. You understand?"

"I understand."

"You will make him take you away from the Huston Building not later than half past nine. He must not return to his office tonight. You understand?"

"I understand."

"Does he find you attractive?"

"Yes."

The insistent voice was beating on her brain like a hammer. But she was powerless to resist its promptings; compelled to answer—truthfully. Her brain, her heart, lay on Dr. Fu Manchu's merciless dissecting table.

"Has he expressed admiration?"

"Yes."

"And you love him?"

Camille's proud spirit rose strong in revolt. She remained silent.

"You love him?"

It was useless. "Yes," she whispered.

"Tonight you will show him unusual attention. The rest I shall leave to Morris Craig. I will give you your instructions before you leave. Sleep . . ."

THERE came an agonized interval, in which Camille lay helpless in invisible chains, and then the Voice again:

"I have forgotten all that happened since I left my office in the Huston Building. Repeat."

"I have forgotten all that happened since I left my office in the Huston Building."

"When I return I shall remember only what I have to do at nine fifteen—nine fifteen by the office clock."

"When I return I shall remember only what I have to do at nine fifteen, by the office clock."

"At nine thirty Dr. Fu Manchu will call me. Repeat the time."

"Nine thirty."

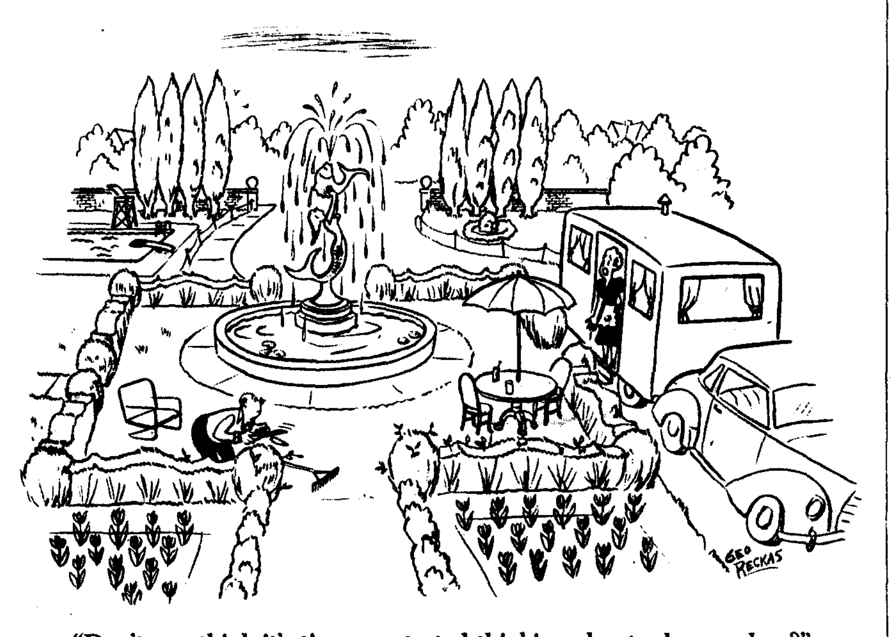
"The fate of the world rests in my hands."

Camille raised her arms, clutched her head. She moaned . . . "Oh! . . . I . . ."

"Repeat my words."

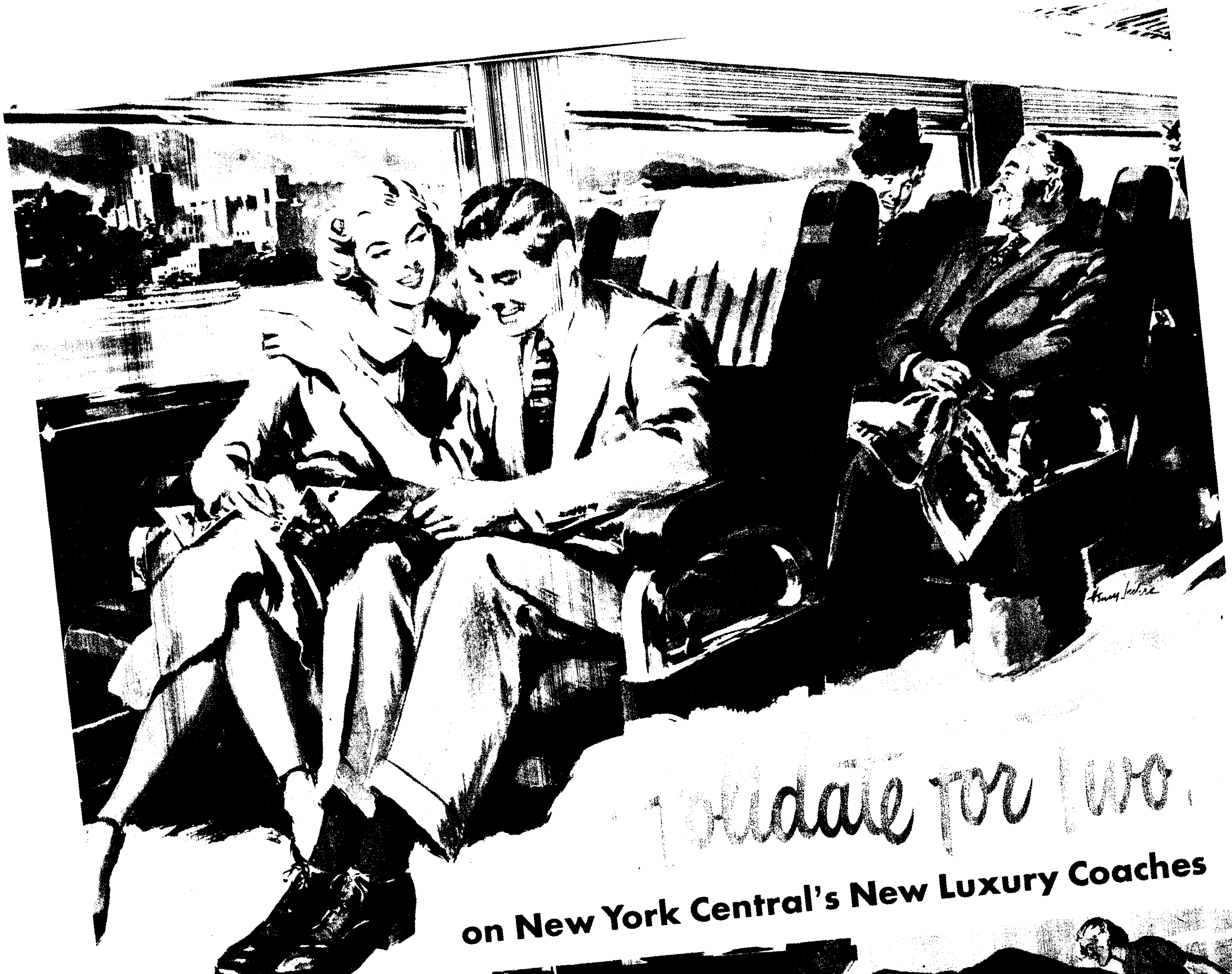
"The fate . . . of the world . . . rests . . . in . . . my hands . . ."

(To be continued next week)



"Don't you think it's time we started thinking about a house, dear?"

COLLIER'S GEORGE RECKAS



Holiday for Two

on New York Central's New Luxury Coaches

We Couldn't Budge on Our Budget! It looked like a stay-home vacation for us... until we started figuring on New York Central's low coach fares and round-trip savings.

But Now Our Vacation Outlook's Great... Water Level Route scenery's a swell background for dining car meals. It makes great sightseeing, too, from the wide windows of our air-cooled coach.

We'll Have More to Spend at the Other End! Coach fares save us enough for extra vacation fun. And that's beside the fun of our trip aboard world's largest new luxury coach fleet.

NEW YORK CENTRAL SYSTEM

NEW YORK CENTRAL

The Scenic Water Level Route

FREE-1948 Vacation Guide Are you summer-dreaming of the Adirondacks, Niagara Falls, New England, Canada, the Great Lakes or the Western Wonderlands? Then you'll want this Vacation Guide, with its many pictures and fascinating fun map. For FREE copy, mail coupon to New York Central, Room 1334-A, 466 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, New York.

Vacation Guide

NAME____________________________

ADDRESS__________________________

CITY____________________STATE__________

Fine Watches 1868

For
80 YEARS
an
American tradition!

Graduate
to a
Gotham

*STIMSON
GOTHAMATIC
$95.00
IN 14 K. GOLD
$195.00

*MONICA
2 DIAMONDS
$71.50

*SERENADE
$39.75

*BUCCANEER
$59.50

OTHER WATCHES
FROM
$24.75 TO $2,500

TIME FOR A LIFETIME
Gotham Watches
Fine Watches Since 1868
PRODUCT OF
OLLENDORFF WATCH CO., INC.
20 W. 47TH ST., NEW YORK 19, N. Y.

*ALL PRICES INCLUDE FEDERAL TAX

AT BETTER JEWELERS EVERYWHERE

CRAZY LIKE A BOX TOP

Continued from page 13

millions of people and millions of homespun slogans.

By all authoritative advices 1948 will be the biggest contest year in history. Many companies have virtually doubled their budget of prizes. It is not unusual now for cash purses to surpass $100,000 in a single contest, which is more prize dough than that represented by all contests put together a few years ago.

In 1900 the combined kitty of contest prizes was a piffling $15,000. It is estimated that last year more than $2,000,000 in cash and merchandise was distributed to palpitating contestants all over the nation. Major manufacturers spent another $10,000,000 to $15,000,000 to get the contests organized, advertised and judged. They considered this figure a bargain. It was a mere fragment of total advertising budgets.

Legions of Contest Hounds

Their efforts incited at least 12,000,000 and perhaps as many as 40,000,000 citizens to remove box tops (or reasonable facsimiles thereof) and enter one or more of a thousand-odd big-league contests. An accurate over-all figure on the number of contestants is not available because there is no accurate way of telling how many contests one person enters. It is not uncommon for some hard-bitten protagonists to tackle hundreds of them per annum. These regulars, professionals, hobbyists, contest hounds or repeaters, as they are variously called, number somewhere in the neighborhood of 50,000. They are a special group or species, like numismatists and bird fanciers, to be examined in more detail later.

Mass production has set in on both sides of the game. Nearly all major contests are now staged and judged by special enterprises which hire themselves out to clients. They have high-speed batteries of mail-opening machinery and staffs of specialists to tabulate and classify each entry by scientific systems to winnow the best from avalanches of letters.

Correspondence schools have sprung up to teach a growing student body of would-be winners the secrets of success. The learning comes in streamlined and packaged lessons. There are places where you can buy box tops in bulk, and cheap, without having to clutter up your pantry shelves with excess orders from your dealer. (If you enter several contests or place several entries in one, as hobbyists invariably do, this is an important consideration unless you have a large pantry, a large appetite or both.) And out in the back alleys of the boom are the fly-by-night operators who, for fees ranging from $1 to $100, offer to slip you sure-fire solutions, or ghostwrite your "original" testimonial of why you prefer Honey Bee hand lotion.

In one recent national foray 3,000 of these ghosted gems turned up. During the closing stages of the Miss Hush guessing last December street hawkers made quick profits in Manhattan by selling the "identity" of the mystery lady in sealed envelopes, at a buck a throw. In the best race-track tradition the tip was wrong, but the operation has been repeated in Hush sequels.

Radio has revolutionized the technique of contesting with a device called the audience-participation show, which critical people consider the most disastrous development in world affairs since the invention of gunpowder. This gimmick began prosaically enough as a straight quiz in which prizes were given for the best questions used, and bonuses were paid for stickers. A classic example is Information Please, a 10-year-old, reasonably sane performance.

The Truth or Consequences show combines the horrors and thrills of an American Legion conclave, an Easter-egg hunt, a Congressional investigation and bank night at Monte Carlo, all on a coast-to-coast hookup. Master of Ceremonies Ralph Edwards, inventor of the Hush panic, once ordered a young man who had missed a question to spend, as a consequence, three weeks in his underwear on a traffic island in the heart of Los Angeles. Afterward the victim was paid $1,000 in nickels.

By just such performances, Edwards has raised millions for War Bonds, the March of Dimes and the American Heart Association. He has been eulogized as the poor man's Orson Welles, and the greatest showman since P. T. Barnum. With an unerring eye for drama, comedy, the spectacular and the human weakness for jack pots, he brought the hotfoot to radio. On one occasion, as a successful contestant's mouth watered for a glittering plum from the mountain of prizes on the studio stage, Edwards awarded her a seven-foot revolving door.

So many radio variations of ancient parlor games have appeared that the inevitable finally happened and participants began getting prizes for *missing* questions. On a spot called It Pays To Be Ignorant, a man who works in a hooked-rug factory in New Jersey was asked this one night: "If a dozen chickens cost $12, what would 12 chickens cost?" He was given $24.24 for not answering it.

Many contest veterans swear they would not be caught dead on these comedy clambakes. It might lower their standing in more serious competition.

"We leave those studio shows to the lunatic fringe," a Bronx hobbyist of unimpeachable reputation declared.

The old-fashioned contest involving testimonials, rhymes and slogans, with solid cash prizes as the reward, is still meat for the regulars. But the old standbys are being increasingly threatened by what might be termed the booby-hatch brand of competition.

A Few Make a Fair Living at It

Experienced contestants, or contesters as they prefer to be called, take themselves and their hobbies so seriously that a handful of them have become proficient enough to be able to abandon their jobs and support themselves solely on their winnings. Some have registered earnings averaging $5,000 a year for long stretches. But for the vast majority even the most persistent contesting yields an irregular and uncertain income.

There's one sad fact which big winners often overlook in the first flush of victory: income taxes. Prizes, whether cash or commodity, are taxable; and the 48,000 internal-revenue agents scattered about the country have good memories for the names of winners in all leading contests. There have been instances of newly crowned champions giving away parts of their boodle and then learning they had to pay taxes on these items. Sometimes successful participants have had to sell substantial proportions of their winnings to raise enough money to meet taxes.

For years a San Francisco newspaperman named Gilson V. Willets, who reigned as the unofficial elder statesman of the contest world, picked an annual "All-American Team of Contestars," consisting of the 10 most important winners in the country. The selections were discontinued, however, after the individuals themselves became leery of publicity. Countless nonwinners plagued them with pleas to share their trade tricks. They feared the notoriety would prejudice judges against them, although

That Noble, *Noble* Flavor!
because it's unhurried
GOLD
SILVER
FOUNDED 1892
KINSEY
Blended Whiskey
KINSEY DISTILLING CORP.

© K. D. C.

KINSEY "GOLD"

Rich, full-bodied . . . a truly luxury whiskey. You'll find it exceptionally smooth and satisfying. Try this superb blend *tonight.*

KINSEY "SILVER"

Light, mellow . . . a wonderful value! Ideal for mixed drinks because it retains its delicious, distinctive taste always!

Choice Blended Whiskies. *Gold Label:* 86.8 Proof. 65% Grain Neutral Spirits. *Silver Label:* 86.8 Proof. 72½% Grain Neutral Spirits. Kinsey Distilling Corp., Linfield, Pa.

EASY! LOVELY! THRIFTY!

way to finest rooms

Kem-Tone
TRADE MARK Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.
MIRACLE WALL FINISH

OVER 40,000,000 ROOMS DECORATED WITH KEM-TONE!

√ Check why all America uses Kem-Tone

1 Applies like magic! ☑
2 One coat covers most interior surfaces! ☑
3 Right over wallpaper, paint, plaster! ☑
4 Dries in one hour! ☑
5 Gorgeous new colors! ☑
6 Rich suede-like finish! ☑
7 No "painty" odor! ☑
8 Washable! Durable! ☑
9 One gallon does average room! ☑

There's Only One Genuine Kem-Tone! Accept No Substitute!

OIL & RESIN FINISH! Kem-Tone is made with OILS and RESINS that are scientifically processed to mix with water for your convenience and economy. These fine ingredients give a rich, suede-like finish that makes a charming background for your room furnishings.

There's a Kem-Tone dealer near you!

Kem-Tone
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
The modern miracle wall finish
Kem-Tone
AVALON
DRIES IN 1 HOUR
ONE COAT COVERS
PRODUCTS OF SHERWIN-WILLIAMS RESEARCH

$3.49 PER GAL. (paste form) DOES AN AVERAGE ROOM

Kem-Tone TRIMS . . . 20¢ up
Kem-Tone ROLLER-KOATER 98¢ ea.
Kem-Tone 4" BRUSH . $2.39 ea.

Acme White Lead & Color Works, *Detroit* • W. W. Lawrence & Co., *Pittsburgh* • The Lowe Brothers Co., *Dayton* • John Lucas & Co., Inc., *Philadelphia* • The Martin-Senour Co., *Chicago* • Rogers Paint Products, Inc., *Detroit* • The Sherwin-Williams Co., *Cleveland*

major contest-running organizations flatly deny there is partiality or prejudice of any kind.

Some judges might shy away instinctively from the "polished professional" but the fact that repeaters aren't legislated against as a class is proved by the regularity with which contest correspondence-school graduates appear in the money. George Hill, of Bremerton, Washington, ex-president of the National Contesters Association (the regulars' own official organization), has won more than 1,000 prizes. Mrs. Helen D. Radie, of New Haven, Connecticut, copped two Nash cars in a row. Mabel Abramson, Minneapolis teacher, topped a 300-prize total with a $20,000 cash award. Mrs. Ruth Subbie, blue-eyed, brown-haired Texas matron, who is gradually recovering from the impact of the $21,500 Miss Hush windfall, had won other, more modest, contests.

Thousands Take Courses by Mail

Wilmer S. Shepherd, Jr., director of one of the principal correspondence schools, has trained 10,000 contesters in the writing of homemade advertisements since he opened his Philadelphia institution seventeen years ago. In his youth he won $5 in a local ice-cream contest and then as a bonus was taken to a drugstore and fed all the ice cream he could eat. He decided then that contesting had a promising future. Shepherd's 75-lesson course today (he doesn't compete any more himself) is loaded with sloganlike pep talk—"Go in to win and to win, go in!"—and includes comprehensive bulletins giving tips on latest contests.

Contesters, the majority of whom are housewives, are a folksy lot with a tendency toward clubs, mottoes, synthetic words and the most shameless use of the pun since the birth of Groucho Marx. They maintain a certain professional reserve, even among themselves. Like the cartoons about inventors in the patent-office waiting room, they recognize a common bond but take pains to camouflage their winning inventions from one another.

Besides the National Contesters Association, which is holding a contest to change its name, there are scores of local clubs scattered across the country. They have wonderful titles like the Oklahoma Windians, Texas Conte*steers*, Pennwins of Pennsylvania, U Penaprize of Ogden, Utah, and the Winnesotans.

Constantly preoccupied with the problem of packing superlatives into the restricted space of an entry blank, regulars often develop their own syntax and maxims. "Mental-facture your eye-stoppers!" an author of a "how to win" pamphlet wrote. Translated loosely, this means "make your entries original and arresting."

G. G. "Go-Getum" Browder, of Norfolk, Virginia, who has been in as many as 40 contests at once—not necessarily a course record—got in the habit of dropping whatever he was doing (whenever he got an idea) and racing to a notebook to jot it down. When asked how to win, he replied, "Keep continually at it, and when up a tree, branch out."

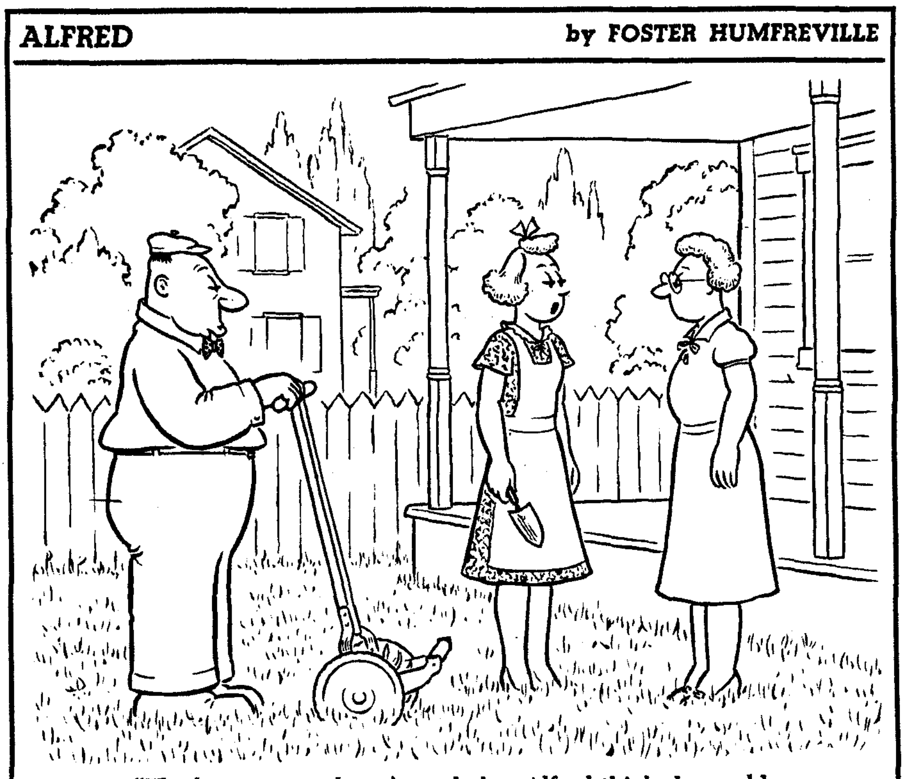
Contests are a godsend to shut-ins, one of whose best friends is the National Contesters Association. It maintains a special department for invalids called "Winsiders." It "adopts" as many worthy shut-ins as it has funds for and then for a period of two years, or until they win $100 worth of prizes, sends them, for nothing, box tops, stationery, contest publications and postage stamps. Dortha Barnhart, a Rossville, Indiana, girl who has been confined to her home for years suffering from complications following an influenza attack, got her start as a Winsider and since has won nearly 400 prizes.

Being numerous, and human, the contesting public naturally nurses a variety of peeves. One of the most important targets of this resentment is the system of investigating potential winners. In major contests it is common practice to check up on the finalists. Usually this is confined to the person's signing an affidavit to the effect that his contribution was original. This, it is emphasized, is to protect other participants as well as the sponsor. In some cases, though, private detectives are hired to ferret out the record of a contester's past winnings, his financial condition, and even his standing in the community.

There is the story that a lady of pleasure, somewhat celebrated in her own city, once won a grand prize in a national contest. Poised to throw banquets and otherwise publicize her, the company sponsoring the contest broke out in goose pimples when it heard of her reputation. It recovered in time to pay mademoiselle off in full, and picked a more chaste runner-up to accept a duplicate prize in public.

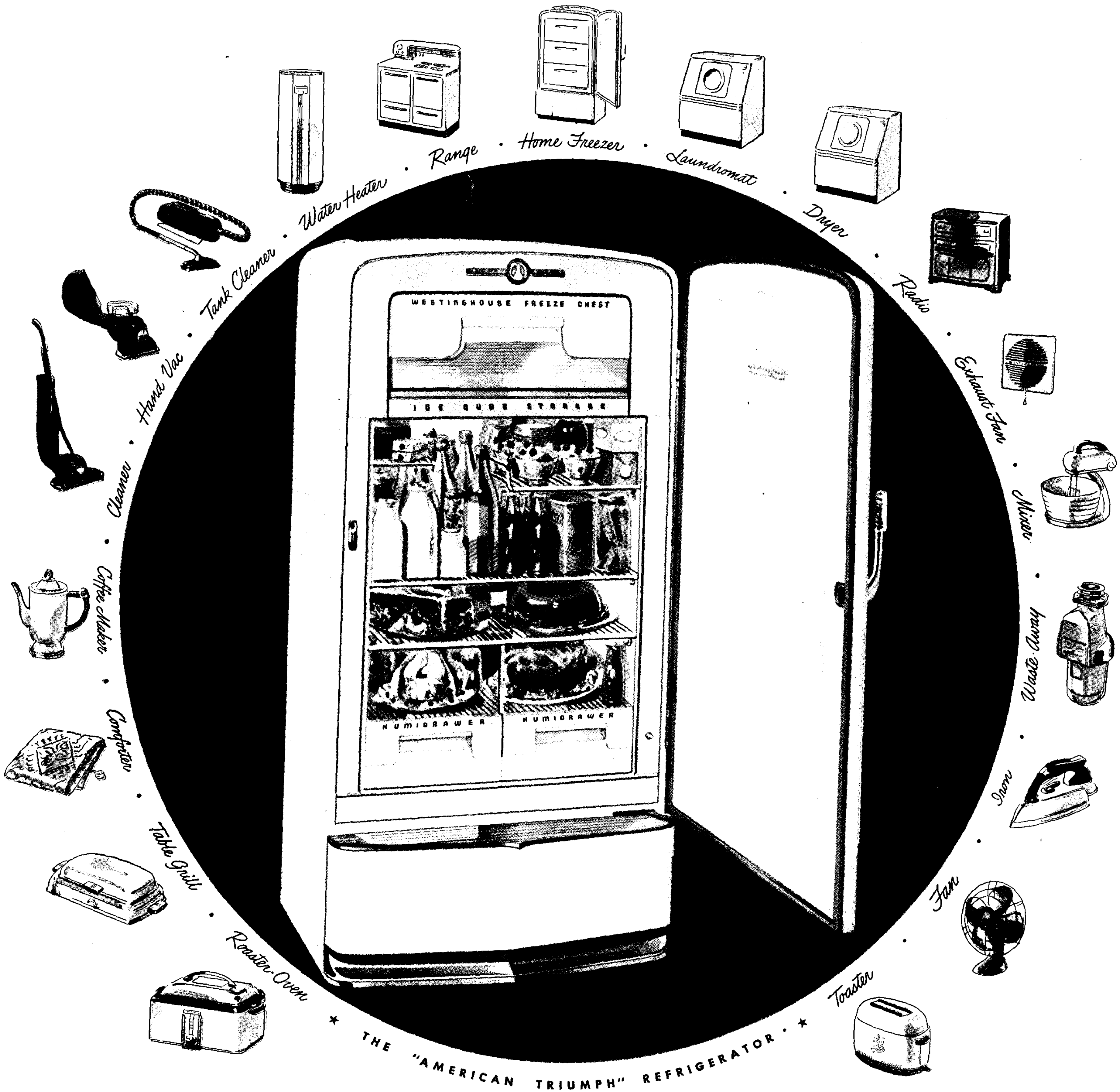
The possibility that an entrant may be

ALFRED by **FOSTER HUMFREVILLE**



"The lawnmower doesn't work, but Alfred thinks he could fix it if he had a screwdriver and a pitcher of lemonade"

COLLIER'S


WESTINGHOUSE FREEZE CHEST
ICE CUBE STORAGE
HUMIDRAWER
HUMIDRAWER
Coffee Maker
Cleaner
Hand Vac
Tank Cleaner
Water Heater
Range
Home Freezer
Laundromat
Dryer
Radio
Exhaust Fan
Mixer
Waste-Away
Iron
Fan
Toaster
Comforter
Table Grill
Roaster-Oven
★ THE "AMERICAN TRIUMPH" REFRIGERATOR ★

PLENTY-PLUS of everything ... in this great REFRIGERATOR-FREEZER

PLENTY-PLUS ROOM ... More than 10 cu. ft., plus adjustable shelves that drop down or lift out for bulky foods.

Full-Width Freeze Chest and Ice Cube Tray hold 56 lbs. of frozen food. Chest freezes food, too, if you wish.

2 Humidrawers hold ¾ of a bushel of fruits and vegetables.

PLENTY-PLUS COLD . . . Plenty of 3 kinds of cold needed to keep all types food market-fresh and delicious.

Normal Cold for staples and leftovers.

High-Humidity Cold for foods that need it.

Zero Cold for freezing foods or storing foods already frozen.

PLENTY-PLUS CONVENIENCE, BEAUTY. Door closes automatically, opens with touch on either side of handle.

Beautiful Styling, trimmed with new "Apricream", exciting "go-with" color.

See It, and other members of this famous family of appliances, at your Westinghouse retailer's, now.

WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC CORPORATION
Plants in 25 Cities • Offices Everywhere
Appliance Division • Mansfield, Ohio

Every house needs Westinghouse

Maker of 30 MILLION Electric Home Appliances

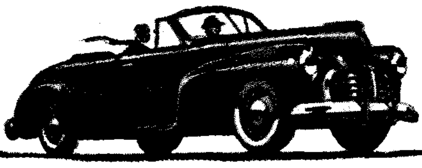
**TUNE IN TED MALONE
EVERY MORNING
MONDAY THROUGH FRIDAY
ABC NETWORK**

Top Performance

...in your car, calls for Sky Chief

Sky Chief
TEXACO

A quick start—a flashing pace—an extra surge of power. That's *top* performance—the kind you get in your car with Texaco Sky Chief gasoline. It's the gasoline for those who want the best... sold by your Texaco Dealer, the best friend your car ever had.



TEXACO

THE TEXAS COMPANY
TEXACO DEALERS IN ALL 48 STATES

TUNE IN... TEXACO STAR THEATER every Wednesday night featuring Gordon MacRae and Evelyn Knight. See newspaper for time and station.

a Red has also been probed on occasion. In the Walter Winchell best-definition-of-a-Communist campaign, the social and political status of contesters was sampled. However, the contest company insisted that this was done at the columnist's own request, to give him an idea of what kind of response he was getting, that it had no bearing on the judging, and that if Mr. Gromyko had, under the rules, come up with the best piece of punditry, he would indeed have got the $10,000 mink coat.

The fact that winning entries are seldom published brings out another major gripe and invites the inference that monkey business is afoot. Mrs. Henrietta G. Davis, who is contest director of the Reuben H. Donnelley Corporation and generally recognized as a dean of the contest business, is ready to open the records at any time to dispel such suspicions. She explains that nine times out of ten, publication of the winners and their products would only add to the bitterness of losers and bring more grief and confusion to operators of contests.

When Winchell released the winning definition of a Communist a hue and cry was raised. The winner had written that a Commie was "one who would like to divide everything . . . particularly these United States." Losers yelled, "It stinks," "Mine was better than that," and, "Robbery."

The embarrassing truth is that even championship contributions are usually loaded with corn. In one contest the judges refused to make their selections until company executives sifted sample entries to be certain they weren't being kidded by the winning specimens. Do "Refrijellicious Fruitrio," "Colorapt Jelatreat," and "Menu-et in Glee" sound like bell ringers to you? They all made money in a dessert-naming race.

The fellow who will go to any lengths to prove he should be awarded a duplicate first prize is a big headache. A few weeks ago Mrs. Davis received a stern communication from a gentleman in California who stated he had proved, to his own satisfaction, that he had tied for first place in a large number of Donnelley contests and that he was preparing to sue for damages. Before turning the matter over to his attorney, he said, he was suggesting an out-of-court settlement for a new sedan and $50,000 in cash. His letter went into the "pending" file and that—Mrs. Davis hopes—is the last of it.

The Donnelley Corporation, an advertising-service organization, runs and judges 75 per cent of all national contests held today, charging manufacturers on a sliding scale of 2½ cents to 10 cents per entry for the job.

Mrs. Davis and her "engineers," as she calls them, have devised special sorting and judging methods that are considered the fastest and fairest in the business. Machines slice open letters at a rate of 150,000 a day (they could do 500,000 in 24 hours if pressed). The entries are channeled through three echelons of judges. Elimination starts with technical violations of the rules, such as no box top or wrapper, no signature, improper number of words and so on. Judging points vary, depending on whether the product is a perfume or a spark plug, but in general such items as sincerity, concreteness, personal experience with the product, lilt, logic and lucidity of writing all figure high in the scoring.

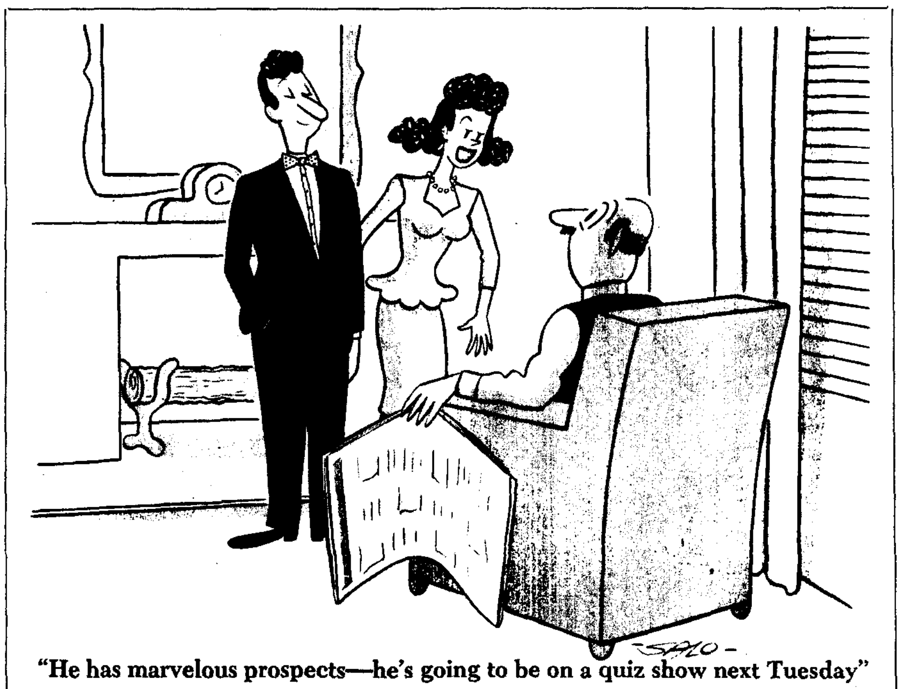
Federal Sleuths Spot Rackets

The Post Office Department and the Federal Trade Commission are perpetually checking contests to see that they are handled according to law. Postal inspectors are apt to bob up at a judging, unannounced, and nose around for a week to see that everything is in order. Such precautions have cut racketeering to an almost invisible minimum. A typical come-on contest, which still hangs on, involves a silly puzzle, the solution of which brings the contestant a letter, redolent with praise, informing him he's now in position to compete for the grand premium (which he thought he was after all the time) if he'll just sell a dozen bottles of the firm's horse liniment and remit. Usually the contester tires at this point and quits.

Contests which most quickly bring the shakes to hapless librarians throughout the land are the rebus and word-building types. Long ago the New York Public Library banned the use of its dictionaries, encyclopedias and reference books by contest hounds because once they seized on a copy they'd pore over it for days while the rest of the customers languished. The ban is difficult to apply and almost every new competition produces a scuffle to mar the erudite quiet of the reading rooms.

The growth of what has been scornfully called the "parasitical practice" of ghosting entries and selling solutions is being watched by advertisers, the NCA and the government. But many of these outfits which operate out of post-office boxes manage to stay within the letter of the law. Open infractions are hard to find.

Contesters themselves draw a fine line of morality between the use of proxies in submitting multiple entries (widely practiced), and the actual purchase of entries from professional



"He has marvelous prospects—he's going to be on a quiz show next Tuesday"

COLLIER'S SALO

It's a
FREEMAN
Shoe

8.95 to 19.95 at better stores coast to coast

Freeman Shoe Corporation, Beloit, Wisconsin

America's largest exclusive makers of men's fine shoes

It's a FREEMAN *shoe*

It's an
ALLIGATOR
BEST NAME IN RAINWEAR
BEST for RAIN!
BEST for STYLE!
BEST for VALUE!

Surveys show—owners *know*—it's Alligator *first* in the rain! Smartly styled, impeccably tailored—yours in either water repellent or waterproof fabrics, exclusively processed for outstanding performance and long, smart wear! Get your Alligator today. The best *name*, the best *value* in rainwear!

Better Dealers Feature:

ALLIGATOR
Rainwear

because . . . IT'S SURE TO RAIN!

The Alligator Company, St. Louis • New York • Los Angeles

"ghosts" (frowned upon in the best contesting circles). Calculating that the more entries the more chances, regulars go to great trouble to vary their stationery, their style, even the color of their ink; they contribute efforts in the names of cousins, uncles and friends, usually cutting the latter in for 10 per cent of any winnings. Occasionally these plans backfire—the proxy claims the prize entry as his own or holds out for a fatter dividend.

Some manufacturers like wistfully to think their relationship with customers is on an intimate kind of doctor-patient basis and that all testimonials come straight from the heart. But a registered nurse in Pennsylvania once shocked the sponsor's sensibilities by brazenly stating she didn't care a hoot about the product she was praising.

"It chaps my hands and is more expensive than my own favorite soap," she said, "but I entered the contest because I need the money. My apartment and everything in it recently burned up."

Bronx Cheer for His Safe Car

One gent who testified in a national automobile contest was a little more on the coy side when he said, "I like my Blank car because the fenders rattle, the doors squeak, the emblem keeps falling off the steering wheel and all of these noises keep me awake for safer driving."

In every contest the crackpots stand up to be counted. The flood of legitimate entries is interspersed with ugly threats, invocation of the Almighty's blessing on the corporation, pleas for support of a perpetual calendar and appeals to help lift the mortgage from the farm. There are thinly veiled bribes addressed to judges, that range from crisp greenbacks to dainty pairs of panties.

Contest mottoes sometimes are done up with elaborate care. They arrive inscribed, painted or embroidered on or nestled in six-foot parchment scrolls, bedspreads, pillow slips, oil paintings, cakes, eggshells, milk bottles, books, bird cages, dollhouses, cowhides and coconuts. This booby-trap type of entry is dwindling; bewildered judges have reemphasized that it adds nothing to the score.

The public has no monopoly on the sprouting of rhubarb, as they say in Brooklyn. Every now and then sponsors dream up what they think will be the supercolossal contest, except that it's against the law or full of some other kind of dynamite. Once, in Tulsa, Oklahoma, six babies were distributed as prizes.

On the unsuspecting citizenry of Miami, Florida, some years ago, an insect-exterminator company let loose a covey of 2,000 houseflies and then announced that a bounty would be paid for their capture, dead or alive. One fly, named Big Butch and identified by a gold spot on its back, was worth $500 and the others, bearing silver spots, $5 each. A mass swatting, such as never has been seen outside an Egyptian royal court, ensued. Butch, several of his brothers and hundreds of innocent bystanding flies were snared, but to this day old-timers insist that Miami, allegedly less fly-specked than Los Angeles anyhow, would never have had any insect problem if it hadn't been for this stunt.

The $64 question on the whole phenomenon of contesting is, "Whither are we drifting?" Will American merchandising of tomorrow be molded by the practical jokester?

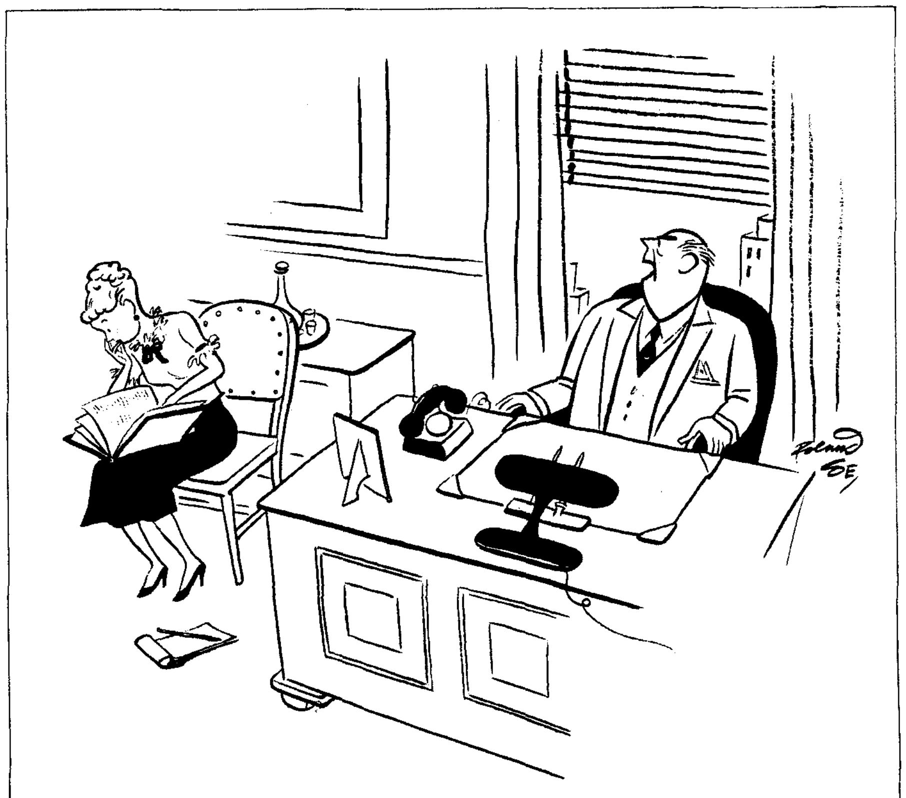
A favored advertising axiom says there is safety in numbers—catch the crowd's eye, get the people to listen and the product will sell itself. The contests and the trick quizzes are packing them in, indubitably. Many competitions have pulled over a million entries, and Ralph Edwards' Hooper rating the night he unveiled Dancer Martha Graham as Miss Hush indicated an audience of 25,000,000 was tuned in. But some rebels have alleged that the pull reflects the sex appeal of the gaudy prizes, not the item for sale.

In an exhaustive treatise on contests, Printers' Ink, an advertising trade jurnal, once observed: "Perhaps some research organization will attempt to find out someday exactly how most contest losers feel about a sponsor and his product."

Bitter is the word for it, according to a number of seasoned contesters.

The loony enterprises are on the increase. But here and there you can still thrill to the promise of a genuine, old-fashioned sporting proposition. Not long ago a girl in Ojai, California, launched a competition of her own, through an announcement in a contest magazine. Lamenting a series of disappointing blind dates, she offered a hand-embroidered kitchen towel as first prize for the best hints on how to catch a husband.

THE END



COLLIER'S "Miss Wilson, I wish you'd wait until I've finished dictating before you start checking your spelling!" ROLAND COE

ANCO® RAIN-MASTER®
"Dead-Locker"®
WINDSHIELD WIPER
ARMS and BLADES

BLADE SNAPS ON...
STAYS PUT

FINGER-TIP RELEASE
MODEL DL
DEAD-LOCKER

CAN'T FALL OFF
CAN'T BLOW OFF

(A war-born invention—by ANCO—first for military aircraft—now for your car.)

DON'T SHOOT YOUR GAS-PUMP MAN!

He's doing the best he can. Sure, he knows how dangerous it is for you to drive your car . . . in stormy weather . . . with your dull old windshield wipers that SMEAR and SMEAR. He'll gladly put on for you quickly a pair of keen new ANCO RAIN-MASTER Wiper Blades and Arms. He has them—Newest Models! But he forgets to remind you? Too busy? You can't shoot him for that!

PATENTS MAKE JOBS

After all, it's YOUR car to protect. So YOU remind HIM. Get RAIN-MASTERS . . . patented features . . . original equipment for years on De Luxe models of quality cars . . . and on high-grade trucks . . . used also on our fighting Ships and Tanks and Trucks and Bombers too . . . because ANCO RAIN-MASTERS clean quicker, clean cleaner . . . last longer.

May save you a costly smashup!

Ask for RAIN-MASTER Windshield Wiper Arms and Blades next time you buy gas.

Quality Protected Under Fair Trade Laws
ANCO Patented Products - Patents Make Jobs

THE ANDERSON COMPANY
GARY, INDIANA
Our Thirty-first Year in This Business

DESIGNED FOR SPACIOUS LIVING
"M" SYSTEM
TRAILER COACHES

AMERICA'S MOST WANTED TRAILER COACHES . . .

"We've seen them all, and *this* is it" . . . and "M" System's **Deluxe Tandem** was on the receiving end of this fine tribute. Here is a trailer coach that challenges comparison — spacious — rugged — and thoughtfully appointed for care-free living. The **DeLuxe Tandem** is one of 5 new "M" System models that are setting the pace for '48—ready for your inspection.

WRITE FOR CATALOG E-48

A trip through this catalog is just like a trip through the trailers. They are that accurately described and illustrated.

PRICED MODESTLY with all Federal taxes paid.

"M" SYSTEM MFG. CO.
U.S. HIGHWAY 61 N., VICKSBURG, MISS.

"M" SYSTEM TRAILER COACHES
Designed for Spacious Living

CHIEF OF THE UTALS

Continued from page 25

winning run on first. That was when Johnson called Harry.

"Now would be a nice time for a hit into right," he said.

"It will go across first base," Harry told him. "It will score both your runs and it ought to be good for a double."

The Chief went out to the plate wearing a uniform that fit him this time, but there was an excited roaring in the stands when the announcer finished with his name. The Chief was just as calm as if he were on duty in front of an old-time cigar store. Adler looked him over and you could almost see that pitcher trying to make up his mind what to throw. There was no book on the Chief and there never would be, but some stories had been passed around in spite of Johnson's secrecy. Finally Adler shrugged and threw a knee-high curve. The Chief swung and missed at least two feet and then turned and nodded to Harry.

"Hey!" roared Johnson. "What kind of a double-deal is this?"

Harry told him, "That was on purpose. I told him to miss the first one just to mix that Adler up a little. That bum owes me a poker debt from back in '41."

"Good thing I didn't have a hit-and-run on," Johnson grunted.

Adler meant to waste the next one, but the Chief didn't let him. He smacked it down the first-base line just as Harry said, only it was a foot inside the bag. By the time Stark, out in right for the Eagles, had chased the ball to the fence, Ware and Sherman had scored and the customers were starting for the exits. It was a three-bagger for the Chief.

THAT was the way our secret weapon was unveiled. Believe me, it made just as big a bang as we expected. The sports writers all came to the dressing room to interview the Chief, but they got Harry instead and he told them the story again and again, with every minute detail except the pay he was giving the Indian. The Chief looked bored through it all. Harry had promised to take him to a horse opera before dinner.

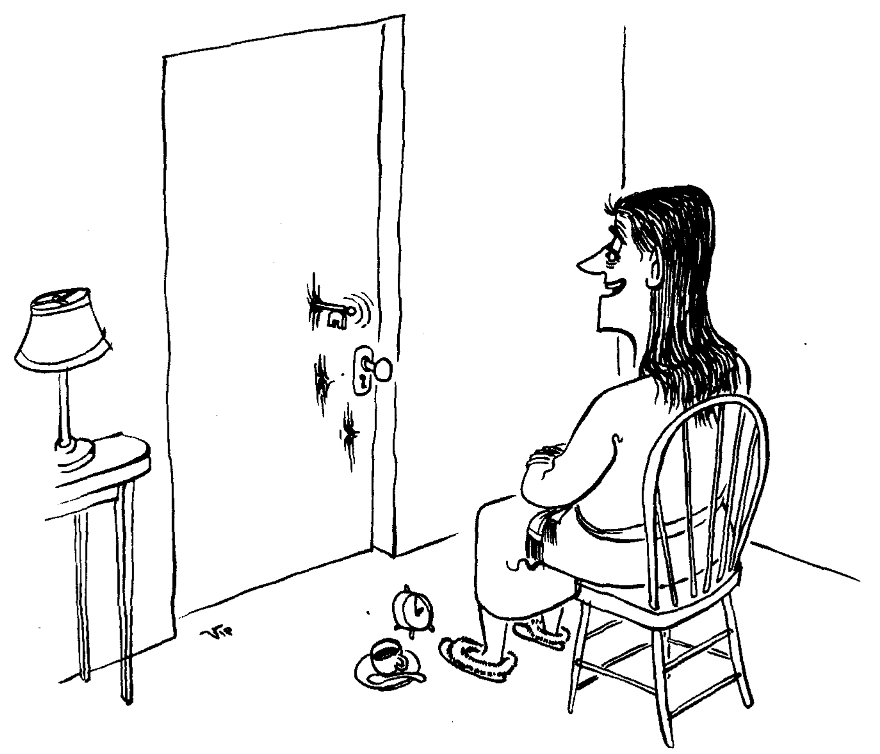
Next morning the papers kidded the whole idea of Quetzal, calling it a publicity stunt that happened to work the first time out; but that afternoon the Indian hit for somebody and wedged a line drive under third base so fast McKeogh of the Eagles didn't find it until the catcher came out and showed it to him. The Chief was sitting on second by that time and the crowd had gone crazy.

From then on, the Chief and Harry were the hottest celebrities around town. Everywhere they went the crowds followed them asking for their autographs and pulling their clothes apart, until the mayor assigned them a permanent police guard. When they were at the hotel, they were usually being interviewed by feature writers and photographed for the picture magazines. A doctor examined the Chief and found that although he was physically no different from anyone else, his vision was probably better because of a diet of lizards and toads his mother had fed him when he was young. Immediately kids all over the country were out catching toads and frogs and bothering their parents about how to cook them until another doctor made the observation that the French had been eating frogs for years and he'd never heard of any outstanding French ballplayers. Of course, he was overlooking Jack Fournier and Frenchy Bordagaray, and a couple of others.

Then a congressman in Washington got up and asked if some committee oughtn't to investigate the Chief since he was an alien and maybe an agent of a foreign power trying to undermine the national pastime and also the Constitution. Another congressman answered him next day and said any investigation into the Chief would constitute government interference with private enterprise.

At the same time the pitchers all over the league were trying to figure out something to do about the Chief. In the third game with the Eagles, Johnson put the Chief in against Fitch, their best lefty, and Fitch dusted the wide guy off with the first pitch. No one ever tried that again. Quetzal got up looking thoughtful, brushed the dirt from his uniform and slapped the next one through the box. It may have been a pure fluke, but the ball grazed the seat of Fitch's pants where they were tight and exposed by the lefty's peculiar throwing motion. Fitch gave a howl and grabbed the place where he was hit and the ball went through the second baseman's legs, still too hot to handle, and out into right field.

Fitch was lucky he got off as easy as



COLLIER'S "By the way, dear—that isn't the right key" VIRGIL PARTCH

"A Dopey Dick—I sure am slow,
Eat gas and oil, can hardly go.
I tie up traffic, make you curse,
And I get worse and worse and worse!
I'm sunk, tho, if you get those things—
Those Perfect Circle Piston Rings . . .
They slay me!"

Doctors of Motors Everywhere Acclaim Perfect Circle Piston Rings!

Yes, your Doctor of Motors, your expert mechanic, recommends Perfect Circles and here's why! He knows that Perfect Circle makes a set of piston rings for every engine condition. With *Steel* oil rings for the worst or badly worn oil pumpers . . . with less severe oil rings for the slightly worn or rebuilt engines.

Further, he knows that no other piston rings are made with the same care and precision, engineered as thoroughly or tested as completely as Perfect Circles. That's why better mechanics everywhere *always* install Perfect Circles. That's why leading car manufacturers recommend them, too.

Your Doctor of Motors, your favorite mechanic, will install a set—Custom Made for your car.

STEEL Oil Ring for badly worn engines

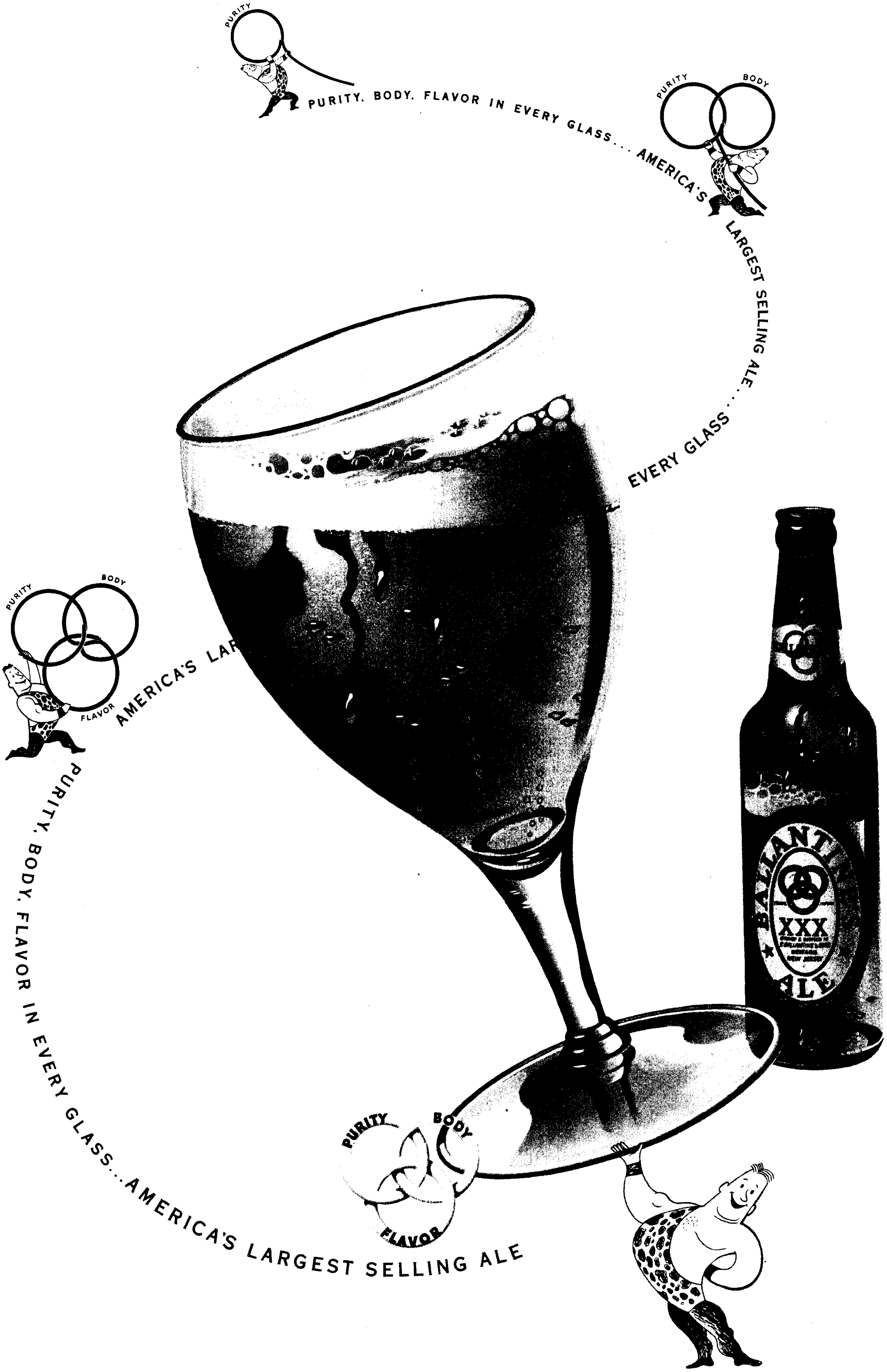
Less Severe Oil Ring for slightly worn engines

A Set CUSTOM MADE for every engine condition

PERFECT CI

PISTON RINGS

STOP OIL PUMPING RESTORE POWER


PURITY
PURITY. BODY. FLAVOR IN EVERY GLASS... AMERICA'S LARGEST SELLING ALE... EVERY GLASS
PURITY
BODY
PURITY
BODY
FLAVOR
AMERICA'S LAR
PURITY. BODY. FLAVOR IN EVERY GLASS... AMERICA'S LARGEST SELLING ALE
PURITY
BODY
FLAVOR
BALLANT
XXX
ALE

he did. He only had to take his meals standing up for a week. And no other pitcher ever intentionally threw one anywhere near the Chief's head. . . .

The Griffins were in town next, and one of their pitchers tried walking the Indian. We had a man on second and he'd be sure to score on a hit. Well, their catcher stepped out and the pitcher threw the first ball and the Chief frowned and looked a little puzzled. Then the pitcher threw another high one and the Chief took a couple of quick, shuffling steps and swung on it like a midget beating carpets. The ball was still rising when it cleared the scoreboard.

Johnson was happy when the Chief came trotting in, but the Chief wasn't. He was mumbling to himself and frowning when he crossed the plate and as soon as he got to the dugout he cut loose with a string of talk to Harry.

"What's the matter?" Johnson asked.

"He had to hit that home run and he's mad," Harry said. "According to his game, he just lost a run and you can't tell him anything different. His game is a kind of religion with him."

"Tell him I'll sit up and take him to an extra cowboy show tonight to make him feel better," said Johnson. "Tell him I'll take him to an extra show every time he hits one like that."

Harry sighed and said, "I wish you could but it wouldn't be any use. You couldn't translate the words into Utal for him. He's wearing me out. I've seen so many of those things in the last two weeks, I put myself to sleep nights counting posses and stagecoaches."

ALREADY I'd noticed Harry's end of the deal wasn't the cinch it looked at first. Harry was a quiet guy who liked his sleep, but as soon as the Chief found out there were late shows in the city, he kept Harry up till 2 A.M. translating everything but the pistol shooting. When Harry complained, or mentioned training rules, the Chief would mention the agreement by which he could go to all the shows he wanted to. The Chief was very particular about the agreement.

Harry told me once, "I'd try teaching him English so he could go by himself, but if I did that, he wouldn't need me any longer to play ball and where would I be? He's already learned a little like, 'They got me, podner,' and 'They went thataway.' Where'll I be if he learns enough to tend to his own business?"

I said, "I guess Johnson would get him cheaper then."

"Don't kid yourself," Harry laughed bitterly. "That Indian would just as soon go home as stay here. He don't care about money and he don't especially care about the way Americans play baseball, hitting the balls out of the park all the time, and he's a little homesick besides. It keeps me worried for fear he'll get tired of the cowboy shows. They're all that keep him."

Harry had room to worry. The Indian was getting hard to handle and several times I heard long arguments between him and Harry, and while I had no idea what they were saying, it seemed to me from the tone of their voices that the Chief took a lot of pacifying before Harry got him settled down.

With that on his hands, Harry had to start asking for more trouble. I got an inkling of it one day when I was in his room and he had a couple of calls on the phone. I heard him using phrases like "on the nose" and "across the board" and I got right out of there. I have so much respect for the commissioner I don't even want him hearing I was ever around where talk like that was going on.

Later I collared Harry and told him how foolish that was. The commissioner is a crusader and the two things he crusades most about are ballplayers who bet on the races and ballplayers who don't uphold the dignity of the game.

I told Harry all that, and he said, "I know you're right, but I'll be careful. I've got to have some kind of relaxation. The way things are, I can't even call my life my own. I'm telling you, that Indian's driving me crazy. I just made a few bets to settle my nerves, but I'll be careful."

That was all there was to it then. The Chief went on getting the hits and Harry went on signing testimonials for him and taking in the money. The Wrens went on winning ball games, too. We were ten games in the lead when it happened. I guess Harry's nerves had got the best of him and he hadn't been as careful as he said.

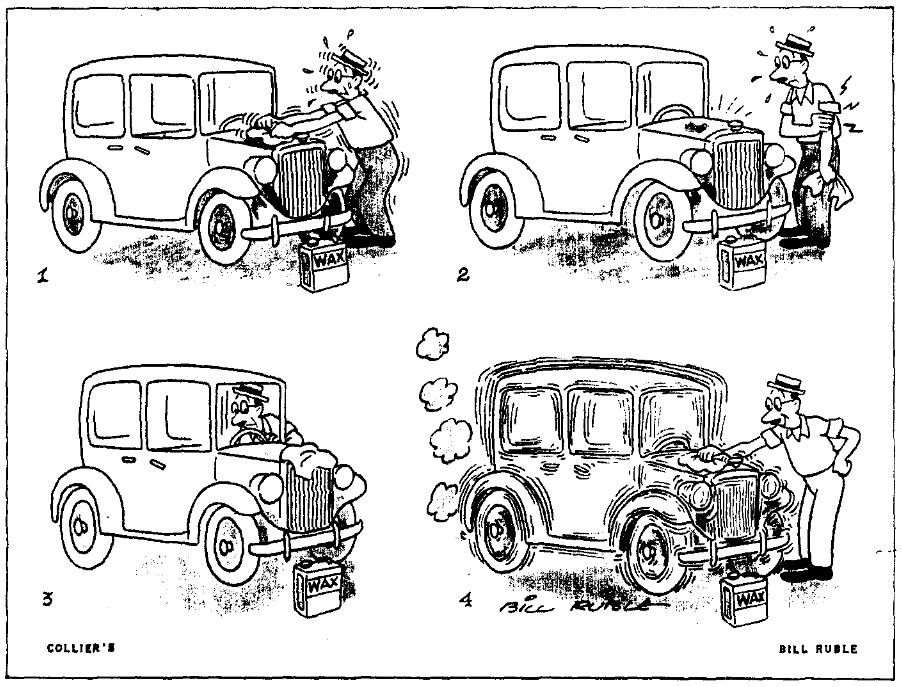
There was no publicity at first. The commissioner just called and asked Harry to come and see him. Johnson and I waited up for Harry that night and he was sweating when he came in.

"I got to watch my step," he said. "The commissioner heard somewhere that I'd made a few bets and he laid down the law to me. I'll be a good boy from now on. A very good boy."

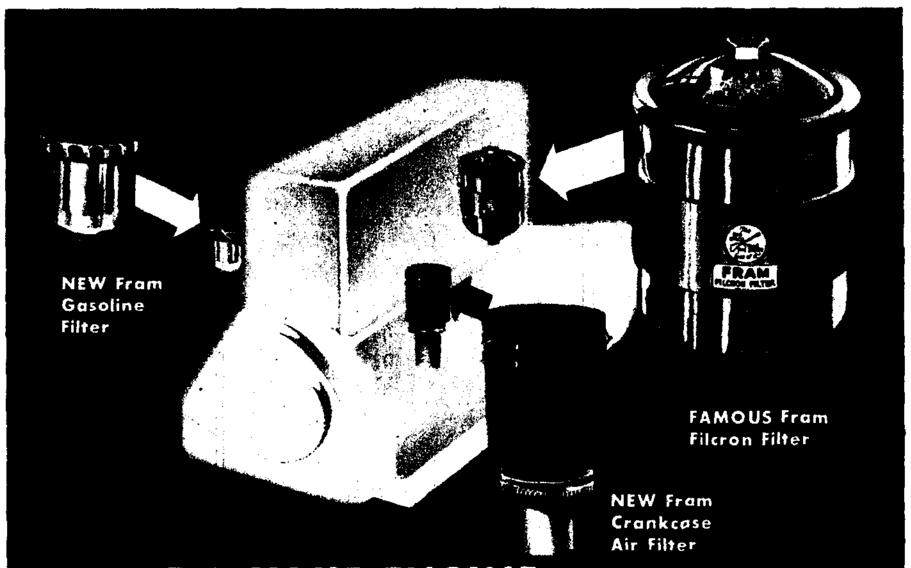
"That's dandy," said Johnson. "Make mine a chocolate malted."

Harry was so busy thinking things out I don't believe he even heard Johnson. "Yeah," he said. "Where's the Chief? I promised to take him to see Mad Stampede, and he'll be sore. I'll have a lot of explaining to do."

It turned out that was the first night the Chief had gone without seeing a show and he didn't like it. We played the Blues next day and all through the first part of the game, Harry was pleading with the Chief in Indian. Quetzal



You can enjoy greater Engine Protection with 3 GREAT FRAM FILTERS!



PROTECT YOUR ENGINE AT THESE VITAL POINTS

GUARD against expensive breakdowns with Fram's 3 great Filters that protect your engine's *most* vital parts. FRAM'S NEW GASOLINE FILTER really removes both solids and water from gasoline, protects finely adjusted modern carburetor mechanisms! FRAM'S NEW CRANKCASE AIR FILTER replaces conventional breather caps, literally "cleans the air your engine breathes" at the point where MOST dirt enters. Both new Fram Filters now give you far greater engine protection than ever before possible!

FRAM'S FAMOUS FILCRON OIL FILTER "cleans the oil that cleans the motor," prevents harmful abrasives from grinding away your engine. Find out, "HOW'S YOUR OIL FILTER?" Ask your Fram Dealer for a FREE Fram Dipstick Test, and ask how you can enjoy greater engine protection, prevent repair bills, with Fram's three Filters and genuine Fram Replacement Cartridges. Fram Corporation, Providence 16, R. I. *In Canada:* J. C. Adams Co., Ltd., Toronto, Ontario. *In England:* Simmonds Aerocessories, Ltd., London.

FRAM Oil·Air Gas FILTERS

"Not Just DRY?"
"No, Fleischmann's Gin is 'DRY' DRY —without the slightest trace of sweetness!"
"No wonder FLEISCHMANN'S makes America's most Delicious Gin Drinks!"
90 PROOF
EST. 1870
FLEISCHMANN
Est. 1870
FLEISCHMANN'S
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
Established 1870
DISTILLED DRY GIN
90 PROOF
Distilled from American Grain
Distilled and Bottled by THE FLEISCHMANN DISTILLING CORPORATION Peekskill, New York
COPYRIGHT, THE FLEISCHMANN DISTILLING CORPORATION
FLEISCHMANN'S
EST. 1870

Yes, Fleischmann's Gin is "dry" dry . . . 100% dry! One of *Four Big Reasons* why Fleischmann's makes America's most delicious gin drinks.

Reason Two: Fleischmann's has a superbly light, delicate *taste!*

Reason Three: Fleischmann's is so very, very *smooth!*

Reason Four: Fleischmann's priceless *mixability* provides the perfect base for Tom Collins, Martinis, all gin drinks!

FLEISCHMANN'S *America's First Gin*

DISTILLED FROM AMERICAN GRAIN—90 PROOF.
THE FLEISCHMANN DISTILLING CORPORATION, PEEKSKILL, NEW YORK.

had quit answering him a long time before. Instead, he just sat there on the bench pretending not to listen.

"I don't know what I can do," Harry told me. "He thinks I've broken the agreement with him and he doesn't care anything about the reasons."

And Harry went into another spiel in Indian, pointing over at the commissioner's box along the third-base line and then back at himself, but even I could see he wasn't getting anywhere. Quetzal didn't even grunt.

THE ball game was going well enough. Bergh had set the Blues down one-two-three, and our guys had picked up four runs in the first two innings. They got to Bergh for a run in the fifth, but he stopped them without any trouble. Then in the sixth the crowd began shouting the battle cry that had been in our ears ever since the first stories about Quetzal had been published: "We want the Chief! We want the Chief!"

The fans had yelled it so much they had it down and when they began stamping in time with the chant, they could really make the stands rock. It didn't matter much to them about the Wrens' winning or losing. They felt cheated if they didn't get to see the Indian hit. For a couple of weeks, as a publicity stunt, Harry had been telling the Chief to point with his bat in the general direction he was going to hit. Of course, the infielders would make passes at getting into position, but they were just faking. After what happened to Fitch, they knew they had no more chance of stopping one of the Indian's drives than they had of catching a .50-caliber bullet.

"All right, Harry," said Johnson. "Let him hit one. I don't care where."

Harry didn't look happy. He said, "Boss, how about forgetting it today? I'm having trouble with him. Lay off today and it will be all settled tomorrow."

Johnson said, "You put him in now and let him hit. I'm paying you enough so you're not supposed to have trouble with him. Well, I want him now and so do all the fans. Hear them?"

"Okay, Boss. I'll try," Harry said.

Harry talked to the Chief and sent him out and then said to me, "I told him to hit it wherever he wants to. That might make him feel a little better about missing the show last night. I don't know what will happen if I ever happen to get sick for a day."

The Chief walked out to the plate and took his stance, same as ever, and I couldn't see what Harry was in such a state about. Gordon, the Blues' pitcher, was the man who should be worrying.

The crowd started yelling, "Where's it going, Chief?" and I remembered he probably wouldn't point with his bat since he was going to hit it where he pleased. He didn't point. He just stood there in that half crouch, his big shoulders bulging like a couple of cantaloupes. Gordon turned loose a slow ball.

The Chief swung and the bat cracked but the ball didn't go through the infield. Instead, a white streak shot straight for the commissioner's box and ricocheted off the rail where the commissioner had been leaning a minute before, to fly high up in the rear of the first deck of stands.

Then a lot of things happened at once. Harry yelled, "Take him out! It's murder!" and started running for the plate with Johnson and me close behind. The park police came out behind us and all together we escorted the Chief back to the dugout, and then someone thought of looking after the commissioner.

He was nowhere in sight. We all started over toward his box and we got there just in time to see him raise his head cautiously and peer with one eye over the rail. There he was, gray in the face and cowering with terror, crouched down behind the rail in the most undignified posture he'd given the public in his many years as commissioner.

I don't really know what happened for the rest of the game, but I remember the big scene in the clubhouse. The color had come back into the commissioner's face, but he was still wild-eyed and his hair was all rumpled and his voice shook when he spoke.

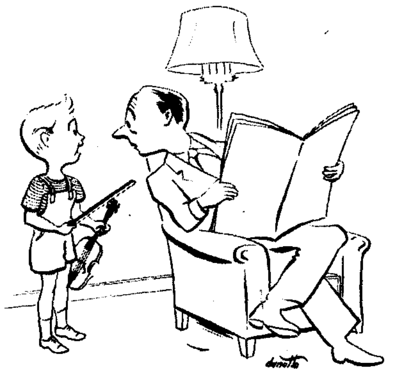
"You're suspended as of now," he told Harry, "you and that Mexican killer of yours."

Harry looked pitiful and helpless. He said, "But, I couldn't help it, sir. You don't understand that Indian. He's smarter than you'd think. Smarter than I thought, too. He just did that because he's sore at me and he knew it would queer me with you, sir."

The commissioner sneered, "Save that for your touting acquaintances, Dorgan. Everyone knows that Indian hits where you tell him. After our conversation of last night, it's quite clear to me what you intended."

"You can't kick a man out of baseball for hitting a foul ball," Harry argued.

"Maybe not," answered the commissioner, smiling coldly, "but I can kick him out because he associates with race-track gamblers like you, Dorgan. Such associates incline to shake the fans' faith in the integrity of baseball and to detract from the dignity of the game."



"Gee, Pop, do I? I'd like to be like Jack Benny!"

COLLIER'S DANOTTO

That broke it off sharp. The commissioner didn't say anything about his own dignity. He just shut everyone up and that was the end of Chief Quetzal in organized baseball.

According to performance, it ought to have been the end of Harry, but Johnson and I spoke to the commissioner and finally the old guy believed the story the way it happened and let Harry take his old scouting job back, but first he made Harry promise he wouldn't try to bring up any more players from the Utal tribe.

I TALKED to Harry the day he came back to the park and he was happy.

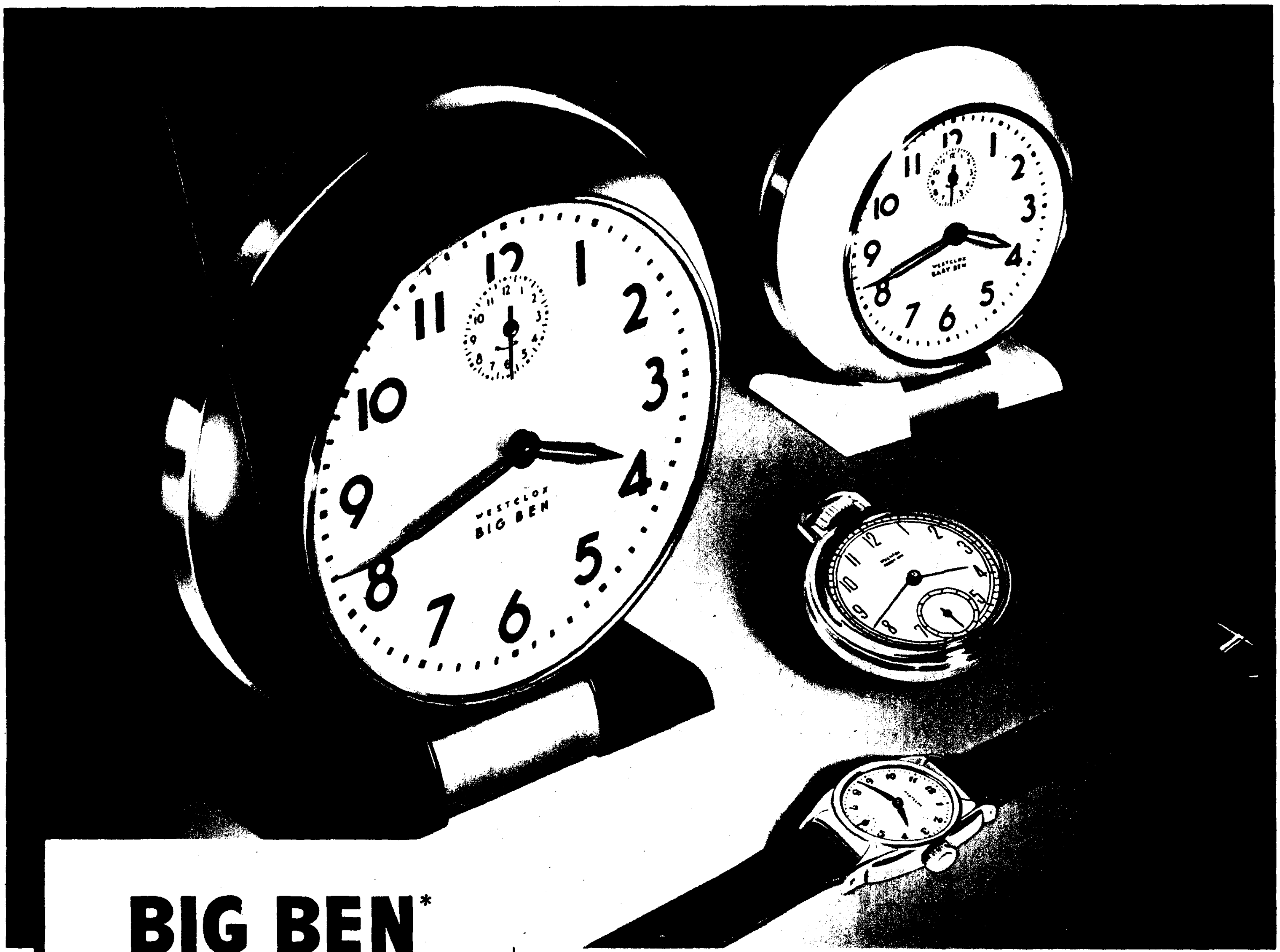
"I am finished with easy money," he said, "because there is no such thing. Look what the horses did for me. Look what that Indian did for me. Sure, I made a lot of money with him, but he drove me nuts and I lost it all on the horses and the horses got me canned. Now I don't have to go to cowboy movies any more and I can live normally. Did you ever wake up in the night in a sweat because they were about to hang you for killing the sheriff and you knew the guy that really killed him was the one trying to put the rope around your neck?"

"What happened to the Chief?" I asked.

"Oh, some guys out of the Tamale League, down in Mexico, got next to him," Harry said. "They went to the trouble of learning the Utal language and they even bought a moving-picture house for Quetzal alone. Next week he's going to put on a special exhibition for them. He's going to kill a fighting bull by hitting it with a batted ball."

THE END

ENOUGH Americans to elect a President tell time by Big Ben and his family of Westclox. His platform is honesty. His cheerful, friendly face is known and respected the world over. Year after year you nominate him to serve you . . . and he keeps his promise by keeping America on time.



BIG BEN*

Keeps America On Time

WESTCLOX*

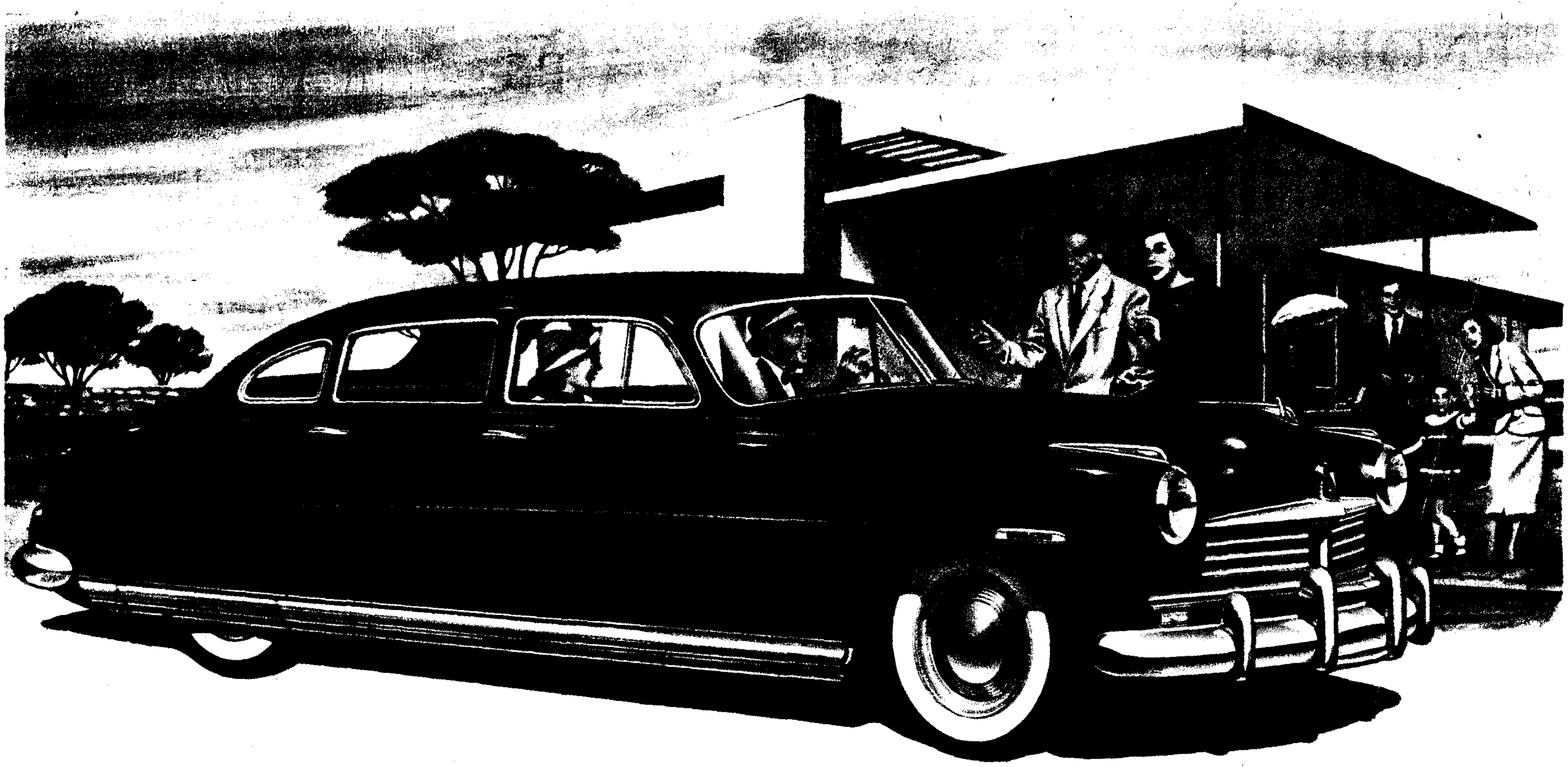
Products of **GENERAL TIME** *Instruments Corp.*

Today's Westclox are the finest we've ever made

BIG BEN Loud Alarm keeps more people on time than any other clock. He's $4.50. BABY BEN has an alarm that adjusts to loud or soft. His tick is quiet. In your choice of black or ivory finish, he's $4.50. POCKET BEN is America's greatest watch value at $2.95. LA SALLE Wrist Watch is only $5.95. These Westclox also come with luminous dials you can see in the dark, each at a dollar more.

WESTCLOX, La Salle-Peru, Illinois; in Canada, Western Clock Co., Ltd., Peterborough, Ont. *Reg. U. S. Patent Office

prices quoted do not include tax and are subject to change



Here's the car they said was years away!

the only car you step
down into..a new type of automobile no one else
in America is prepared to build today!

HUDSON is the only American-built motor car you step *down* into when entering, not *up* on!

This new development in automobile design and construction brings you many sensational advantages—among them, newly streamlined beauty and a breath-taking flow of low-built lines that would otherwise be impractical.

This new kind of motor car is only five feet from ground to top, yet by stepping down, you get *more* head room and *roomier* seats than in any other mass-produced car built today—and there's good road clearance, too!

Because you step down, Hudson's new, all steel Monobilt body-and-frame* completely encircles you, even outside the rear wheels, with a rugged, box-steel foundation frame—and this brings you a new measure of added safety.

You ride within this frame—cradled between axles—not on top of a frame as in the past. Hudson's new, lower center of gravity and rugged basic structure give this car delightful roadability—a hug-the-road way of going, especially on curves, that is so safe, so serene, so smooth, it is unlike anything you've known before!

Hudson dealers invite you to enjoy this ride—to thrill to the eager power of Hudson's all-new Super-Six engine—the most powerful six built today—or the masterful Super-Eight. You're invited to experience automatic gear-shifting in forward speeds as provided by Hudson's "Drive-Master" transmission.

This is the motor car they said was years away, but the nearest Hudson dealer will show it to you now! Hudson Motor Car Company, Detroit 14.

* Trade-mark and patents pending

This time it's Hudson

Eight body styles in a Super Series and the Commodore Custom Series. Your choice, 121 h.p. all-new Super-Six or 128 h.p. improved Super-Eight engine. New, low-pressure, Super-Cushion tires. Ten rich body colors. Two special colors or five two-tone combinations—white sidewall tires—at slight extra cost.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LEO ROSENTHAL

The three diplomats above made the doodles shown at the bottom of the page. Left to right they are Dr. Wellington Koo, China's ambassador to the United States; Georges Bidault, France's Foreign Minister; and Trygve Lie, U.N.'s Secretary General. The numbers on the doodle descriptions in the story show who scribbled what doodle

DOODLES INTERNATIONAL

Continued from page 23

Street and the community of international lawyers. He has developed the great knack of adjusting himself to different audiences in order to interpret world affairs to each in terms best understood by them. I assume that this is the flexibility to which Dr. Wolff refers.

The sophisticated, gentle, almost fragile Georges Bidault, France's Foreign Minister (No. 5), is called an "oscillographic type" by Dr. Wolff.

"This person thinks in abstract terms, is very sensitive, nervous, moody, easily depressed and irritated. His doodle is a stereotyped formula of an oscillating movement that has the character of a signature. The only oscillation-unit is the flourish which emphasizes the movement leftward. Since the writing hand progresses from left to right, a movement from right to left might be considered the opposite of progression. This man is not apt to be progressive, though not necessarily conservative. It is also likely that such a person is occupied by ideals of the past rather than by prospects for the future."

All of this is largely true. Mr. Bidault's conservative Catholic upbringing at a Jesuit college is often at war with his progressive tendencies. His intense dislike for General Charles de Gaulle, aside from personal reasons, is also based on his devotion to liberal democracy.

In private interviews he is very frank. His sensitivity, which Dr. Wolff notes, is such that it can have an inspiring effect on an interviewing journalist.

The pencilings of Dr. Wellington Koo, China's ambassador to the United States (No. 6), reveal an emotionless personality, Dr. Wolff found.

"This person's doodling, composed of Oriental letters and Oriental faces, indicates an abstract way of seeing things and of dealing with human problems," the report stated. "His profiles of human beings are more like abstract elements."

The psychologist—who had no idea who authored any of the doodles—pointed out that even the ear in Dr. Koo's profiles is like part of a letter.

"His abstract, aesthetic attitude comes to the fore, too, in the drawing of leaves with the emphasis on outline and design," the doctor continued. "It is characteristic that the strokes are sharp, as in an etching. Such a person knows perhaps all too well what he wants, but he lacks in some measure an understanding of individuals and their emotions."

Dr. Koo's speeches in the League of Nations and now in the United Nations are so polite, diplomatic and tactful that fellow delegates say it often eludes them as to whose side he has taken.

I remember that when the debate of Iran's case against Russia began in the Security Council meeting in London, I asked Dr. Koo how he felt after Vishinsky and Bevin had fired their opening shots. It was an awkward question, because China, in the Iran case, was sitting precariously between East and West. With his perfect English, his controlled manner and impersonal logic, Dr. Koo replied, "I told Mr. Vishinsky that I was impressed by his arguments. And to Mr. Bevin I said his speech was very convincing."

The last of the scribblings in this series belong to Trygve Lie, Secretary General of the United Nations (No. 7).

"These few attempts at doodling are so closely related to the writing of words that we actually cannot see a doodling pattern here but rather ornamentation of the written word," Dr. Wolff said. "This combination of graphic patterns is indicative of a person who thinks more in words than in pictures, who likes words rather than action. He could be a lawyer. The fluidity of movement and the many dots which appear as colons—as before the word 'qualification' and between the strokes—characterize him as a juggler who plays with thoughts and arguments, which he enjoys and prefers to decisive action."

This description is not only a thumbnail sketch of Mr. Lie, as the public knows him, but it could also be a short history of the United Nations itself—too many words and too little action. Often, when Mr. Lie has been on the point of intervening in a dispute—and in his case, words mean action—he has backed down and kept mum. Perhaps some early experiences in the United Nations scared him so that he shies away from action now.

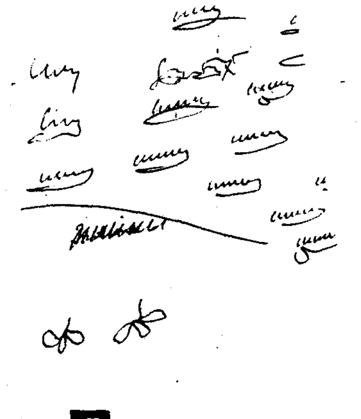
Mr. Lie saw the dangers in Russia's No! No! No! policy, but his warnings were faint. When American progressive, liberal groups urged him to criticize the "Truman Doctrine" because it seemed to by-pass the United Nations, he kept quiet, even though he was uneasy about his own silence.

My collection has one glaring lack. Up to now I haven't been able to pick up a doodle from a leading British statesman or diplomat. Not that my army of helpers, from delegates to sweepers, is in cahoots to protect the secrets of British diplomacy. The fact is that neither Ernest Bevin, Britain's Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, Hector McNeil, British Minister of State, nor Sir Alexander Cadogan, permanent delegate to the United Nations, indulge in doodling.

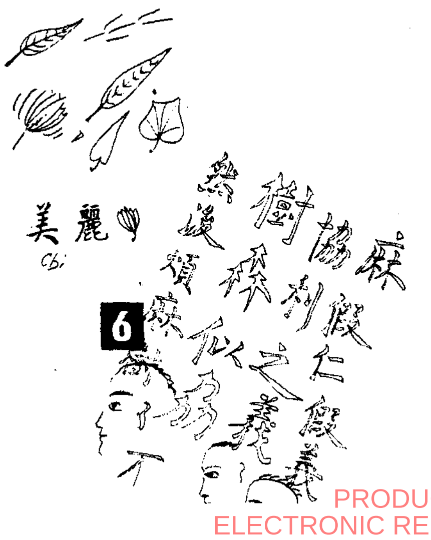
I wondered about that. What meaning could be attached to the fact that a person or persons either never doodled or developed a resistance to the habit? I asked Dr. Wolff. The absence of doodling, he said, could spring from a number of causes. "Basically, it seems to be a fear of unconscious self-revelation. This fear may be expressed in a very strong intellectual self-control and restraint of emotions, in a distrust of people, in a suppression of all daydreaming, or in a turning away from one's self and one's problems. Only an analysis of a particular case could show which of the motives are decisive."

The first three attributes seem to fit the British storybook sort of diplomat.

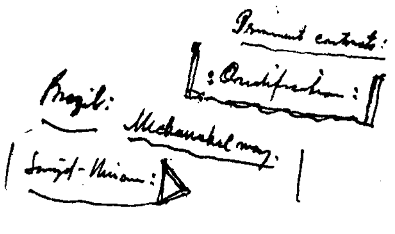
THE END



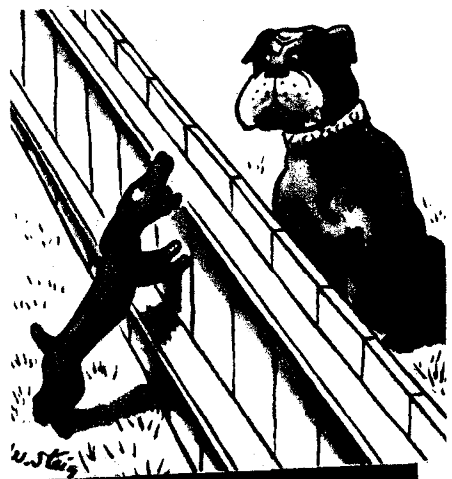
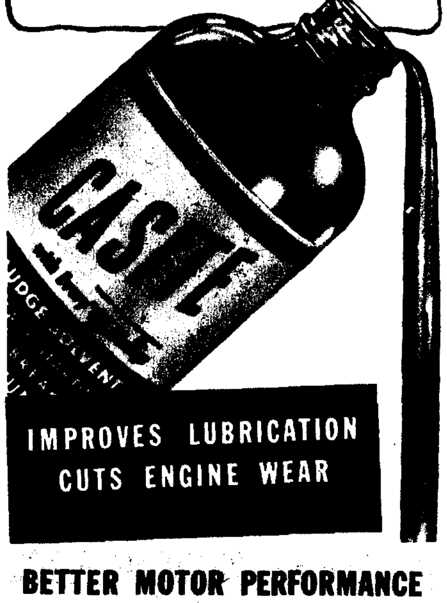
5



6



7

What's Extra Protection Worth To You?

● To keep your motor alive and powerful—give it Casite's extra protection.

Casite cuts engine wear and cuts repair bills because it improves lubrication. No matter what kind of motor oil is being used, Casite helps it get around—quickly and into the tight spots. It retards the formation of sludge and gum . . . frees sticking valves and rings . . . cleans your motor and keeps it clean.

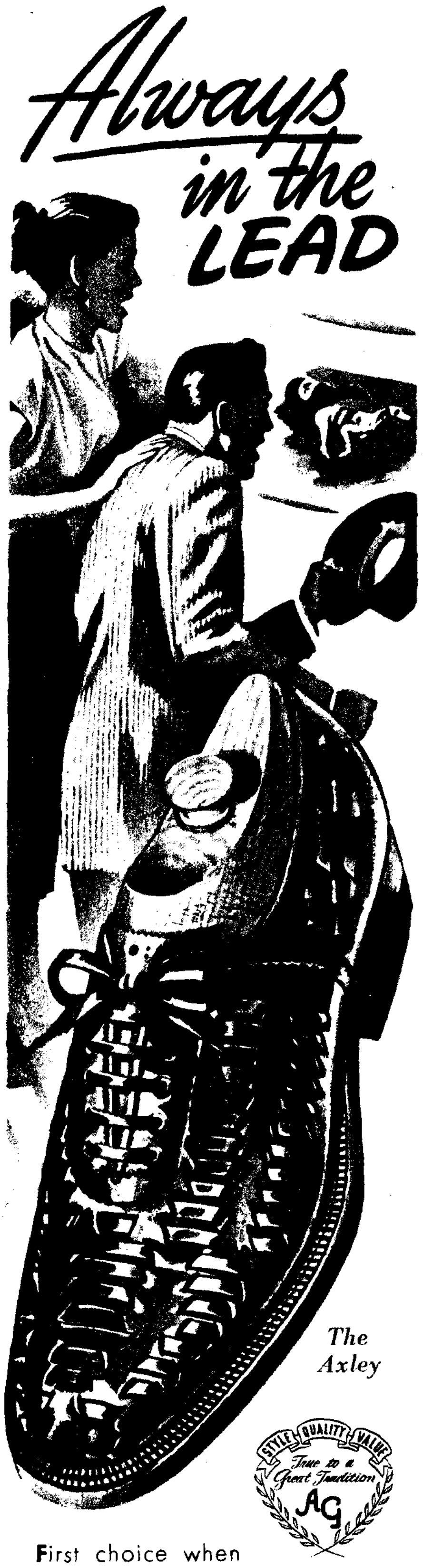
Get Casite today—and get Better Motor Performance or Double-Your-Money-Back. The Casite Corporation, Hastings, Michigan, and the Casite Division, Hastings Ltd., Toronto.

75¢
A PINT
95¢ in Canada

BETTER MOTOR PERFORMANCE
OR DOUBLE-YOUR-MONEY-BACK

American Gentleman

SHOES



First choice when performance counts.
A standout for style and stamina —crafted from carefully selected, flexible leathers to assure the utmost in easy-going comfort.

Write for Name
of Nearest Dealer

AMERICAN GENTLEMAN DIVISION
Craddock-Terry Shoe Corporation
Lynchburg, Virginia

HOW AMERICA WILL DEFEND HERSELF

Continued from page 17

of trouble. A Russian strategic-bomber force, based within range of us, could put us on the *aerial defensive,* just as we put the Japanese on the defensive, and as the British and ourselves put the Germans on the defensive. Our air attack smashed all the important German and Japanese cities and war centers in spite of the stiffest local defenses the Germans and Japs were able to throw up. If the Russians put us on the defensive, they might do the same to us.

So if we go to war, our first problem—our security problem—is to be ready to move outward about 2,000 miles to protect the areas from which Russia might make trouble for us. To do this we need an altogether different kind of peacetime military establishment from the one we have been maintaining.

Air Bases Must Be Serviced

The Air Force is now our first line of defense. But the Air Force is dependent, in turn, upon the activities of our Army and Navy. If we set up an air outpost to meet Russian air attack, we need some 60,000 Army troops to service and secure the ground area around that one air base, and we need a large string of supply ships, tankers, transports and hospital ships to maintain touch between home and the base—and to protect this shipping we need Navy antisubmarine patrols, antiaircraft sea defenses, defense against enemy raiders.

War has become incredibly complex. Today no one arm—land, sea or air—can move without the support and co-operation of the other two.

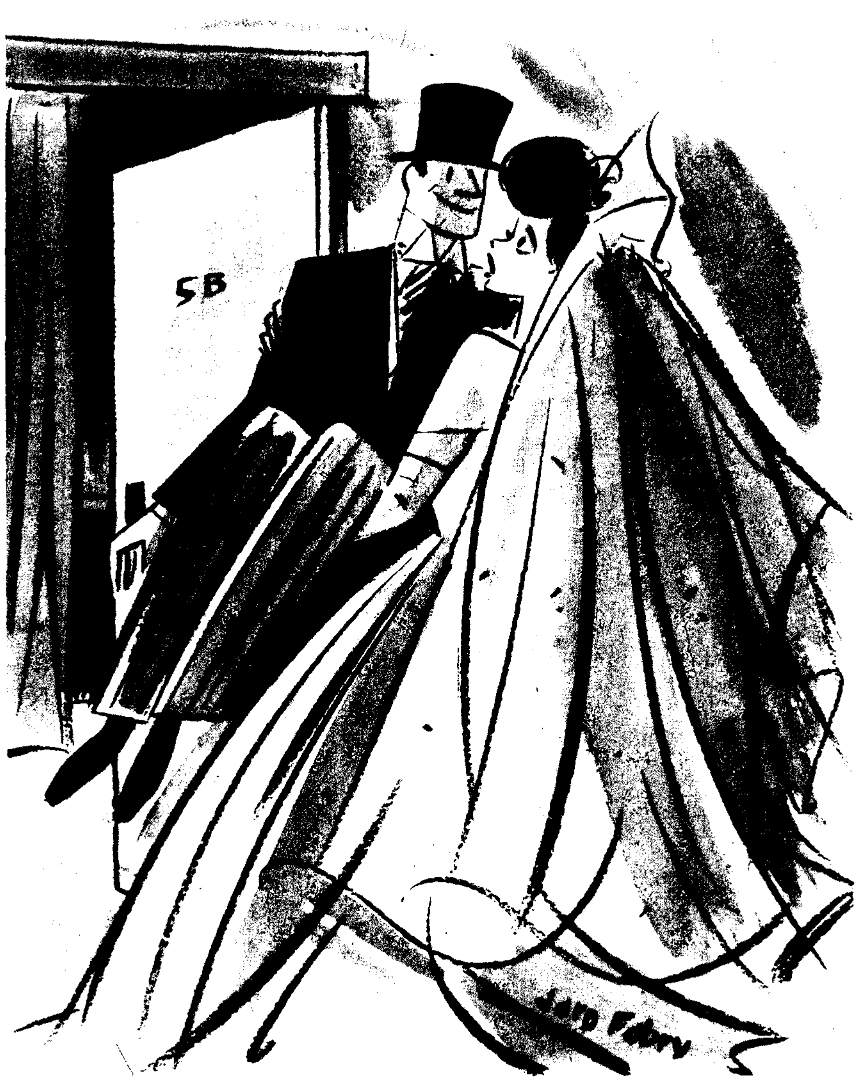
When our military leaders asked Congress, last March, for an additional $4,000,000,000 to bring our 1948 military estimates up to $15,000,000,000, it was *for the purpose of converting our present* passively defensive military establishment into a fully ready striking force able to move outward, if necessary. This would take care of us, if war should come, through the period while we are mobilizing our full strength.

As this is written, our Army is at a peacetime strength of 542,000 men, of whom 258,000 are on duty outside the continental United States. At home, the Army has a mobile striking force of 54,000 men—a pathetic total for a nation as strong as we were three short years ago.

The Army wants to build this combat part of the home force up to a strength of 194,000 men, fully equipped and ready to move—that is, a strength of three infantry divisions, one armored division and one air-borne division, with the necessary supporting arms and service units. This is a very small combat force for the protection of our precious homeland, but it would do for the first moves in our defense.

As this is written, our Air Forces are at a paper strength of 55 squadrons—*paper strength because all but a very few* squadrons are under strength in airplanes, pilots and men. The Air Force wants to build these squadrons up to full peacetime operational strength. Their goal is 70 squadrons with sufficient personnel to man and service them.

As this is written, our Navy maintains 277 combat ships and 488 supporting ships of all types on active duty, but with crews reduced well below wartime strength, and with carriers not fully equipped with aircraft and pilots. The



"I know I proposed—but isn't this carrying it a bit too far?"

COLLIER'S JARO FABRY

PATENTED FILTER
WHIRLCLEANS
WHIRLCOOLS
Your Smoke

MEDICO
FILTERED
SMOKING

Frank Medico pipes have the replaceable filter that
- absorbs juices
- *collects flakes and slugs*
- *reduces tongue bite*

Not a hollow tube!
Only this patented filter has the 66 baffles that whirl smoke cleaner and cooler into your mouth. Replace when discolored.

Frank Medico V.F.Q. *(Very Fine Quality)* Bowls of rich-grained beauty. Wide variety of shapes. With 10 filters. . . . $2

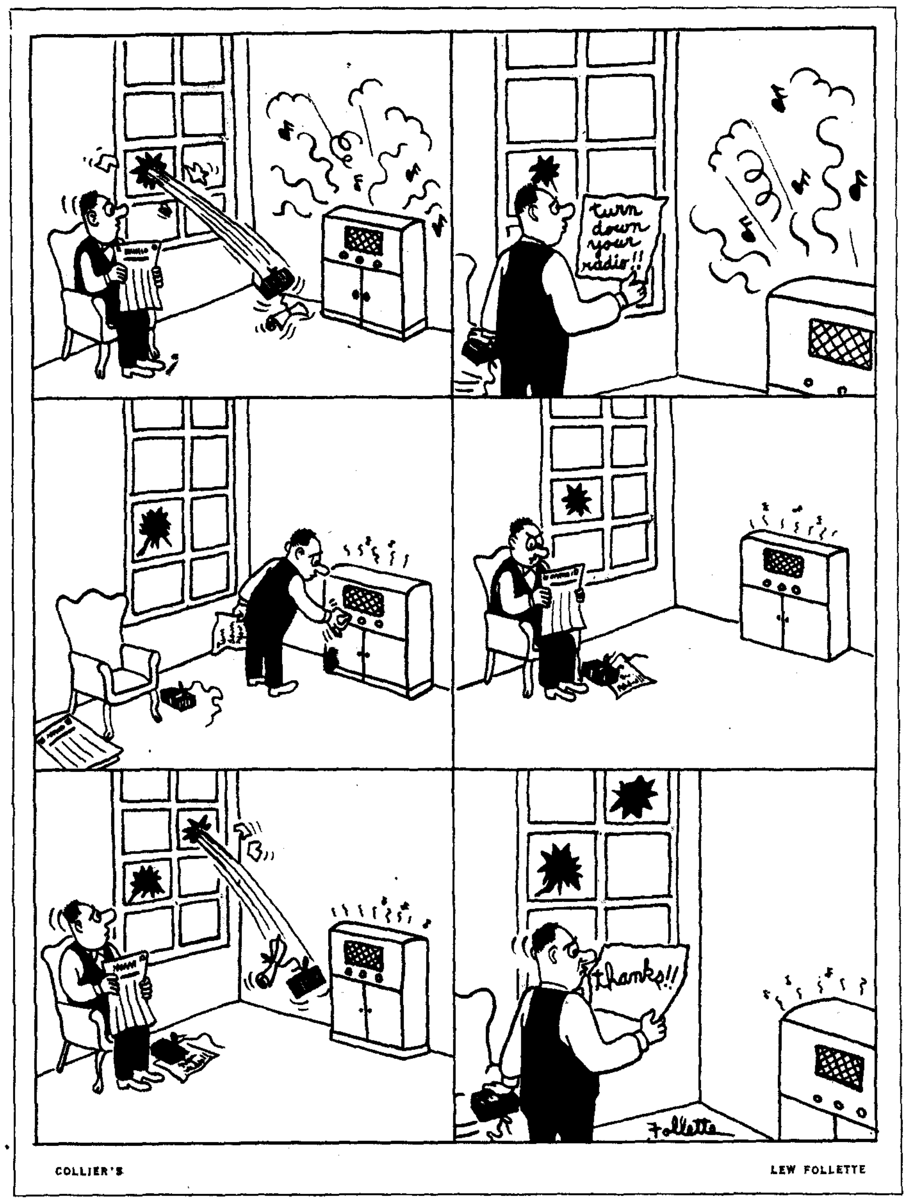
Frank Medico Standard Quality, still . . $1

S. M. FRANK & CO., INC., NEW YORK 22

For a vacation that is really different come to la Province de Québec—unspoiled land of beautiful mountains, lakes, rivers, valleys, picturesque towns and villages. Here you will be welcomed with truly French-Canadian charm and hospitality in comfortable inns and hotels.

LA PROVINCE DE
Québec

For help planning your vacation, or for information covering the unsurpassed industrial opportunities in our province, write the Provincial Publicity Bureau, Parliament Buildings, Québec City, Canada.


turn down your radio!!
Thanks!!
Follette

COLLIER'S LEW FOLLETTE

number of combat ships on active duty is less than one third of the 663 major fighting vessels on the Navy list—the rest are in reserve, and could be put on active duty in from three to nine months.

To build up to strength considered necessary for peacetime security, the Navy proposes to add 63,000 naval personnel, plus 11,000 Marines, together with additional equipment, chiefly in aircraft. This would give us 92,000 Marines, all told.

Before Appropriations Are Asked

For the first time in history, these various requests have been passed through the hands of our military leaders sitting in joint session before being dumped in the lap of Congress and passed along to the pocketbooks of the people.

But who will enforce the peace of the world today beyond our own defense sphere?

We want world peace. We want order, all over the world. We want the kind of tranquillity that will permit us to trade, to go about our normal commerce 12 months a year. We want to travel and go sight-seeing. We want to exchange students. We want to share with the rest of the world the benefits of civilization as it can be lived in the 20th century.

In the old days, we might have tried to do it by setting up a peacetime empire of force—the kind of empire the British set up beginning in the days of Elizabeth. But that, today, would be sticking out the American chin, inviting a greedy and envious world to take swipes at us and try to knock our empire apart as the British Empire is being knocked apart before our eyes.

Today it would cost us more than it is worth to be strong enough to police the world, alone. Much as we want a well-policed and orderly world, it is probably beyond our strength to force world peace by ourselves, anyway. World law and order is something that must be undertaken, if it is to succeed, by the peace-loving states of the world, acting together. If not through the United Nations, then perhaps by a working alliance of those who believe in order. Perhaps there is hope for world peace and security in a structure built on the foundations of the present European Recovery Plan, with the peace-desiring nations of South America and the Middle East joining in.

But those who want peace must be strong enough to fight for it, and to help one another. If America is to help others, they must be ready to help us, too.

Perhaps, if we are strong enough to stand alone—and at the same time confess that we are not strong enough to police the entire world—we can promote the share-and-share-alike kind of security that will guard all of the peace-loving people against the aggression of the agitating groups.

But our first job is to take care of ourselves. In demobilizing as we did at the end of the last war, we weakened ourselves beyond the safety point. Today, awake to the danger of another war, America is building up strength for peace.

We don't want an empire. We don't need one. We don't want—or need—to live with our nation fully mobilized. But if we are attacked, we must have enough three-dimensional combat strength ready to strike outward, and strike fast—to build up a "temporary" empire that will keep the Russians, or anyone else, from our vital points.

America needs a 1948 model land, sea and air force to meet the problems of a 1948 world.

Another article on our national defense will appear in an early issue.

Rust-clogged radiators overheat!

Clean out rust with

DU PONT Cooling System CLEANSER

Drain out your anti-freeze, and clean out winter's accumulation of scum, scale, and rust. Neglect now may mean trouble and costly repairs later. Just pour a can of DU PONT COOLING SYSTEM CLEANSER into your radiator, run the engine 30 minutes or more, and drain. It dissolves rust—cleans thoroughly—improves engine performance. It's safe, sure, and easy to use.

Then keep out rust with

DU PONT Acid and Rust INHIBITOR

After cleaning out the radiator, you can keep it free from rust all season by pouring in a can of DU PONT ACID AND RUST INHIBITOR. It prevents rust forming, and keeps out acid, too.

Avoid radiator leaks with

DU PONT Cooling System SEALER

You can stop leaks quickly and securely—and make the cooling system LEAK-PROOF—by pouring in DU PONT COOLING SYSTEM SEALER. It will not clog the radiator.

DU PONT
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING
. . . THROUGH CHEMISTRY

"Just time for a Goebel Bantam"

GOEBEL
GOEBEL BEER
GOEBEL

Letting the dog out? Then you've just time to enjoy that flavorful Goebel Beer in the original Bantam bottle.

It's just the right size . . . 7 ounces, one *good* glassful! It's just the right taste . . . because it's *right* from the Cypress casks of Goebel. It's the beer that's *"nationally famous for good taste!"*

Also available in 12-ounce bottles and cans.

Goebel Brewing Company, Detroit 7, Michigan.

World's largest selling beer in small bottles

GOEBEL BEER

in the original Bantam bottle

THE WEEK'S MAIL

Continued from page 4

Most of us get along quite well, you see, on less income than those enjoyed by the sample families in the article. I make slightly more than the $50 weekly which is taken as the subsistence requirement for a family of four on public relief. I am buying a substantial 3-bedroom house. My two boys get plenty of wholesome food.

Not that any of that is easy, you understand. There is no grinding, petty economy practiced by any of Mr. Velie's subjects which I don't know all about. My clothes are mostly prewar. My wife wears some of her friends' hand-me-downs. I use shoestrings until they are too short to tie. I stretch out haircuts by trimming betweentimes. I do all my own car repair work.

I have the greatest admiration for Mail Carrier Mantsch raising eight children in these times, but the rest of Mr. Velie's Horrible Examples are obviously either poor managers or are spending too much for some vice or luxury.

NAME WITHHELD BY REQUEST,
Newark, N. J.

LETTERS, INC.

DEAR SIR: In answer to Mr. Braun, Dallas, Texas (The Week's Mail, Apr. 3d), we have been and are doing the thing he suggests. Any persons interested in writing to someone in a foreign country can contact members of the federation, and they will be most happy to secure a foreign contact for them, or I will gladly send them names, if they state which country they prefer. These names are authenticated by our ambassadors, then scrutinized and approved by our extension secretary in Washington, D. C. Every state in the Union is engaged in this project and we feel that a great chain of friendship and understanding between the women of the world is being forged. MRS. EDWARD H. OLSON,
State Secretary, Foreign and
Territorial Clubs, Pendleton, Ore.

ANIMAL LOVER

DEAR SIRS: I don't think readers Barnard, Haefer, Weidman *or* Phillipson (The Week's Mail, Apr. 3d) show much horse sense or anything else arguing about which animal has the most sense. Don't they know that all they have to do is look it up in The World Book? There they will find that the chimpanzee is the most intelligent, the cat is listed 5th, the dog 6th, and the horse 10th. I am in 1st grade at Harmon Avenue School and we have just finished studying about animals.

RICKY FANNING, Age VI, Dayton, Ohio

FAITH IN FAITH

DEAR SIRS: Faith Prior's The April Road (Apr. 3d) has renewed my faith in modern writers. How refreshing to come upon the works of a genuine, down-to-earth realist! To write of such commonplace happenings in such a fascinating manner —that's talent! Let's have more Faith!

MRS. DONALD ROEMER, Macon, Missouri

FOR MEN ONLY

DEAR SIR: In your article Detour to a Paradise Lost (Apr. 3d) your reference to Hobart as a college for women shocks us. As far as I know, we have no long hair with curls. Please, we are known as men.

Your reference undoubtedly refers to William Smith College, our sister across the road, which was founded by William Smith. Hobart was founded by Bishop John Hobart in 1822. Thanks anyway for the informative article.

ROBERT N. TUTHILL '50, ROBERT H.
LADD '51, GRANT GIBBONS '50,
PAUL ANDERSON '50

. . . In the map for Detour to a Paradise Lost you picture Amelia Bloomer wearing "bloomers" in 1899: maybe she was —but not in the Finger Lakes region—as she slipped this mortal coil in 1894 A.D.

But she did wear them there in 1849, when my mother was eight and wore eight-rowed pantalettes in a near-by region.

Also the statement that when you see one of these lakes you see them whole: I have yet to find a place on Lake Seneca or Lake Cayuga where you can see the entire length of either—sixty miles is one long look in any man's country.

WILLIAM NEWTON NICHOLS,
Madison, Wis.

That was Mrs. Bloomer's ghost you saw on the map; and in the lines "the lakes are not large but when you see them, you see them whole as a jewel is seen when you snap open the lid of the box," Mr. Lagemann was indulging in a purple passage.

. . . All of us at the Department of Commerce here in Albany were extremely pleased with Detour to a Paradise Lost . . . thought it an imaginative and nostalgic treatment . . . excellent in every detail . . .

ALLEYN H. BEAMISH, Albany, N. Y.

LACK OF RESERVE

DEAR SIR: Does The Army Want The Reserves? (Apr. 10th) fanned into flame my smoldering bitterness against the Army for its lack of interest in its former officers and men. While the Navy reservists buzz my home in TBFs, F4Us, and F6Fs, I crane my neck skyward and swallow hard.

The crowning insult came a few months ago when I applied for flying duty in a reserve unit in Philadelphia. After completing various forms, following instructions, typing copies of my orders and paying $5 for a physical examination, I was informed that I was then eligible to be placed at the end of a waiting list of some 200 other pilots. When I protested, I received an understanding shrug of the shoulder symbolizing T.S. Roger out.

EX-LT. SAMUEL R. FOSTER,
Philadelphia, Pa.

. . . Had it not been for the reserve officers and men where would our country have been in this last war? Certainly we can train our boys in three summers and build an effective reserve.

JOHN P. BORT, New York, N. Y.

. . . The planes assigned to my Naval Reserve squadron were turned over to us after having been worn out by the regulars. They are just plain not safe.

SUPER GRADE LIEUTENANT

SCOTCH EDITION

DEAR SIRS: I should like to say how much I enjoy reading Collier's Magazine. My husband's sister in Orange, N.J., sends us copies. When my husband and I finish, my father and brother read it and it is sent to my other brother in another district. His wife has relatives and friends in the Orkney Isles, who then get it.

NAN D. HEWITT, Lanarkshire, Scotland

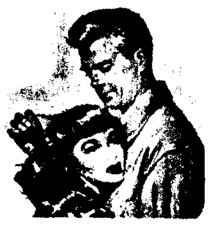
VAN JOHNSON CASEY

DEAR SIR: Does Van Johnson have a double, or does Artist Wolsky use him for a model? Casey (See Nord Riley's The Half-Shot Hereford, Apr. 10th) is a dead ringer.

S. A. BEYMER, Seattle, Wash.

Van and June
Allyson

Casey and
Susan



Used on more new cars -sold by more dealers!

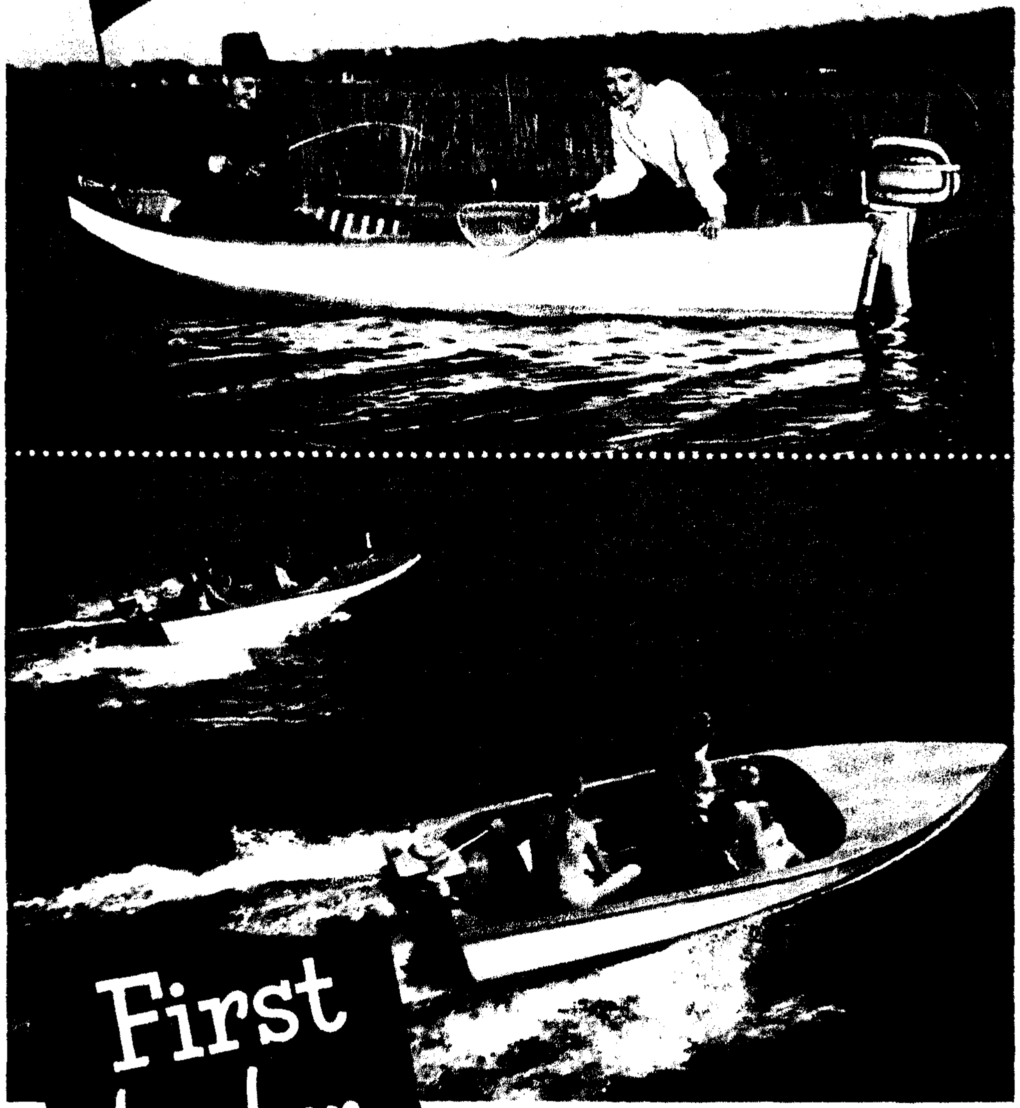
replace with a
DELCO
BATTERY

DELCO-REMY
DELCO
ANDERSON, IND.
Delco

QUESTION: "What's different about a 'fishing' motor?"

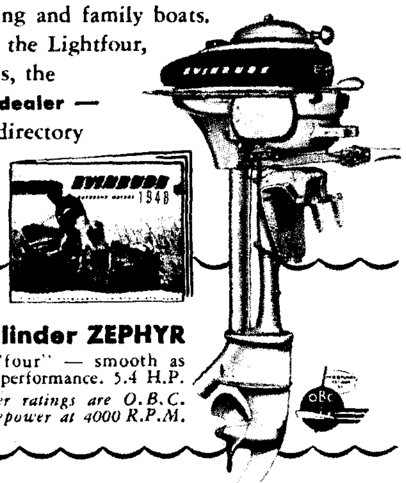
ANSWER: "Plenty!" Ask fishermen who know their outboards! Compare Evinrude's light models against the field. Check "fishing feature" after feature that Evinrude owners enjoy. Think what the Fisherman Drive *alone* is worth *. . . there's nothing like it!* Gives you real "freedom of the waters" — *the best fishing waters!* You can drive confidently through thick reeds and weed beds to where the big ones lurk . . . you can bang unworried over stretches foul with snags, rocks, stumps . . . you can go *wherever there's water to float your boat!* Study the host of sparkling features in the new Sportwin — you'll find even the fuel gauge you've always wanted on *your outboard motor!*

First for fishing



First for fun

Years ago, Evinrude perfected *a new kind* of outboard motor, surpassingly smooth and responsive — a thrill to ride with, a joy to own! Today you can enjoy matchless *four-cylinder* performance in three great Evinrudes covering a wide range of power. In the famed Zephyr, it's yours in the popular 5-horsepower class — pedigreed *four-cylinder* performance for average fishing and family boats. For powering light runabouts and fast fishing craft, the Lightfour, 9.7 horsepower.* And for largest, fastest hulls, the Speeditwin and great Speedifour. **See your Evinrude dealer** — look for his name in your classified phone directory under "Outboard Motors." CATALOG FREE — Address, EVINRUDE MOTORS, 5734 N. 27th Street, Milwaukee 9, Wisconsin. IN CANADA: *Evinrude Motors, Peterboro, Ontario.*

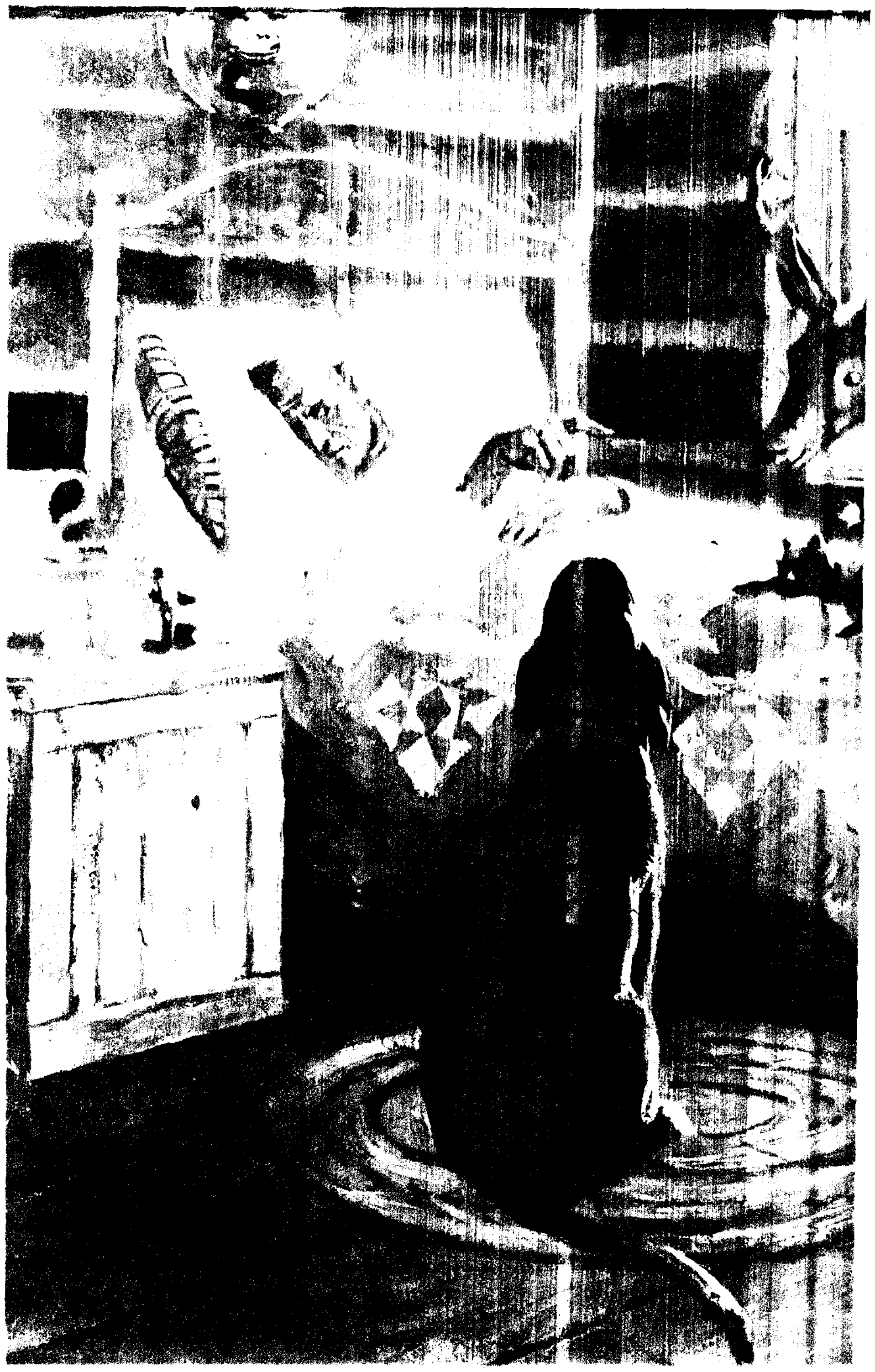


Four cylinder ZEPHYR

America's favorite "four" — smooth as silk — packed with performance. 5.4 H.P.

**All Evinrude power ratings are O.B.C. certified brake horsepower at 4000 R.P.M.*

First in outboards 39th year.. EVINRUDE



Both Gid and Zebedee would have liked to die with their boots on— but there was only one pair of boots

THE BUGLER AND GIDEON LEE

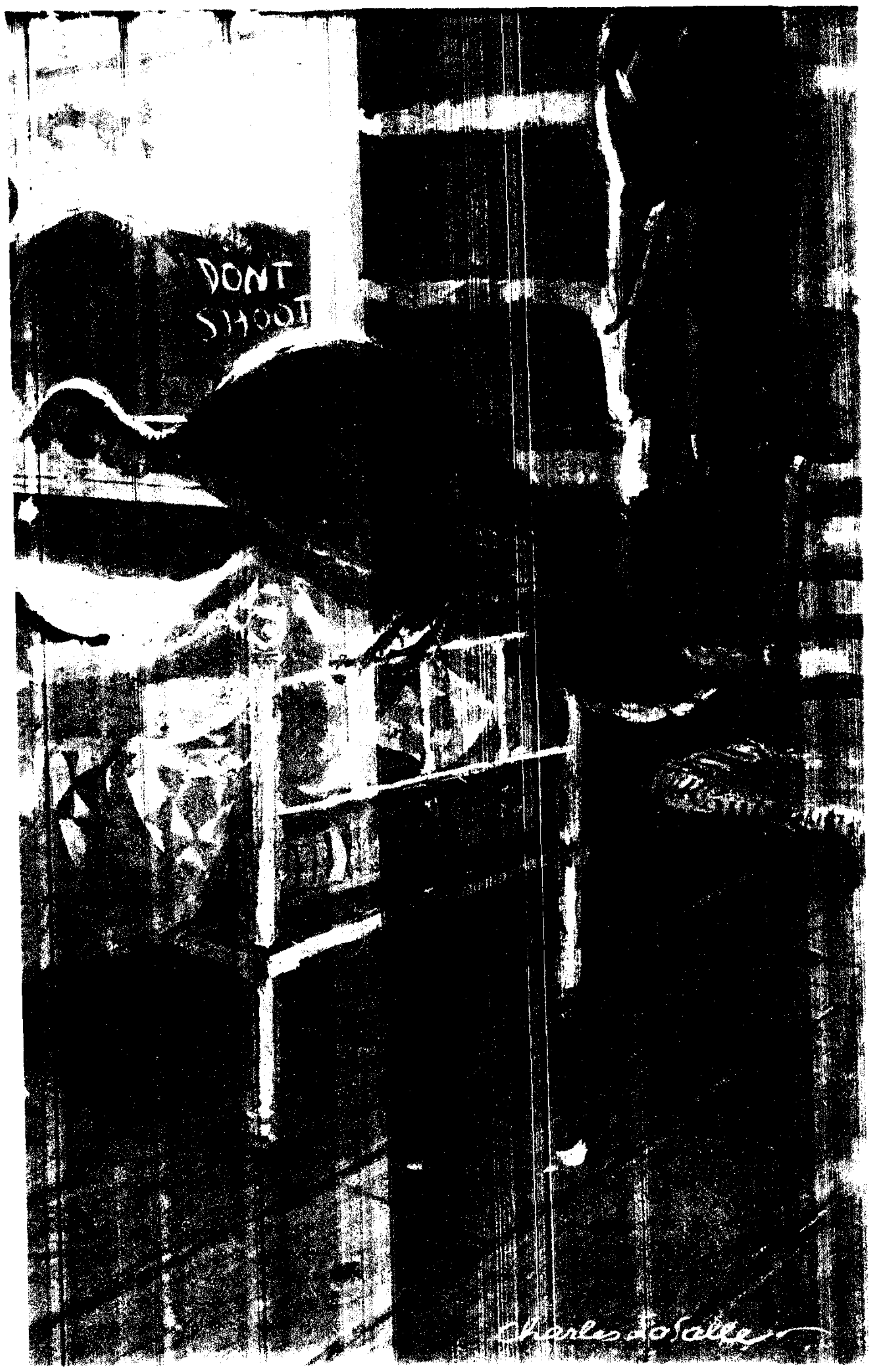
BY NEILL C. WILSON

FOR the first time in his married life except when two Klikitat arrows took him in the buttocks while he was milking, Gideon Lee was being put to bed and kept there. Chills and fever shook him like two bears in a bee tree. It was the punishment of heaven, lashed Marilla, for sneaking off goose shooting when he should have stayed home to pick apples. Forcefully she tucked him under four quilts, and set pots and kettles going all over the stove.

At whiff of those brews, Gid tried to sit up and holler. Bells in his head and that swallered-whole anvil in his stomach smacked him back. So he let Marilla have her way, and that way was practically to boil up the whole almanac and spoon it to him page by page. Sassafras tea for colic. Goose grease for cough. Mustard seed and chimney soot for heartburn. Milk toast and barley water for general discipline.

Marilla also sprinkled asafetida in his underwear for grippe, and likewise she took no chances with muslin fever. She held under his nose the fumes of boiling vinegar, pine buds and wild cherry bark, with a little whisky added. When this failed to chirk her husband up, alarm came into her voice. She announced that she was going for Dr. Allen, though that sawbones would probably ask half an ounce of gold for making the ride around Buffalo Hump and Stormwhoop Mountain, and anyway he was nothing but a lot of big words.

But there was no help for it. She put Gid's dosages on a box by the bed, pushed a warm stove lid under the quilts, snapped at him sternly in case he took this for a sign of affection, stuck a comb in her bun and a bonnet



Bootjack, the fighting tom turkey, sprang upon the bed, but Gid didn't belt him off, he just blinked and murmured, "Go away"

forward, went out and saddled up. She gritted back in her hickory-hard voice that if he dassed to remove that croup rag from around his throat, he would have her to answer to.

Gid watched through the window s she rode away—a work-lean noonsense figure in a dollar's worth of alico. Yet in the days of their sweetearting, she'd been pretty as a brandew bucksaw in a hardware window. n their three decades together, it was e who'd been the contrarious knot hat tried her temper. Many and many time he'd gone trouting or cooning vhen there were potatoes to be dug. le felt suddenly repentant.

AT THIS discovery about himself, Gid sat forward in genuine conern, and got a good look at his ironvhiskered visage in the mirror. He'd ad no idea that a misery here and here could knock a man so peaked. nd his teeth were worn close to rimock and there was a bald spot as big s a bobcat's behind right on top of is head. But, trunk and branch, he vas a long way from being done for, ven if he was a-perishing at the tips. here was no hurry to start building is coffin like the one that was waiting or Zebedee Applewine.

Gid was thirty years younger than is neighbor Zebedee.

But the catawampus in his skull and the tucker in his bones made him drop back to the pillow. No two ways about it, he felt puny. Punier even than the time in youth when the black she-bear cuffed the seat out of his courting pants. Maybe Marilla had done right in setting out for the doctor at Camas Meadow.

A fly strolled on his bald spot. Gid half raised his hand. He let it fall. The strength was surely running out of him like beans out of a sack.

His hound Lilybelle looked over the doorsill, whined, and padded in. She was going to have a family and wanted fussing over. Gid tried to fumble her silky ears but the misery stabbed again and he gave it up.

Bootjack, the fighting tom turkey, sprang upon the bed and looked Gid over with a red eye set in a menacing blue face. Their way of showing fondness for each other was usually a boisterous one. But Gid didn't belt him off with a sledge-hammer fist. He just blinked back and murmured, "Go away."

Swiveltail, the belled mule deer with, "Don't Shoot!" painted on his dun sides, poked his wet nose in at the window and tried to make Gid see how his neck had thickened, how the velvet had gone from his young horns.

(*Continued on page 82*)

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LA SALLE

Photograph by Charles Kerlee

Copr. 1948, The Manhattan Shirt Co.

The 38 that looks like a 34

Mansco swim trunks are designed to make a man with a 38 waist look like a 34! Skillful tapering and pleating turn the trick. Even if you already have an athlete's torso, *Mansco* trunks will make your shoulders look broader, hips flatter, waist smaller. Comfortable as can be, too—they're at your dealer's now, in a wide choice of exciting patterns, bright colors. Model shown above $3.95. Other *Mansco* swim and play trunks: $2.95 to $5.95.

MANHATTAN PLAYSHIRT
MANSCO SWIMTRUNKS
MANHATTAN SPORTSHIRT
MANSCO WALKSHORTS
MANSCO BASQUE SHIRT
MANSCO PLAYSHORTS

Manhattan SPORTSHIRTS | Mansco PLAY & SWIMTRUNKS

MADE BY THE MANHATTAN SHIRT COMPANY

Better Cocktails with less work!
HUGH BLINE—YOUR BARMAN IN A BOTTLE
HEUBLEIN'S
THE CLUB
MANHATTAN
COCKTAILS
65 proof

Don't do it the hard way. Do it the HEUBLEIN way! Serve *professional* cocktails at home...superb cocktails made of the finest liquors by *cocktail specialists.* Just ice and serve.

Eight kinds at your local liquor store.

HEUBLEIN'S *Club* COCKTAILS

G. F. Heublein & Bro., Inc., Hartford, Conn.

THE STORM

Continued from page 14

shook her head slightly in alarm. But Storrs appeared not to notice.

"These American fellows are all the same," he said, as though explaining the national character to the two women. "They live for the moment. Oh—" He looked at Matthews and chuckled. "We had no love for you, of course. There *we* were, in Africa or India or Italy, and here you were, back home with our women. But that's all in the past now." He glanced at Laura. "Isn't it?"

"Yes, it is," she said lifelessly. "Past and done with."

There was an awkward silence. Outside they could hear the moaning of the wind in the apple tree. The garden gate creaked faintly again.

"Are you here on business?" Storrs asked.

"Not exactly," Matthews replied, looking down at his clasped hands. "I—you see—well, it's a little hard to explain—" He saw the two women looking at him with sudden alarm, so he went on at once: "I wasn't too happy when I got back. There wasn't any real peace. No one seemed to want to do anything much —just walk around and talk about the next war. Nobody wanted to help anybody else. And I couldn't get England out of my mind. England seemed more down-to-earth, somehow."

Elizabeth laughed mirthlessly.

"Don't," Laura reproved, glancing worriedly at her husband. "Let him go on."

AS MATTHEWS went on, Laura gazed at him fixedly, her expression a curious mixture of puzzlement, fear and pity. Once she closed her eyes, as though better to listen to the tone of his voice, and then her expression altered; the sadness and the resignation disappeared. But when she opened them again she found her husband looking at her quizzically. Reaching out, she clasped his hand and smiled. Matthews observed this little interchange and was silent. Outside, the wind fretted at the house.

"I feel this way—" Storrs began. But he was interrupted by the sudden faint wail of a child somewhere above them in the house.

Matthews' face paled a little.

Laura set down her glass unsteadily.

"I'll see about him," Storrs said.

"All right."

When he was gone the two women looked at Matthews, who seemed stricken.

"What's the matter?" asked the older sister scornfully. "Are you afraid?"

"Beth, please," Laura begged.

"It's a boy?" Matthews asked.

Laura nodded.

"Is he—is he all right?"

"He is now," answered Laura. "For a long while it was touch and go. We weren't able to give him the proper things to eat. They aren't to be had in England."

"May I see him?" Matthews asked, speaking with great difficulty.

"Dear God!" exclaimed Elizabeth, rising and going to the window. "After three years he wants to know if he may see him! Why? In the name of the dear Lord, why?"

"Beth, stop it!" Laura cried. "Can't you see? It isn't easy for him!"

"Was it easy for you?"

"Then *I* should be the one to say!" Laura turned her head slightly: "Now do sit down. Here comes Storrs."

Angrily Elizabeth returned to the couch. Storrs entered the room carrying the child in his arms; an attractive, though rather pale and undernourished boy with dark hair, wide eyes and a solemn expression.

"This is Mr. Matthews, Donnie," said Storrs. "Say, 'How d'you do?' "

The child only blinked his eyes. At the other side of the room the two sisters exchanged glances. As Matthews rose to his feet and took the child's small fingers in his hand, the boy turned and saw Laura. "Mummie," he said. Freeing himself from Matthews' grasp, and struggling to get away from Storrs, he held out his arms.

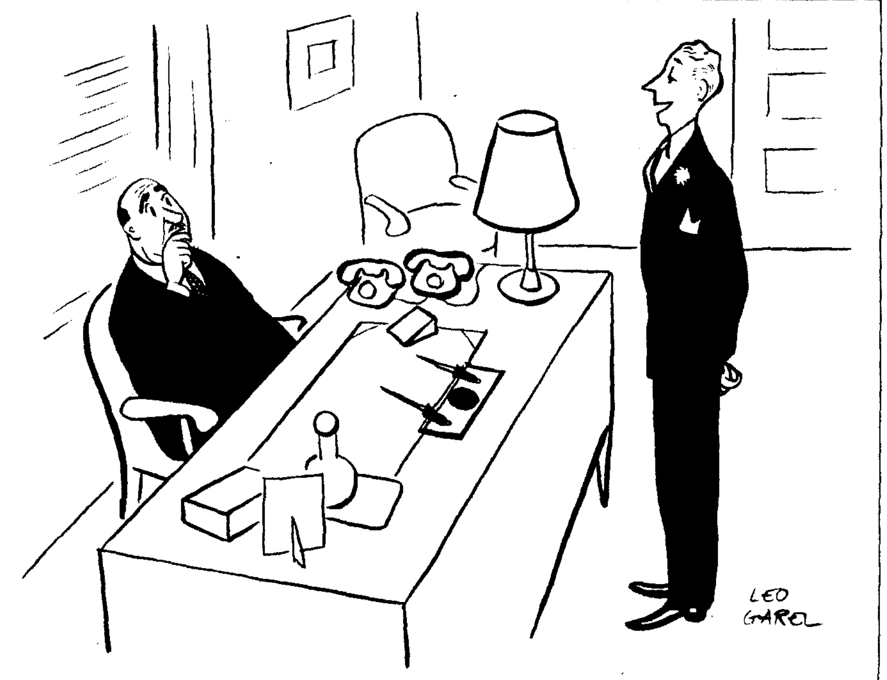
She rose to her feet and took him from her husband. "Come on, Don-o," she said, in a voice roughened with sudden tears, "I think we'll go back to bed now. Don't you think so?"

Holding the child closely, she turned for a moment to look at Matthews. The veins bulged on Matthews' temples; he swayed forward, his fists tight.

"Here now," said Storrs, frowning a little. "What's all this?"

Turning with a sob, Laura fled from the room.

In the silence that followed, Storrs looked first at Matthews and then at Elizabeth. The only sound was the moan of the wind.



"I realize you gave me a raise just last week, Mr. Watson, but now I find I need more money to meet the higher standards the increase permitted me"

COLLIER'S LEO GAREL

RUMPP
Style Stitched
WITH NYLON
A

Remember Dad
FATHER'S DAY, JUNE 20

A•LETTER CASE—Rich, warm leather. Wonderfully thin, lightweight. About $7.50*.

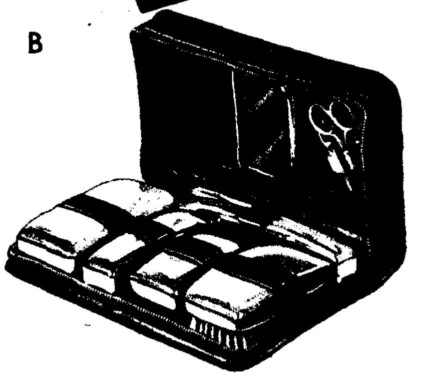
B•TOILET CASE—Handsome, compact. Completely fitted. About $21.00*.

C. F. Rumpp & Sons
Phila. 6, Pa.

*Plus Federal Tax

98 Years of Leadership

RUMPP "The Sterling of Leatherware"



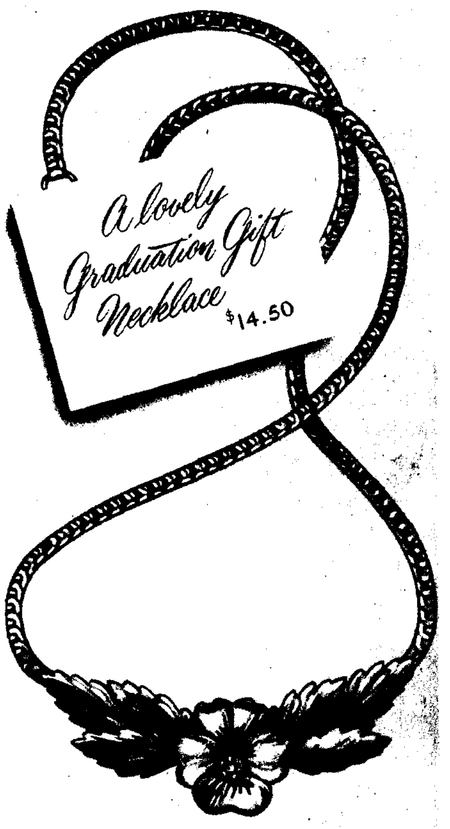
"MY call is for air-o-magics"

I'm a "junior executive"... and AIR-O-MAGIC is my shoe. **88** comfort-construction features—including patented, hand-moulded innersoles that cannot crack or curl. No breaking-in needed. Get AIR-O-MAGICs and get more than your money's worth!

MODERATELY PRICED

STYLE NO 554
air-o-magic shoes
WITH PATENTED HAND MOULDED INNERSOLES

FREE BOOKLET
What to wear with what!
Hints for smart, correct dress
for every occasion. Write today!
MARION SHOE DIVISION, Daly Bros. Shoe Co., Inc., Dept. 18 Marion, Ind.


A lovely Graduation Gift Necklace
$14.50

by CeeTee
Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

Look for the trade-mark of Cheever, Tweedy & Co., Inc. of No. Attleboro, Mass. - craftsmen in gold filled jewelry since 1880. In leading jewelry stores.

MOST COMPACT AUTOMATIC LIGHTER IN THE WORLD

Colby
with the "Miracle Touch"

- Fully Automatic Double-action!
- Press! . . . door swings up, ignites flame . . . Release, door snaps shut, extinguishes flame!

New improved Models have:

- Greater Fluid Capacity
- Speedier Sparking
- Lifetime wick
- Simplified Filling
- Fits vest pocket or lady's purse

Smart Models in 14Kt. Gold, Sterling, Monel-Metal or Nickel Plated . . . From $5.50 at better shops.

COLBY Lighter Corp 11 Hartford Avenue Mount Vernon N Y

"I see," he said at last.

With slow deliberation he collected the glasses and took them to the kitchen. When he returned, Matthews was still motionless in the center of the room. When Storrs looked at him, Matthews fell back onto the couch and buried his head in his hands. Without another word, Storrs went out.

Moving about the room, Elizabeth extinguished the lamps one by one. When all except the table lamp over the piano had been turned out and the room was in partial darkness, she stood still and looked down at Matthews reflectively. In the gloom and the quiet the wind was more distinct; the faint, recurrent creak of the garden gate was clearly audible.

"What are you going to do?" she asked.

"I'm going," he said dully.

He got to his feet and made his way unsteadily to the hall. Elizabeth handed him his scarf and flight jacket without a word and then followed him in silence to the front door. For several minutes after he had gone she stood there, motionless.

WHEN she returned to the living room, however, she saw, on the table near the piano, the package that Matthews had carried with him. Seizing it up, she listened. In the noise made by the wind it was impossible to tell whether or not he had gone, so she went swiftly back into the hall and, taking up her coat, ran out through the front door to the garden gate.

She could not see Matthews anywhere at first. Then, as her eyes became accustomed to the darkness, she made out a dark figure walking, not toward the village, but toward the deserted house at the top of the hill.

She caught up with him. "You left this behind."

He started at the touch of her hand on his shoulder. Seeing who it was, and what she carried, he turned and continued along the way he had been going, his eyes fixed on the low outline of the house ahead.

She kept pace with him. "Where are you going?" she demanded.

"Do you care?"

She was silent.

In the sky low down to the east was a faint luminosity, a clouded moonglow.

"Were you in love with Laura?" Elizabeth asked a moment later.

"Yes."

"Then why in God's name didn't you answer her letters?"

"I didn't know I loved her! Not then! Not in the war!"

"You were a coward. A weakling."

"I came back. Didn't that take courage?"

"Courage!" she exclaimed bitterly. "Did you write first? No—because if you'd written her you might have found out that it was too late. You couldn't have faced that—it would have shown you up for what you were. You just came back, hoping to take up where you'd left off, hoping to be forgiven, thinking that if you were right here and Laura could see you she'd forget everything you'd done and fall in love with you again. Isn't that it?"

His fists clenching and unclenching, he pushed on in silence. Elizabeth began to fall back.

The wind whined through the shell of the old farmhouse as they approached it, and a loose board swung somewhere.

"This is where we always came," he said.

Elizabeth stood still on the road to watch him. As Matthews approached the house, his footsteps faltered. He slowed, then stopped altogether. Motionless on the windy road, he stared at the black gaping hole of the doorway. He seemed to shudder. He took a step forward, then stopped again, staring, transfixed. His tension communicated itself to Elizabeth. She came up to him.

"What's the matter?" she demanded.

"I don't know—"

They waited in silence; Matthews still trembled. He took another step.

"There's somebody in there," he breathed.

The wind screamed in the branches over their heads. Matthews' body seemed to strain forward.

"I'm in there," he said harshly. "It's *me! I'm* in there!"

"Stop it!"

So sharply were the words spoken that Matthews was shaken from his hysteria as if by a blow. He turned. He stumbled back down the road. She followed him at a little distance, and when they reached the garden gate again, and he groped clumsily for his bicycle, she put her hand on his arm.

"Come back in, Matthews," she said.

Within the amber-lighted, old-fashioned living room, Matthews sank into a chair and put his head in his hands. Elizabeth set down the parcel she had carried for him and brought a half tumbler of whisky. While he was drinking it she closed the door and sat down at the piano.

Except for the unceasing rush of the wind and the occasional creak of the garden gate, the house was very silent; there were no footfalls upstairs. Somewhere a clock ticked. Matthews put the empty glass to one side and, closing his eyes, leaned back wearily against the worn plush of the chair.

"Just a minute," he said in a low voice. "I'm going . . ."

Elizabeth looked at him compassionately. She turned to the piano and played a few measures tentatively. Then, opening a sheet of music on the rack, she began, in a low, warm, lovely, trained contralto, to sing:

"Still ist die Nacht, es ruhen die Gassen,
In diesem Hause wohnte mein
Schatz . . ."

Elizabeth sang the melancholy tune so softly that the creak of the garden gate remained audible. When she had finished, she was still for several moments. Then she glanced at Matthews.

"Heine wrote the words," she said quietly. "I'll read you what they mean." With her finger she traced the lines:

"Still is the night . . . Peace has descended
upon the street.
In this house lived my beloved . . .
She has long since departed from the
town

"Yet there stands the house, in the same
place . . .

"There stands also a man, staring into
the heavens,
Wringing his hands, heavyhearted
I shudder when I see his face—
The moon reveals to me—myself!

"You double! You ghastly vision! Why
do you ape my heartbreak?
That overwhelmed me on this spot, so
many nights in long ago?"

THE room was silent. Elizabeth folded her hands and looked gravely at Matthews.

"You were strong enough for war, Matthews," she said. "Because war was lawless. But this is peace. And peace is a dirty bare time—it's long years and hard work and courage."

He did not respond. She went on:

"When you went away and never wrote, Laura cried for days and days. She called out your name in her sleep. When she realized that you weren't going to answer her letters at all, she became ill. She almost died. The child was born and for a long time the child was ill, too. It was his need that saved Laura: It pulled her out of herself. She knew she'd have to face things herself; there was no one who could help her. Then when Storrs came

Columbia
SUN GLASSES

YOUR EYES are guarded against harmful rays by Columbia's scientific lenses.

YOUR LOOKS are flattered by Columbia's smart new styling.

YOUR MONEY buys more at Columbia's low prices.

Featured everywhere in the "Sea Shell" Display

FOR SAFETY CHOOSE COLUMBIA

Genuine Crookes Lenses
Scientific Cerulite Lenses
Scientific Korek Lenses
Super-Surfaced Meniscus Excelenz
Ground and Polished Excelenz

COLUMBIA PROTEKTOSITE CO., INC., Carlstadt, N. J.

One of America's Leading Manufacturers of Sun Glasses, Combs, Toys, and Housewares

back and offered to marry her, she turned him down. She thought he was only doing it out of pity.

"But Storrs wasn't," she continued quietly. "He took her and your baby both, and though he knew that Laura still loved you, in spite of all that you had or hadn't done, he thought she might forget it little by little, and even that she might learn to love him. He's a decent, kindly man. He lives for her, and for the child. He's good-natured, he's a little commonplace. He's slower than you are, and not so outspoken and clever, and not so quick in a fight. There's just one difference. He's a man—a mature, adult, responsible man."

Matthews got to his feet. His hair was awry, his eyes troubled.

"I—"

"Goodby, Matthews," she said.

"I—"

"Goodby, Matthews."

He looked at her in silence.

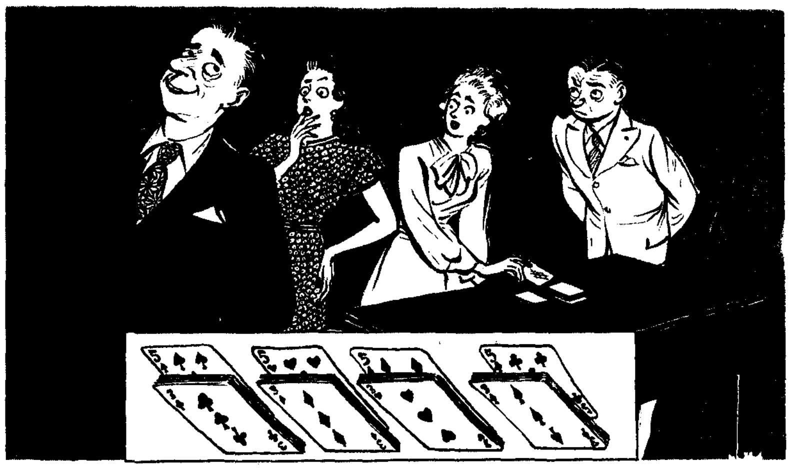
Turning, he went out of the room quickly. The front door closed behind him; the garden gate creaked again under his hand.

When Elizabeth looked up a few moments later, her eyes fell on the package that Matthews had again left behind him. Without hesitation this time she seized it and tore off the wrappings. She drew out a toy stuffed bear.

Her shoulders sagged. She bent her head and she began to cry quietly.

Upstairs there was the faint sound of a door opening. She straightened up. As footsteps began to descend the stairs, she moved swiftly to the dying fire and, without hesitation, tossed the bear in its wrappings onto the embers. A sudden blaze of new flames illuminated the room. Then, as the footsteps reached the hallway, Elizabeth turned her back to the fire and, the tears wiped from her eyes, waited for her sister to open the door.

THE END



CARL ROSE

There's A Trick To It

BY JOHN MULHOLLAND

Teachers, lawyers and others who have long experience in listening to people account for their actions develop a technique by which they can discover when a person is trying to withhold information. With some talkers this means speeding up their words, with others it is some physical mannerism, such as stroking the chin, at the moment of reaching the delicate subject. The magician explains these facts to his audience and announces that he almost invariably can discover when a person wants to withhold information and offers to demonstrate this ability.

He uses a pack of playing cards as the means of choosing a subject. He has the pack dealt on the table in four piles. He then turns his back to the audience and asks that one person take a card from any one of the four piles, to look at the card and to remember which it is, and to put the card on top of any one of the piles. Then, while the magician continues to keep his back toward the audience, the four piles are to be put one on top of another in any order. The spectator, further, is to cut the pack and complete the cut. He may do that again if he wishes. The spectator is reminded that he has selected one card in the deck, but that he does not know where in the deck that card may be found and, of course, the magician could not possibly know. The magician then turns around and says that if the spectator reads off the names of the cards as he goes through the deck one card at a time, he will give away the card he is thinking of by the tone of his voice. The moment the spectator names the card following the correct card, the magician stops him and repeats the name of the chosen card. The magician always is right.

The secret is that before beginning the trick, and quite without the knowledge of the audience, the magician has arranged the cards. He has put the four fives together on top of the pack and the four threes together on the bottom of the pack. When the cards are dealt one at a time into four piles each pile will have a three on top and a five on the bottom. No matter which pile the card is placed upon, or in which order the four piles are picked up or how many times the deck is cut (cutting doesn't mix the cards), the thought-of card will be between a three and a five. The other threes and fives will not be separated.

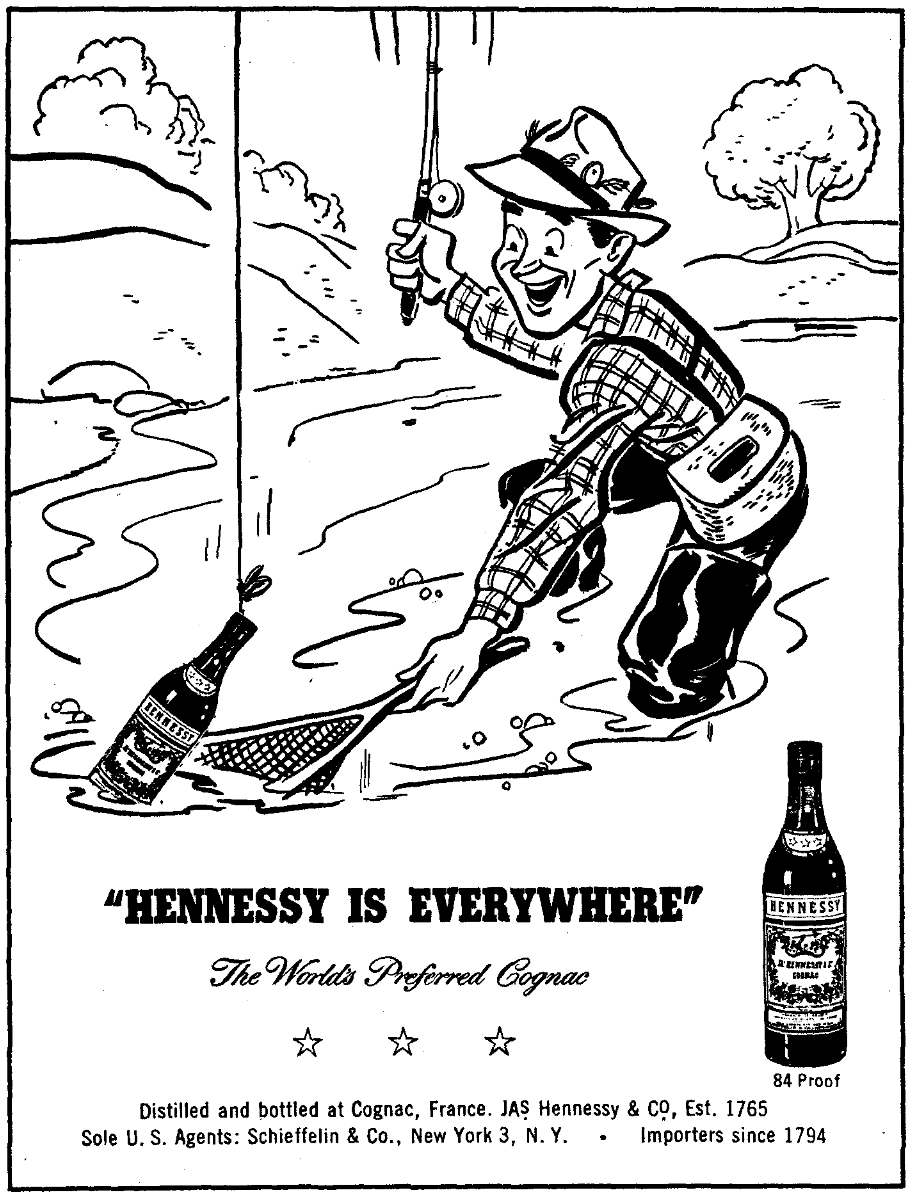
let's have a Pick-up!

When the day is long and hard—when that all-in feeling hits you, then is when you really appreciate America's favorite pick-up—the famous nickel lunch—PLANTERS PEANUTS. Crisp—delicious—roasted and salted as only PLANTERS know how—these big Virginia peanuts are storehouses of energy—vitamins—proteins. Yes, for a real pick-up, say PLANTERS PEANUTS. They are Planterrific! And still 5c!

PLANTERS JUMBO BLOCK—peanut candy at its best—is also only 5c and a wonderful pickup too.

MR. PEANUT Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

good
PLANTERS IS THE WORD FOR PEANUTS



"HENNESSY IS EVERYWHERE"

The World's Preferred Cognac

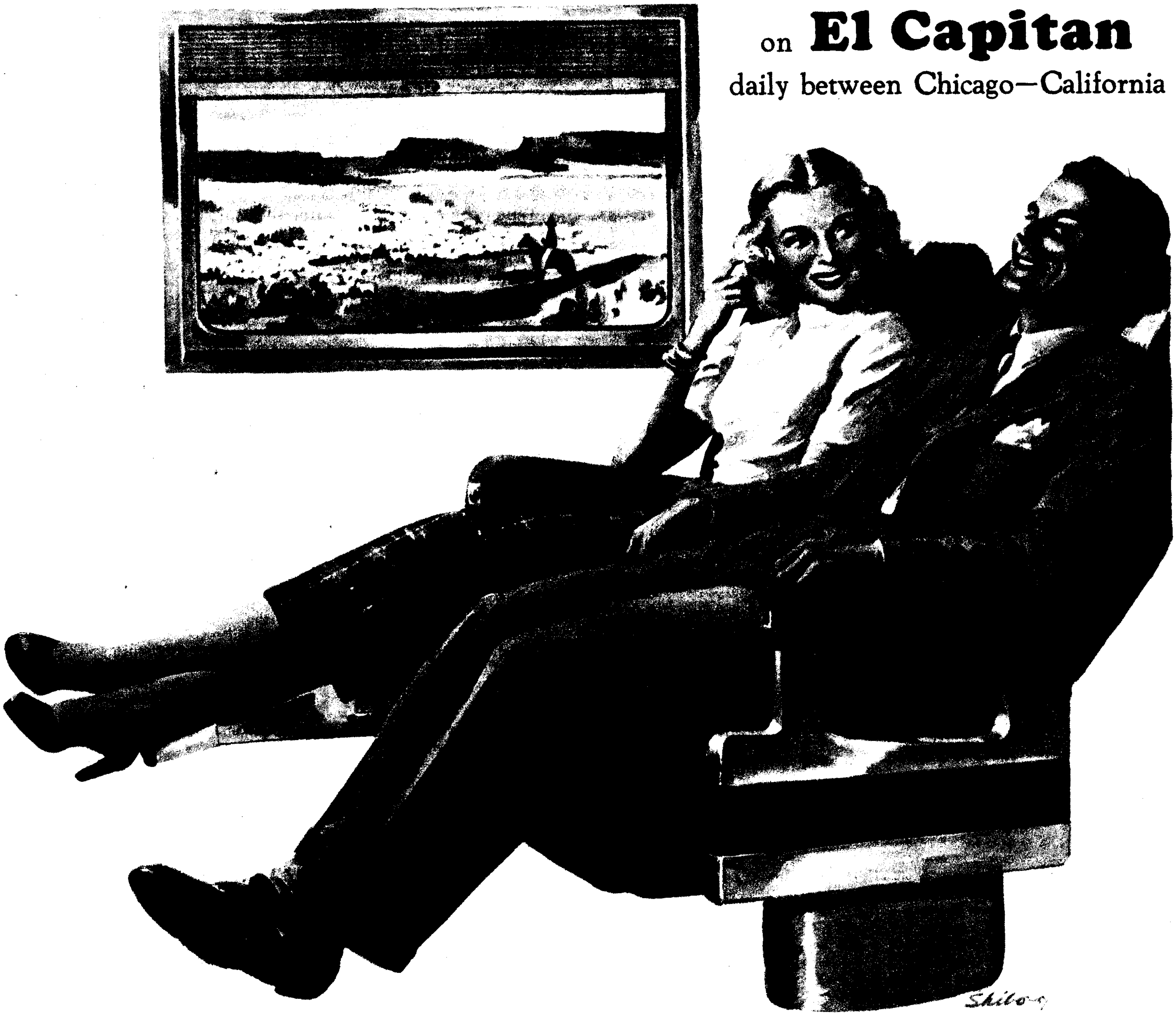
☆ ☆ ☆

84 Proof

Distilled and bottled at Cognac, France. JAS Hennessy & CO, Est. 1765
Sole U. S. Agents: Schieffelin & Co., New York 3, N. Y. • Importers since 1794

Ah-h-h! what comfort..

on **El Capitan**
daily between Chicago—California



"Route of the Chief and Super Chief"

You'll enjoy new travel comforts when you ride *El Capitan*—Santa Fe's all-chair-car (coach fare) transcontinental streamliner.

New reclining chairs, with new-style leg rests, are molded to actual body measurements for greater riding comfort.

Non-fogging windows give you a better view of the colorful Southwest through which *El Capitan* passes . . . a reading light is focused directly on your book or magazine . . . an ash tray is at your finger tips . . . and a uniformed Courier Nurse is ready to aid those requiring her capable and friendly service.

Famous Fred Harvey meals, of course, are served in new lunch counter-diners.

Yes! Now it's more fun than ever to ride on *El Capitan*—the 39¾-hour "economy special" streamliner between Chicago and Los Angeles.

Santa Fe

SANTA FE SYSTEM LINES . . . Serving the West and Southwest
T. B. Gallaher, General Passenger Traffic Manager, Chicago 4

FOR YOUNG ADULTS ONLY

BY MURRAY TEIGH BLOOM

When the USO folded after the war, the young men and women of Madison, Wisconsin, were mighty forlorn. Then somebody got the idea for a Young Adult Club and sold it to the city authorities. Now sociologists from other cities are studying the setup

YACs solved the problem of dance intermissions by getting up their own home-grown entertainment. Dick Hanchette is providing blackface and softshoe

Tobogganing was a big winter activity. Here are (from front to rear) Charlene Brickson, John Collier, Joyce Stephen, Aaron Schuster and Caryl Schweppe

THE way the girls out in Wisconsin tell it, all they wanted when they got The Idea was a place to dance, meet fellows and chew the rag—just the way they had been doing three times a week back in the happy USO days. They knew The Idea was pretty good, but they never expected it to bring down on them the wholehearted approval of sociologists and requests from cities between Maine and California for full details of the wonderful Idea.

Maybe what inspired them was the fact that they were downright envious of the attention being paid to their kid sisters and brothers—the teen-agers. Everyone seemed to have forgotten about the young men and women in the tender twenties, the ones who were adrift between high-school graduation and their younger-married-set days.

When they shut down Madison's USO in January, 1946, and the G.I.s at near-by Truax Field were on their way home, the town's 400 USO hostesses were spiritually in the dumps. They recalled prewar Madison and the pitifully few places where a nice girl could meet a nice guy.

The girls were just short of a good cry when they popped up with The Idea. "What we need," they decided, "is our own peacetime USO."

They rounded up some fellows they thought would be interested. There was Roger Blackmore, for instance. He had been a student at the University of Wisconsin until the war interrupted his studies. After a spell as a bombardier with the 11th Air Force he returned to Madison just in time for the ex-USO hostesses to sell him a bill of goods.

On February 7, 1946, a delegation of 24 young men and women called upon Howard Danforth, who was then Madison's director of recreation under the Board of Education. The delegation came prepared with an itemized list of the meager entertainment and recreation facilities that Madison had before the war.

Director Danforth was willing to go along and see how the delegation could get things organized. They were promised use of the Community Center—formerly the USO building, which the city had purchased for $32,000—for at least one night a week. The city would consider the whole idea a success if the group could get a paid-up membership of 300. They received further encouragement from Philip H. Falk, superintendent of Madison's public schools.

The delegates nominated a temporary executive committee of seven, with Roger Blackmore as acting president. They initiated a contest to provide a name for the new organization.

Nearly 100 young people were present at the next meeting. Bruce Pattou, State Journal reporter assigned to cover the meeting, won the name contest with his simple, sober Young Adult Club and got a year's free membership as his prize. Forty-five paid the required $1.50 for annual membership, and three important decisions were made: (1) Anyone over nineteen could join, (2) dance nights would be on Wednesday to give the town its first midweek dances and (3) there would be no liquor served or allowed in on dance nights.

The first dance was scheduled for March 5th. For membership-drive purposes, it was made free to anyone who joined up for a year; others had to pay a small admission charge. They had a fine band. In spite of the steady downpour that night more than 500 showed up—and 350 joined. The YAC was in Madison to stay.

Within three months the YAC had a thousand members, and the Board of Education, favorably impressed, offered to pay the salary of a full-time adviser who would take care of the heaviest paper and organizing work. They chose Roger Blackmore.

One unexpected development was the fact that nearly 100 men students at Wisconsin University joined the club. As one veteran put it, "On $65 a month you've got to watch your beer and movie money."

As the YAC passed the thousand mark, its treasury was in such a healthy condition that the members were able to vote to buy an $800 air-conditioning unit for the ballroom of the Community Center.

Other YAC activities, a photography club, regular picnics and outings, toboggan and skating parties, scavenger hunts, softball and basketball teams, roller skating and bowling parties and dancing lessons were decidedly popular with the members. But the necessary committee work was being done by only about 10 per cent of the members.

In order to get around this uneven distribution of voluntary labor, the council proposed the solution of work

The party room is the most popular meeting place for all YACs. Soft drinks and sandwiches are always available and those who work near by have lunch here

requirements for full membership. Today a prospective member must put in at least three hours in any one committee or combination of committees handling floor shows, outdoor activities, hospitality, decorations, membership, publicity, checkroom or cash register. Then, as a full member, he is entitled to enter the dances for only 25 cents instead of the usual admission charge of 40 cents, and he gets priority for the limited-attendance functions, such as picnics and toboggan parties.

"The Idea" Attracts Notice

Before the club was one year old it began getting considerable attention from educational specialists. A Middle West convention of recreation experts made a special visit to Madison to watch the YAC in operation. From time to time visiting sociologists dropped in.

About 65 marriages have taken place between YAC members since the club was organized, and another 15 couples are officially engaged. The average YAC is 23 years old.

One romance was made possible by the fact that every membership card must bear on it a small picture of the applicant. One evening, member Steve Raynoha, an ex-G.I. attending the university, ran into the YAC office in the Center and asked if he could go through the membership card files.

He said that the week before he had danced with a girl, and then she danced with someone else and he lost track of her before he had a chance to get her name. He simply had to meet her again. He kept on thumbing through the cards. Finally he pulled a card out of the file and exulted, "That's the girl! That's the girl!"

She was Mary Ann Crase, a lab technician at the university. They were married five months later. Of course, they're still members.

Don and Joan Evans are typical of the many couples who met at the YAC and have continued their memberships. As Don, a draftsman, explains it: "Joan and I figured that if we ever tried to do all the things on our own that we can do through the club it would probably cost us at least $250 a year. And in our budget that's big money."

At no time has there been any question of considering race and religion as a qualification for membership.

YAC members are always a little startled when they learn that their club is almost unique in the U.S. (Bath, Maine, has recently initiated a program similar to the YAC setup).

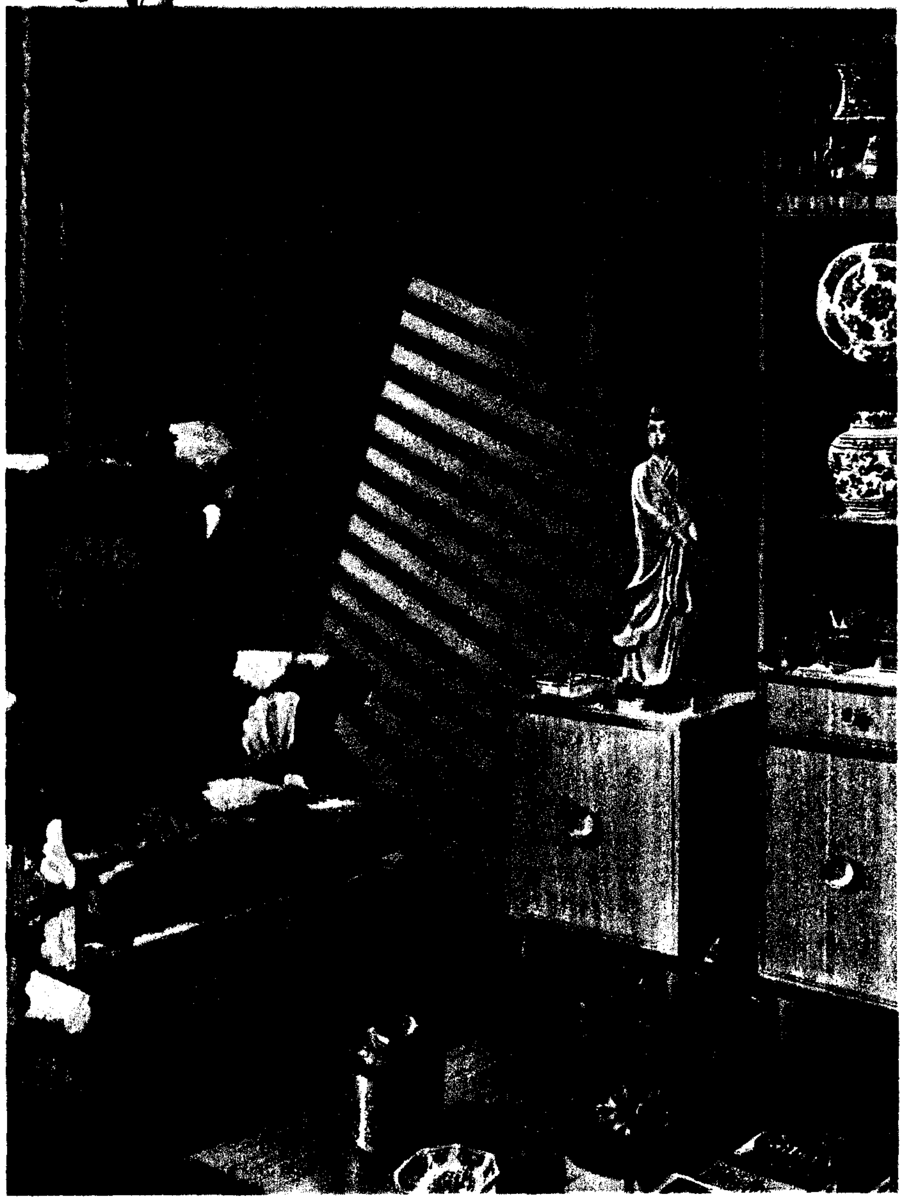
"It's so simple an idea," YAC President Tom Maloney points out, "and so many communities are just crying out for something like it that we can't understand why it doesn't spread all over. Any town can have one. All that's needed is about 5,000 square feet of dance space and at least 2,500 square feet for lounge room and some facilities for a snack bar. Sure, it takes a little work getting started but is there any other way to get yourself so much fun for $1.50 a year?"

For decades population experts have been worried about the excessive migration of young folks from the town to the metropolis. The YAC might turn out to be one answer to the new query: How are you going to keep 'em down in Middletown after they've seen New York? ★★★

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY HANS KNOPF

YAC members can take in any of the 20 special activities run by the club. John Syberson (above) strings his fellow members along as he gets over the fine points of the guitar. The mural on the wall (below) is one of four done by member Darlene Garnnier, a talented university coed. This corner of the party room always gets a rush. Many of the YACs' 65 marriages started here

For a Room Fresh as Clover...
...give it the "WONSOVER"!



Never 'til Now! A Real OIL PAINT that Really COVERS IN ONE COAT... yet Really WASHES BRIGHT AS NEW!

Never 'til Now... a paint like the miraculous new "Dutch Boy WONSOVER!" Here's a one-coat inside paint that really *covers in ONE coat*... yet really *washes like NEW! Once-over* and the *work's over* with "WONSOVER!"

Never 'til Now... an inside flat paint that gives you such hiding power plus the long life of a real *oil* paint! "Dutch Boy WONSOVER" covers in one coat—walls, woodwork, brick—even wallpaper and water-mixed paints!

Never 'til Now... a one-coat paint that cleans like new! "WONSOVER'S" surface is amazingly easy to wash... hard to wash away. Stains, even ink, don't sink in... so they wash right off!

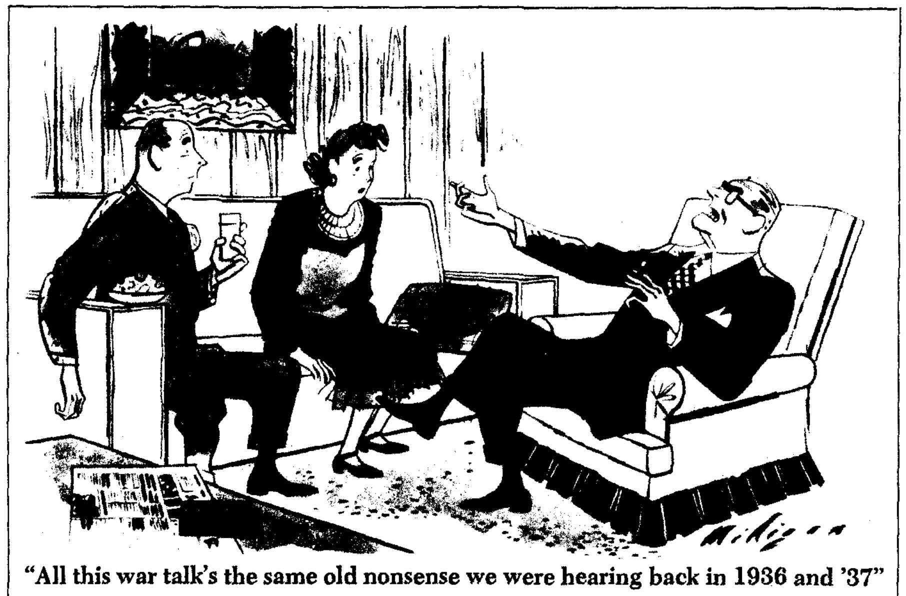
Never 'til Now... a paint like this! No mixing... no muss... no marks from brush or roller... no after-odor! "WONSOVER" flows on slick and smooth... dries to a lovely, flat, flawless finish.

Never 'til Now... such a dream paint! Lovely colors... soft shades... fresh tints... deep decorator tones... and really *white* white!

You'll call it wonderful! *We* call it "WONSOVER." Call for it at your "Dutch Boy" Dealer's *today!* Look for his name in your classified telephone directory.

NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY
General Offices:
111 Broadway, New York 6, N.Y.

"Dutch Boy" WONSOVER
The Once Over Interior Paint



"All this war talk's the same old nonsense we were hearing back in 1936 and '37"

COLLIER'S JOHN MILLIGAN

BEHIND THE PALESTINE REVERSAL

Continued from page 26

General As-Said was smiling: "What would you do if your government would instruct you to change your position and *vote against partition? Would* you resign?"

Somewhat surprised, I replied, "I cannot even contemplate such a possibility. You can be sure that I act with the backing of my government and my people."

"Nevertheless," interrupted el-Khouri, "if such would be the case, what would you do?"

"I tell you it is impossible."

"But suppose it would happen, what would you do?"

"I tell you it will not happen, but if you want to know what I would do in that impossible case, I would resign before I would act contrary to my convictions."

"Well," said Jamali, "you may have to resign, because we are working very hard on your government."

No new instructions ever came to me. But I was not surprised when Ricardo Fournier, delegate of Costa Rica, told me indignantly that the Arabs had offered to support his country's candidacy for the U.N. Trusteeship Council providing he would change his propartitionist stand. "I told them flatly that I would not sell my vote or sacrifice my honor," he told me.

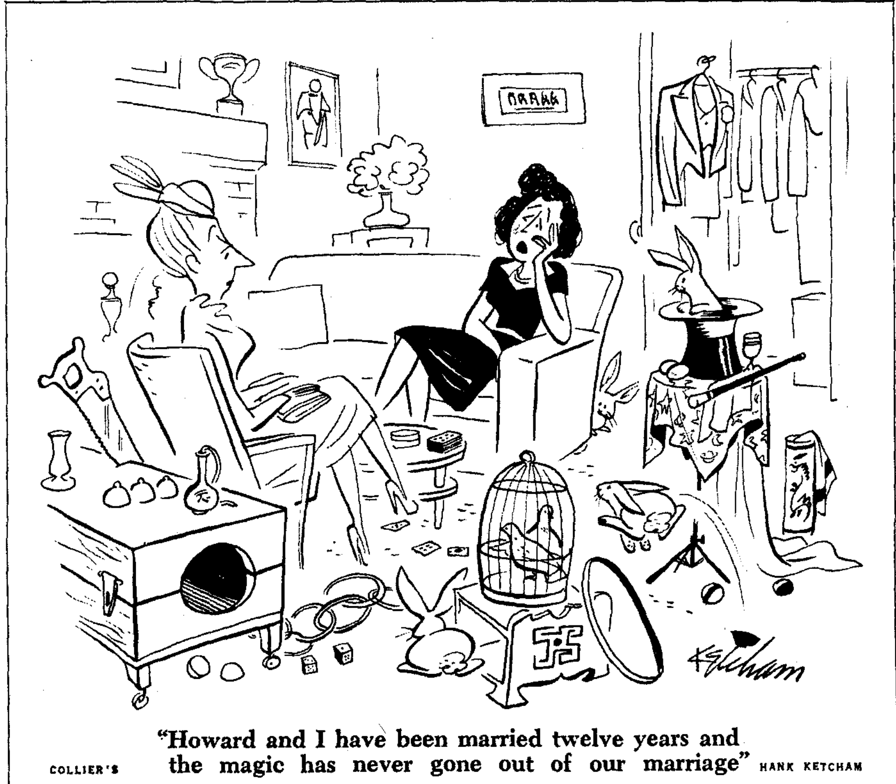
Partition could not be killed in an open vote of the nations, but secret forces were at work to kill it even before the vote was taken. Day after day our four-nation working group labored strenuously to fit the partition plan to Britain's program of withdrawal, and day after day Britain refused to make clear precisely what that program was.

On November 20th, nine days before the vote, I was unable to endure this any longer. I declared before the United Nations:

"We are confronted here by a situation forced upon us. The United Nations did not ask for the Palestinian question to be brought here. It was Great Britain herself who dropped this problem into our lap.

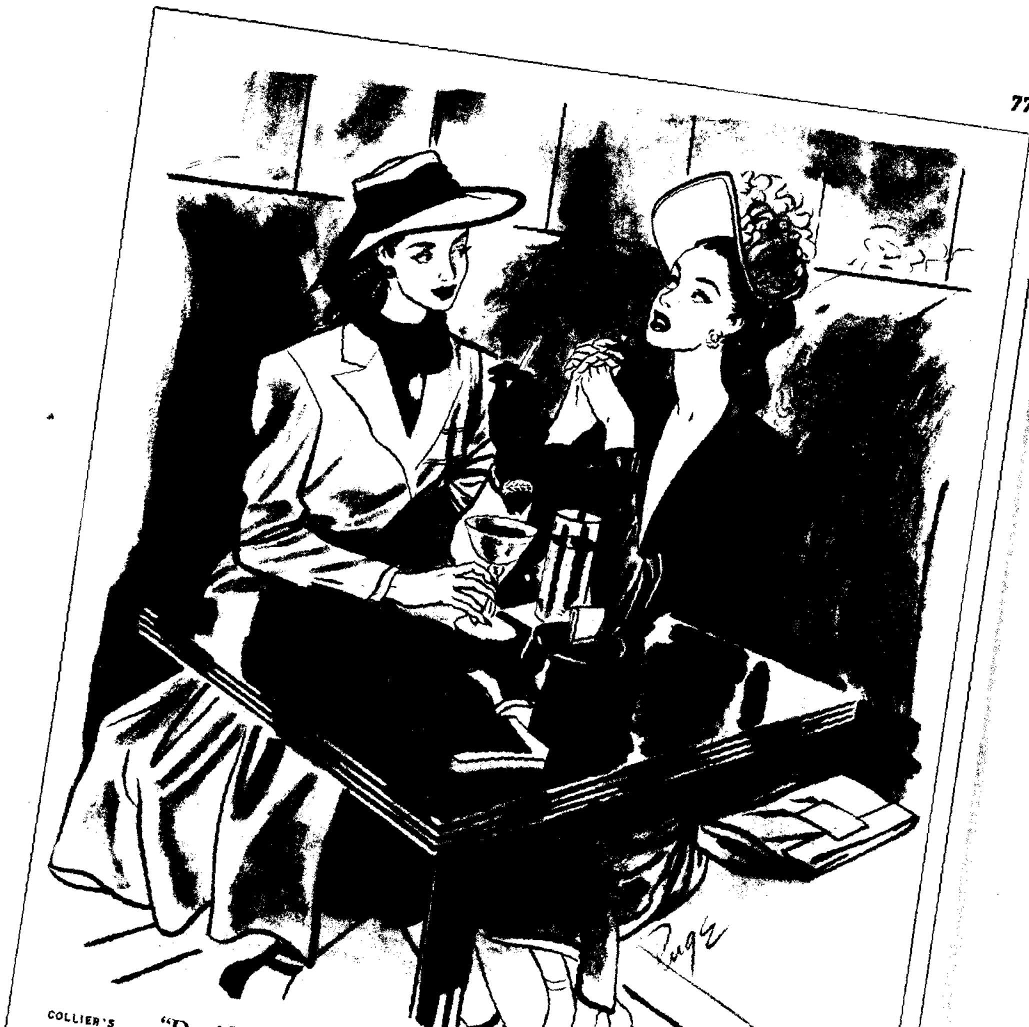
"We can only conclude that although the United Kingdom had said it would not oppose the partition plan, it is, *in* fact, opposing it by devious means.

"The United Kingdom's plan and behavior will lead only to bloodshed in *Palestine. I* warn you that there will be torrents of blood and I tell you now, before it is too late, that the only responsi-



"Howard and I have been married twelve years and the magic has never gone out of our marriage"

COLLIER'S HANK KETCHAM



COLLIER'S "David is an awfully nice person—when he's single" JOHN RUGE

ble party for that blood will be the United Kingdom."

Even as I spoke an intrigue was developing behind the scenes to prevent the commission which was to go to Palestine and supervise the setting up of the two independent states from being composed of men who were actively propartitionist. This commission was to be composed of the representatives of Iceland, Norway, Poland, Uruguay and Guatemala. It was no secret that Professor Enrique Rodriguez Fabregat of Uruguay and I, who had both been members of UNSCOP, would do our best to see that partition was carried out faithfully.

Pedro Zuloaga, a delegate of Venezuela, was approached by a liaison man attached to the United States delegation who suggested that to place two Latin Americans as strongly propartitionist as Fabregat and I on the commission "would hamper its work."

A few days later the chief Norwegian delegate announced that Norway considered the present composition of the commission unsatisfactory, and must reserve its acceptance of a post.

Power Politics Like Football

I was angry. I thought it unfair for my country to become a football of the big powers. There was only one course I could take consonant with dignity. It might not be diplomatic but it would be honest. I asked Herschel Johnson of the U.S. delegation to join me for a private conversation.

Once we were alone, I began:

"Mr. Johnson, I hope you will excuse me for being frank and even rude. I have reasons to believe that your government objects to the inclusion on the commission of Uruguay and Guatemala. I know too that your delegation controls sufficient votes to bar our election. I have no right to expose Guatemala to a rebuttal from the Assembly. If through the corridor and lounge propaganda of the United States we shall be rebuked and humiliated, I prefer to withdraw the name of my country from the list of candidates."

Johnson said: "I appreciate your speaking frankly to me and I shall be perfectly frank with you, Mr. Granados. The State Department feels that to include both you and Mr. Fabregat on the commission would arouse Arab animosity. I tell you this is not my feeling but I must carry out the instructions given me."

"I think the United States is making a tremendous mistake by following this policy of appeasement," I said. "If the Arabs are not shown that a real intent exists to carry out the United Nations resolution, they will be encouraged to oppose it."

Our conversation made it obviously impossible for this concealed game to continue. Thus, later that afternoon Fabregat came to me and said soberly, "A few moments ago I was informed that the American government thinks it very inconvenient for both of us to remain on the commission. At least one of us should be withdrawn, I am told. What do you say?"

I replied with great indignation:

"I think neither you nor I have the least chance of being elected. The Big Powers are maneuvering partly to please the Arabs and partly to please the British. It is a shameful and sordid business!"

There was nothing we could do. We agreed that when the moment came, we would withdraw the names of our countries, and we did so.

In place of the original five countries, Bolivia, Czechoslovakia, Denmark, Panama and the Philippines were appointed.

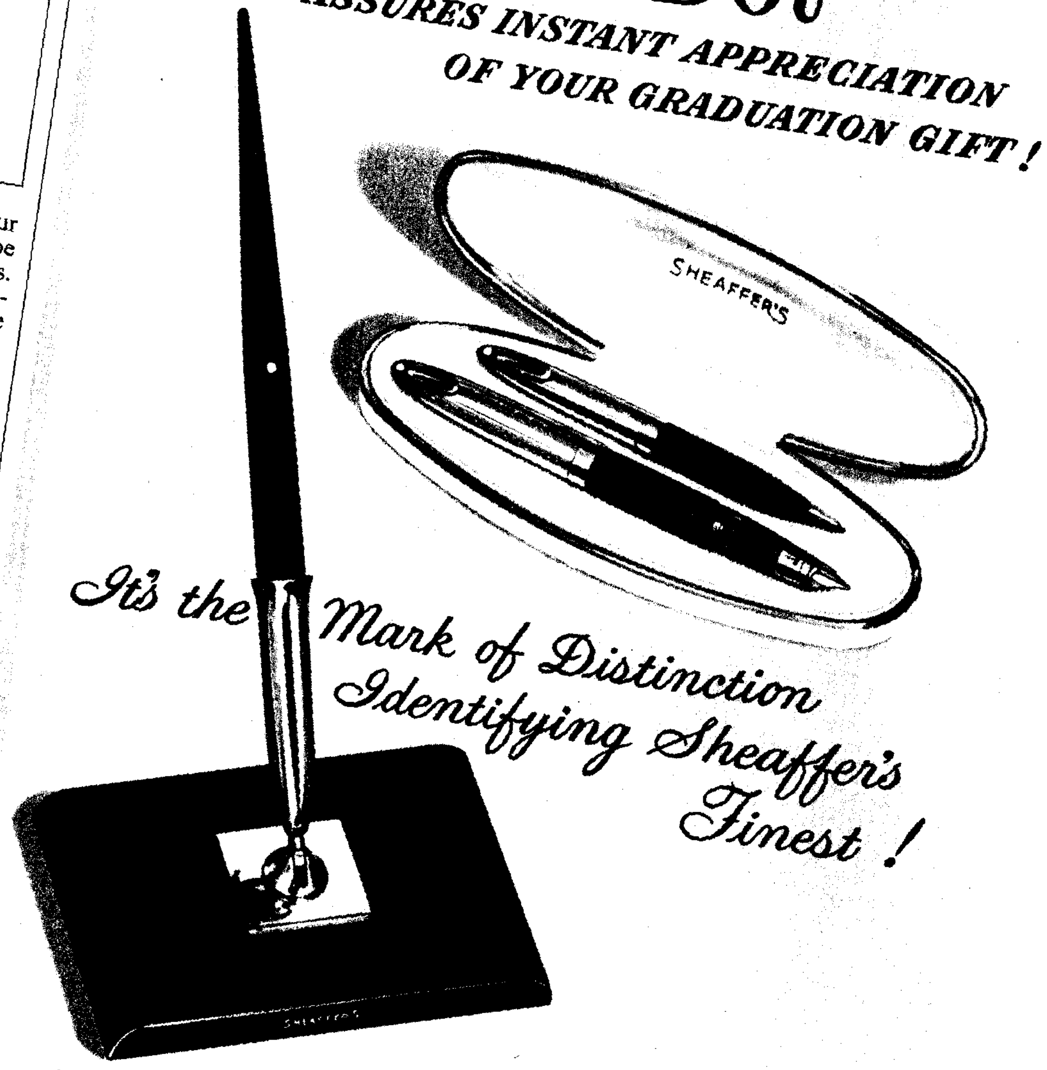
Let me stress that I am convinced that partition ultimately will become a fact, no matter what decisions may be taken on paper. Let me emphasize that the choice before us was never one between a solution leading toward disorder, and one leading toward peace; it was a choice between disorder leading toward a solution, and disorder without a solution.

This was the choice at the time when the British, facing bloodshed, put Palestine into the hands of the U.N. It is still the choice today.

THE END

The White Dot

ASSURES INSTANT APPRECIATION OF YOUR GRADUATION GIFT!



Writing instruments by Sheaffer's are in a class by themselves. As graduation gifts they reign supreme—intimate personal possessions treasured alike for their usefulness and their beauty! . . . And the famous White Dot, that Mark of Distinction found only on Sheaffer's finest products, is assurance that your gift will be received with pride—a satisfying knowledge that enhances the pleasure of giving! W. A. Sheaffer Pen Company, Fort Madison, Iowa—Malton, Ontario, Canada.

Illustrated: Crest De Luxe Threesome: $36*—Sentinel Tuckaway Ensemble, $20—"Triumph" Desk Set, $15—*Plus Federal Tax. Other Sheaffer Pens, $3.50 up; Sets, $6.50 up; Desk Sets, $10.00 up.

SHEAFFER'S

Copyright 1948, W. A. Sheaffer Pen Co.

Listen Every Sunday to SHEAFFER'S PARADE with Eddy Howard—NBC Network: 3 P.M. Eastern Daylight Time—2 P.M. Eastern Standard Time

JAUNT WITH JANIE

BY JIM MARSHALL

We spare no expense—well, hardly any —to rush you the facts about Jane Greer

Hollywood, California

Editor, Collier's,
New York, N. Y.

Your telegram was handed to me while I was in the shower. The ink ran some, but as near as I can make it out you want me to do a piece on somebody named Joe Green. There is nobody around here named Joe Green and the best I can figure is that you were asking for a piece about Giuseppe Verdi, which was his Italian name. For your information, Signor Verdi (or Green) has been dead for some years. He was a song writer.

Jim Marshall

Jim Marshall,
Hollywood, California.

Hereafter don't read wires in shower. What we want is piece on Jane Greer movie star. No interest in Joe Green under any name but thanks for translation anyway. Regards.

Editor, Collier's

Hollywood, California

Dear Editor:

Immediately on receiving your wire, which I read on my patio, I got in touch with RKO, where Miss Jane Greer labors, and learned that she had just left on a honeymoon with a young man named Edward Lasker (her husband) in South America. I am leaving at once for Rio de Janeiro to interview her. Please wire some expense money to Hotel Sphinx, Copacabana Beach, Rio de Janeiro, Brazil.

Jim Marshall

Jim Marshall,
Hollywood, Calif.

Don't go to Rio. Cruel interfere Miss Greer's honeymoon and fear climate there may make you careless with expense money. Await Jane's return Hollywood. Regards.

Editor, Collier's

Hotel Sphinx,
Rio de Janeiro, Brazil

Dear Editor:

Your telegram telling me not to go to Rio caught up with me here just as I caught up with Miss Greer. She is staying with Mr. Lasker (her husband) at the Copacabana Palace Hotel and is recovering from the hardships of the flight, as I am. Just as soon as we have both recovered I will interview her. At the moment she is trying to translate "Hamburger steak and black-eyed peas" into Portuguese so she can get some in order to rebuild her nervous system after the flight down here.

"All I can tell you now is that I was born in Washington, D. C., September 9, 1924, and christened Bettejane," she told me. "One of my grandfathers was Speaker of the Tennessee House of Representatives. I went to Western High School and took dancing and dramatics and ended up as president of the school dramatic club. *You* wouldn't know what is the Portuguese for 'black-eyed peas,' would you?"

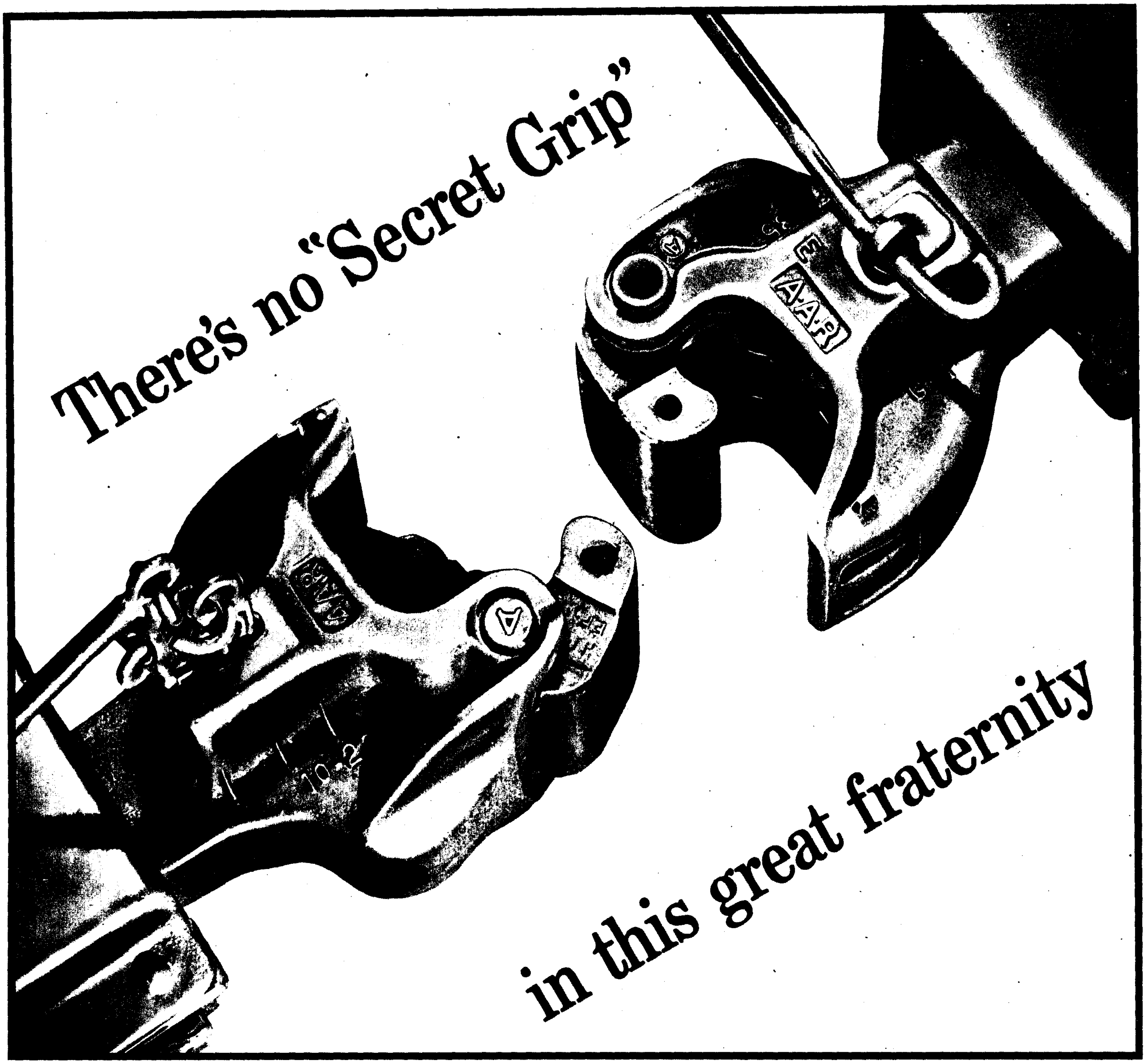
I will investigate Miss Greer some more tomorrow. Regards.

Jim Marshall

Jim Marshall,
Hotel Sphinx,
Rio de Janeiro.

Please do not follow Miss Greer around South America interviewing her. Remember your own

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY BOB LANDRY



ANY freight car — of any railroad — anywhere in America — can be coupled up with any other freight car.

This simple fact makes it possible to combine in a single freight train many cars loaded at many different points, moving toward many different destinations.

This in turn makes possible the low-cost continent-wide mass transportation which only railroads provide. And on mass transportation depends the mass production that our nation must have to keep well fed, well clothed, well housed—sound and strong.

These rugged railroad couplers, whose "universal grip" often holds together more than five thousand tons of loaded freight cars, are the product of never-ending research and tests. Begun sixty years ago by the Master Car Builders, this work now is carried on by the railroads through the Association of American Railroads, the mutual agency for the betterment of *all* railroading.

This is just one example of how railroads, which compete with one another for business, also work together to improve such standardized and interchangeable parts as wheels, axles, trucks, brakes, draft gear, and safety devices. Such cooperation between railroads helps provide America with the most economical, the most efficient, and the safest mass transportation system in the world.

ASSOCIATION OF
AMERICAN
RAILROADS

WASHINGTON 6, D. C.

GREAT CONTRIBUTIONS
TO GOOD TASTE

He Started Your Country Club

James VI saw the mistake of Scotland's earlier kings, who forbade golf as a time-waster. James made it a popular recreation. Suddenly and deservedly in good taste, the game quickly found its way 'round the world. It promoted the country club idea, where whole families could enjoy good sport, good fellowship, good food . . . and where Budweiser usually is the oldest member. Every sip tells you why.

BUDWEISER
BEER
Budweiser Lager Beer
Anheuser-Busch Inc.
It lives with good taste
everywhere

Budweiser

TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

ANHEUSER-BUSCH . . . SAINT LOUIS

honeymoon if you can think back that far. Advise immediate return Hollywood. Regards self and happy couple.
Editor, Collier's

São Paulo, Brazil

Dear Editor:

Your cable to me at Rio was delivered to me here, where I have followed the young honeymooners. I am not the sort of reporter who gives up or who is unduly sentimental. After all, Miss Greer has her career to think about and it is not every young star who can get into Collier's. Miss Greer recognizes this and has omitted a scheduled visit to the snake farm in order to talk to me. (I told her the snakes frequently leap from the pits and bite people.)

After she was graduated from old Western High, she began a career as a singer with various night-club orchestras around Washington. She was singing with the Madriguera band when a publicity man for the Wacs asked her to pose in a new uniform, as none of the Wacs at that moment was shaped quite right.

The picture was printed widely and she got three Hollywood offers. She accepted one by Howard Hughes, who signed her up and forgot all about her for a year. She never got before a camera, but the pay check came in every week just the same.

"Along in 1944," Janie told me, "I felt that this couldn't go on forever, so I broke away and signed up with RKO, where they had cameras and everything. I was in six pictures in eighteen months and then got a lead in Sinbad the Sailor with Maureen O'Hara and Doug Fairbanks, Jr. . . . And now here is Ed coming back from the snake farm and I will see you in Petropolis, maybe, if you can get some more expense money. We are flying there right away."

Although Miss Greer did not say so, I have found out that she was married in December, 1943, to Rudy Vallee, who seems to have been a Yale man. This turned out not so good and after a few separations and reconciliations they were divorced in 1945. Miss Greer had her name changed officially from Bettejane Greer Vallee to Jane Greer.

I am chartering a hack to follow Ed and Janie, as I now think of them, up the hill to Petropolis. I will keep you well informed of developments.
Jim Marshall

Jim Marshall,
Petropolis, Brazil.

Stop. Stop. Go no farther. Your expense account endangering dividend. Earnestly advise return home from Petropolis by slow economical boat. Do not further exasperate young honeymooners. Were you never young yourself? Regards.
Editor, Collier's

Buenos Aires, Argentina

Dear Editor:

We all arrived here safely and I have some more information about Janie: When she was a kid half of her face froze up and for a long time she couldn't do a thing with it. But a lot of exercising cured this affliction and now she can work both sides of her face separately or simultaneously. She was also a great trial to her mother when she was a child, because of an obsession for imitating everyone she met. In the case of dignified people, who abounded in Washington in those days, this was embarrassing, and Miss Greer was heartily spanked.

I cannot tell you more now as I have just had a phone call from a spy saying we are leaving almost at once for Santiago, across the mountains in Chile. In haste.
Jim Marshall

Jim Marshall,
℅ U.S. Embassy,
Santiago, Chile.

If you survived Andes crossing please abandon your sordid and unfeeling interference Miss Greer's honeymoon. Has it occurred to you maybe young people wish to be alone for few minutes? Love more important than literature and that sort of thing. Have had research department locate Santiago on map so please go Valparaiso and take first boat north.
Editor, Collier's

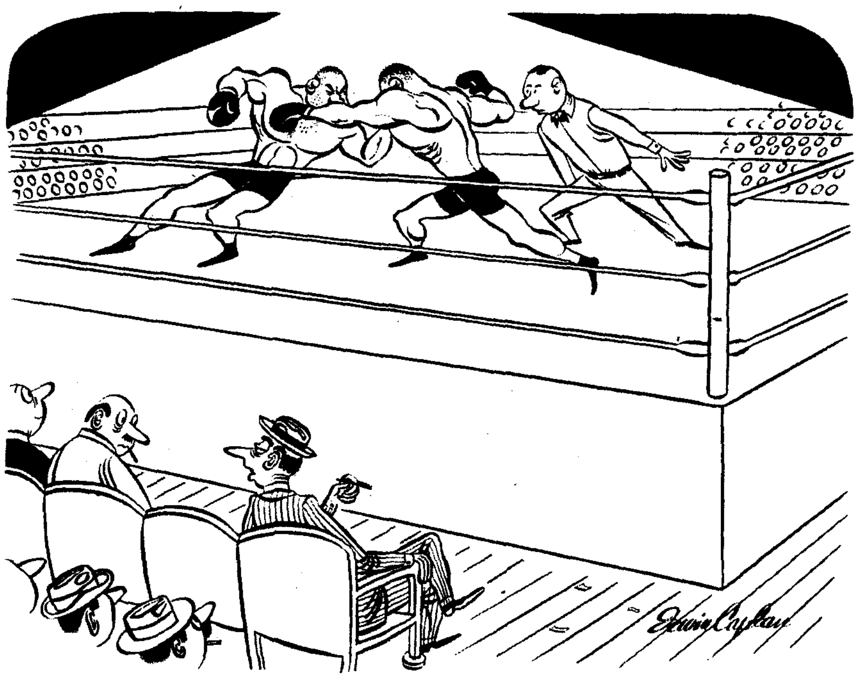
Santiago, Chile.

Dear Editor:

Upon my arrival here I found your cable. I can see your point, and am leaving for Valparaiso in the morning. Since you don't want me to take up any more of Janie's time all I can add to the wealth of information I have sent you is that her current picture is Out of the Past, and she has just finished making Station West, with Dick Powell.

Also, last night she got hamburger and black-eyed peas. She just found an American-speaking waiter and ordered them. If she had thought of this stratagem back in Rio, she would not have gone hungry for so long, and would have had more strength for dancing and so forth. However, all's well that ends well.
Jim Marshall

THE END



"All the bars were packed . . . so I came down here to see it"

COLLIER'S IRWIN CAPLAN

Sleep like a babe!

in

Van Heusen

Flexibelt* Pajamas

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

$4.95 • $5.95

Count one, two, three, and you've discovered new-born sleeping comfort in handsome Van Heusen Pajamas! Smooth flat Flexibelt gives gentle control around your waist. Their fine fabrics are Sanforized. Patterns to please you, tailored with all those luxury details that distinguish all Van Heusen products.

1 LOOSE IN THE RIGHT PLACES

Plenty of room around shoulders, across chest, under arms, for comfort at every turn.

2 GENTLE BUT FIRM FLEXIBELT

Elastic, gentle control around your waist. No knots, no bunching, no binding.

3 CAN'T SHRINK—STAYS RIGHT SIZE

Sanforized, they stay the size you buy, no matter who launders them, how, or where.

Phillips-Jones Corp., New York 1, N. Y. Makers of
Van Heusen Shirts • Ties • Pajamas • Collars • Sport Shirts

CAN YOUR SCALP PASS THE
FINGER-NAIL TEST?

TRY IT! Scratch your head. If you find signs of dryness, loose ugly dandruff, you need Wildroot Cream-Oil hair tonic. Grooms hair... relieves dryness... removes loose dandruff! Contains soothing Lanolin, an oil resembling the natural oil of your skin.

YOUR HAIR CAN LOOK LIKE THIS WITH NEW
WILDROOT CREAM-OIL

A LITTLE WILDROOT CREAM-OIL does a lot for your hair. Keeps your hair well groomed all day long. Leaves no trace of that greasy, plastered down look. Makes your hair look and feel good.

NON-ALCOHOLIC
CONTAINS
LANOLIN!

WILDROOT CREAM-OIL HAIR TONIC
GROOMS TH
RELIEVES D
REMOV
LOOSE DAN
WILDROOT
WILDROOT Hair Tonic CREAM-OIL
LANOLIN

AGAIN AND AGAIN the choice of men who put good grooming first—that's Wildroot Cream-Oil. No wonder when new users from coast to coast were questioned, 4 out of 5 who replied said they preferred it to any other hair tonic they had used before. Ask for it at your barber or drug counter.

IMPORTANT: Smart women use Wildroot Cream-Oil for quick grooming and for relieving dryness. Also excellent for training children's hair.

TUNE IN ..."The Adventures of Sam Spade" Sunday evenings, CBS Network.

THE BUGLER AND GIDEON LEE

Continued from page 69

Generally Gid would have grabbed their autumn-hard points and given them a good rassle. Now Gid didn't even notice. Swiveltail backed away in melancholy.

Gideon closed his eyes.

From Stormwhoop Mountain came a bugling. Silvery notes, starting true and round but flatting, bounded down the sunny morning.

Gideon fluttered his eyelids.

The song, lusty and fluty, tumbled down the slopes again. A wren in a rock canyon, busting out of his feathers for late Indian-summer gladness? The throaty whistling came from too far on the upland and bore too much challenge.

Gid kind of sat up on one elbow.

He strained for a look at the peak high and sharp over the forest tops. He wished his eyes weren't so full of smart from Marilla's herb pots. He scanned the heights and made out a few dots. They weren't boulders, for they stirred. They wouldn't be bighorns, come down out of summer ranges for the fall fighting and mating, for they weren't dusty-tan. They were white. So they were mountain goats. But goats don't bugle on silvery war horns, or sing like lovesick tenors to their lady friends across the ravines.

Down the barrens came the tuneful bawl again. Miles away, the serenader could be. But on Stormwhoop Mountain he was. Gid sat bolt upright.

Pangs lanced him, but his shins stole out from under the bedclothes. Underwear-clad shanks followed.

He slid into shirt, pants, socks, and looked for his boots. Marilla had hid 'em. Well, women were like that. He caught his hat from its nail. He reached to the pegs for his rifle. Not there. Marilla again. But, by tunket, there was a way.

He stepped from the cabin, staggering a mite. The bugling came again. With every crag-searching note of it, strength charged back into Gid's legs.

Lilybelle whimpered from the door of the barn.

"See, girl? I ain't got a gun," he called to her truthfully.

The bugling grew infrequent as the sun rolled higher.

DOWN yonder in a clearing was a two-room cabin with chimney fragrantly busy; with woodpile, outhouses and vegetable patch in a deer-tight fence. Zebedee Applewine's oversize coffin, which his nephews at Camas Meadow had made for him, stood on end on the front porch where it had been for two months waiting until needed. Of good red cedar; would last in the ground longer. Abitha, who'd had a wife's hackamore on Zebedee for sixty years, was outside hanging wash.

Gid crept to the window on the side away from Abitha, keeping low. He straightened and peeped in. Old Zebedee, gaunt and white-bearded, lay in bed looking at the ceiling. Shavings on the floor and a knife and lean cudgel on a chair by the bed showed that he'd been whittling. The staff he'd turned out was smooth and oval, with the smell of clean, strong second-growth hardwood, and Gid found himself craving to wrop fingers around it. When Zebedee carved an ax helve, it became a thing of life.

Zebedee had hewn as many ax helves in his time as there were hairs to his beard. But now the blue-veined hands lay tired and frail-looking on the coverlet.

"Hist!" said Gid.

Zebedee twisted his thin neck and regarded Gid without speaking.

"Bugler atooting on the mountain. I heered him seven-eight times."

"Go way," said Zebedee crossly. "I'm dying."

"Could be a young, fat six-pointer," suggested Gid.

"I can't come. My box's ready. I ain't long for this world." Zebedee closed his eyes.

"I ain't asking you to come," said Gid. "I want to borry your boots and rifle gun."

Zebedee opened one eye.

"And two cartridges," mentioned Gid.

Zebedee opened the other eye. "A good shot don't need two cartridges."

"There might be two elk."

"Have you heard a second one abugling? Anyway, you know as well as I do that one dressed carcass is as much as one man can carry."

"Lend me your boots and rifle gun and one cartridge then," urged Gid, "and I'll plunk a prime haunch on your steps, come evening. I'll leave you and Nabby meated up for a week."

OVER the forest and across the clearing it came again. Somewhere on a miles-away look-off-point, antlers laid back, nose thrust forward, ribs pumping, a bugler elk was sending his song of love and defiance across the gorges. Zebedee sat up.

"Do I git the gun?" pleaded Gid. His pangs had turned to tweaks and twinges.

"You do not," said Zebedee. His legs were out of bed. There was an elderly wobble to them, as to his voice, but they soon began to steady. "The boots you kin take with you, but not the gun."

"What will I do with just boots? Kick him to death?"

"Old Steamboat, upon them wall pegs, is a high-pressure rifle gun with a caliber-forty-five b'iler fitten only for a real man to handle. You take the boots and work above that tooter and kind of shoo him down. All I ask of any bull elk is a fair crack at him across a canyon and not more than two thousand foot of drop. I'll be lying tight with my shooting eye ready."

This wasn't what Gideon had come for at all. He opened his mouth to argue.

The back door bumped open. Light heels sounded in the kitchen. Zebedee plunged back to the bedcovers.

Gideon ducked below the window.

Nabby Applewine entered the little bedroom. "How you feel now, Zebedee?" Her voice was edgy from endless watching and waiting, her white hair skimpy and tight, her eyes wept-out.

"Bad," said Zebedee, the quaver returning. "Powerful bad. I could do with something real strong and gripping."

"There's a nice rabbit broth," retorted Nabby, "simpering on the stove. So don't you go to pretending you're a bit worse, Zebedee Applewine, than you were ten minutes ago. You're to have no liquor." She swept up the litter on the floor, scolding as a woman does who knows what's good for a man. "Such a mess! And while the tub's still full of suds, I might as well take along your pants and throw 'em in." She gathered up the garment and withdrew, clicking the door to for drafts.

Zebedee's head rose cautiously. Another trumpet peal sounded from the far-off heights. Zebedee's feet hit the floor. His long arm went to the rifle on the wall. "Cartridge is in it," he announced after a sharp snick of inspection.

"But you got no pants!"

"Don't need no pants. I kin lay out in the bresh in my nightshirt as comfortable as in bed, can't I?"

"Give me that ax handle then," said Gid. "I might meet up with a snake." He waggled the lithe shaft in his hands. It had perfect heft and swing.

"Wait till I hide my teeth," said Zebedee. "I'd purely hate to come home with all that fine elk meat, and find I'd

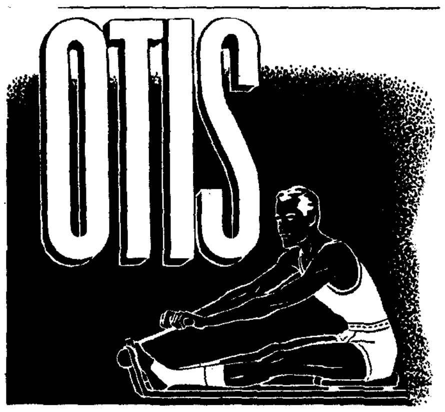
FOR "HE-MAN" FOODS
At Home or Dining Out
Men Ask for This

RICH, THICK SAUCE

SHAKE WELL
THE A.1.
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

● *Men call for "more"* ... when they can accent flavor with A.1. Sauce. This rich, thick sauce points up the flavor of tomato juice, soups, gravies, and salad dressings. For steaks, fish, and roasts, season with A.1. Sauce before cooking. Get A.1. Sauce—today. Send for *free* recipe booklet, "Cooking for a Man"—G. F. Heublein & Bro., Inc., Dept. C, Hartford 1, Conn.

The DASH that Makes the DISH
MAGNIFIES the FLAVOR
OF EVERYTHING YOU SERVE



UNDERWEAR AND HOSIERY
for Men and Boys

OTIS UNDERWEAR fits comfortably and wears well. Sleeveless and short sleeve shirts—*mid-thigh* shorts or briefs, and other styles.

TRADE MARK

OTIS UNDERWEAR, 57 Worth St., New York 13, N. Y.

NOW you can PREVENT
RUST and SCALE
from forming in your
AUTO
RADIATOR

BUTLER De Scaler

PROTECT your new car's cooling system from the start ... end radiator rust-ups in your old car. Butler De-Scaler has been used with great success industrially for over ten years ... proven in thousands of truck and bus fleets. Now available for car owners. Unconditionally guaranteed for one year, will not interfere with anti-freeze or stop leak. Easily installed ... available at service stations, garages, and car dealers everywhere. If no dealer near you, write BUTLER ENGINEERING CO., 2618 Rousseau Street, New Orleans 11, Louisiana.

KEEPS WATER CRYSTAL CLEAR
Installed in radiator hose, Butler De-Scaler's Galvanic Cell Action prevents rust and scale throughout cooling system. Removes old rust and scale.

BUTL De-Scaler
COOLING SYSTEM

New Fair Trade List Price $2.95
Butler De-Scalers are also available for use in boilers, home hot water systems, Diesels, etc.

BUTLER De-Scaler

2 new formulas that kill bugs quicker
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
KM
Magik Mist
HIGH PRESSURE INSECTICIDE
SUPERIOR KILLING FOR

REGULAR HOUSEHOLD FORMULA $1.29 10 oz.

High Pressure—New formula for general household use, Spray is finer—stays in the air longer—produces more lasting effect. This formula is designed to give faster, easier, surer killing action. KM Magik Mist combines two sure killers—DDT plus pyrethrins. Kills on contact mosquitoes, flies, moths, roaches, bed bugs, water bugs, gnats, silver fish and many others.

SUPERIOR KILLING FORMULA $2.95 16 oz.

This high pressure superior killer is the super insecticide. Contains powerful formula for heavy duty and for surer killing action.

KNAPP-MONARCH CO. · ST. LOUIS 16, MO.

You'll like RENO
RENO

AND HERE'S WHY...

Delight in Reno's famous night spots, the genuine Old West, golf, fishing, hunting. Enjoy nearby Virginia City, Lake Tahoe, and a cool, sunny climate, magnificent scenery and excellent highways.

MAIL COUPON TODAY

COME BY AIRLINE RAIL BUS

Reno Chamber of Commerce, Box H-3
Please send me full information on
____
Name ______________________
Address ______________________
City-State ______________________

dropped my teeth out in the bresh." He thrust the chompers under the pillow.

While Gid pulled the boots on, Zebedee, all legs and whiskers and cusses and flowing nightshirt, made it out the window. He scurried barefoot across the clearing, the gun he called Old Steamboat slanted across his arm. He turned, and with a sweep of gun pointed for where he was heading. "Skull Creek, east bank, looking across to west fork!" the gesture said plainly. He waved in the direction he wanted Gid to circle, and scuttled.

With a look cabinward from the edge of the clearing, Gid made sure that Nabby hadn't witnessed. He tried not to think of her shrill dismay when she'd return to Zebedee's bedroom and find him gone. It brought up his own fix too sharply. And what for was he out here? Why, for nothing but to beat game for Zebedee, with a stick in his hand and Zebedee's oversize boots on his feet. Yet if the old one wanted it this way, running around in his shirttail, with one bare foot in the grave and the other hobbling down the hunting trail, Gideon guessed it was all right. Pore old feller, thought Gid generously, there ain't much fun ahead for him in a coffin, even in an extra-length one, and he knows it.

The light stir of air was downward off the mountain. But if Gid didn't want to alarm that elk, he'd better work to northward and make a wide uphill hook.

Down here, Gid was in beech and oak country. He breasted thickets of red thimbleberries and blue huckleberries and waded pungent beds of wild geranium. After a trudge through the aromatic forest he turned and struck upward. He pulled himself by bushes of witch hazel and laurel. In a gulch were close-set alders, ladder-like against the mountain. Animals of size had thrashed and tromped here. But they'd been deer. Elk, Gid figured, preferred the pines of the higher places for antler-polishing. He scrambled through the interlaced alders and broke out upon a benchland. Pines and firs fringed a meadow.

He lifted his foot high as a grouse whirred out of the grasses with the abruptness of a shotgun bang and darted ahead of him. He stepped high again when cicadas buzzed and rasped like a den of rattlers. He shuffled through steep gardens of late-blooming flowers and drying ferns.

He grew thirsty. But when he came to a rivulet, he stopped sharply and stared, without crouching to drink.

Day was nooning, sun warm, but Gid felt a chill on his back. The paw marks were huge. The boots on Gid's feet had found a rival. Claws had left deep dents in the mud.

The traveler who'd made those prints was pigeon-toed. About four foot tall from ground to shoulder, Gid judged—eight foot from ground to claws when he reared and stretched. Weight could be a healthy five hundred pounds. Growing sleepy, most like, and not as wary as he'd be when he'd come out of his snowed-up hole next spring. But even with a full belly and a dulled eye, a lot of customer. Again Gid felt that chill wind up his spine, though the needles in the pine trees were motionless.

Well, the bear with the big feet had lumbered on, veering away from the course Gid was following, and Gid hadn't yet reached to where he could count on being above Zebedee's elk. So Gid pushed ahead. He gained a bare ridge that was one of the main props of Stormwhoop Mountain.

He had no mind to expose himself and send every creature in the high country scooting. He crawled over the ridge and down its far side, came to a brawling snow-fed creek with sharp banks, cast about for a tree bridge and found none, lowered himself in, lost footing, and was rolled and pummeled under. He got his head up, gasped at the icy battering, floundered from rock to rock, and dragged out upon the other bank.

He sat down weakly in the sun. In moments he was dry. Feeling returned to his limbs, and he found that he still clutched the ax handle. The whip and eagerness of it, the joy of its shape and heft returned to his tingling fingers. He pushed himself to his feet and strode on.

Pines gave way to stubby spruce.

This was getting into true bighorn and wild-goat country. The bugler had probably been snoozing out the hours while Gideon climbed. It was time for Gid to let his presence irk the lonesome elk's nostrils. Just enough to make a prudent elk start walking.

Gid dropped back to timber, working up and down stiffish cross gulches and around the heads of ravines. Afternoon breeze began moving upmountain. He figured he was north and west of the quarry. Skull Creek, and Zebedee, were down yonder to the southeast.

◆

AFTERNOON waned. Shadows lengthened. And from an outthrust of rock straight ahead on the route between him and Zebedee, Gid heard it: the evening solo of the young bull elk.

When he heard it again, it had moved a mile directly onward for Skull Creek. Gid had the comforting feeling of a day's work well done. The rest was now up to Zebedee.

But it was high time to strike out for home if he was to get himself back to bed before Marilla and the doctor got there. Marilla was a strong-minded woman. Gid changed his own course, and started on a beeline down the mountain.

He was down in the middle belt again. A fallen fir lay across the knife-edge he was following. Roots and branches of the blowdown stuck out over steep, loose walls on both sides. Groaning at the obstruction, but seeing no way around it, Gid set foot and hand to the stairway of rough bark.

The face that rose to meet him looked to Gid about as big as a flour barrel. Behind rusty snout and chawed ears Gid

NEXT WEEK

Collier's begins publication of The Secret Papers of Harry L. Hopkins. Here you have the last word on modern history's most tragic era. When Franklin Roosevelt died, there remained but one man who could tell this frequently incredible story of America at peace and at war—Harry Hopkins. When Hopkins died, the work just begun, the prodigious task was taken on by the American playwright and author, Robert E. Sherwood. This panorama of men and events has never been told, even in part. Only Hopkins could have collected these papers. They start next week in Collier's.

Change Over!

DOUBLE ACTION

PENNZOIL

MOTOR OIL

FLOWS FAST
STAYS TOUGH!

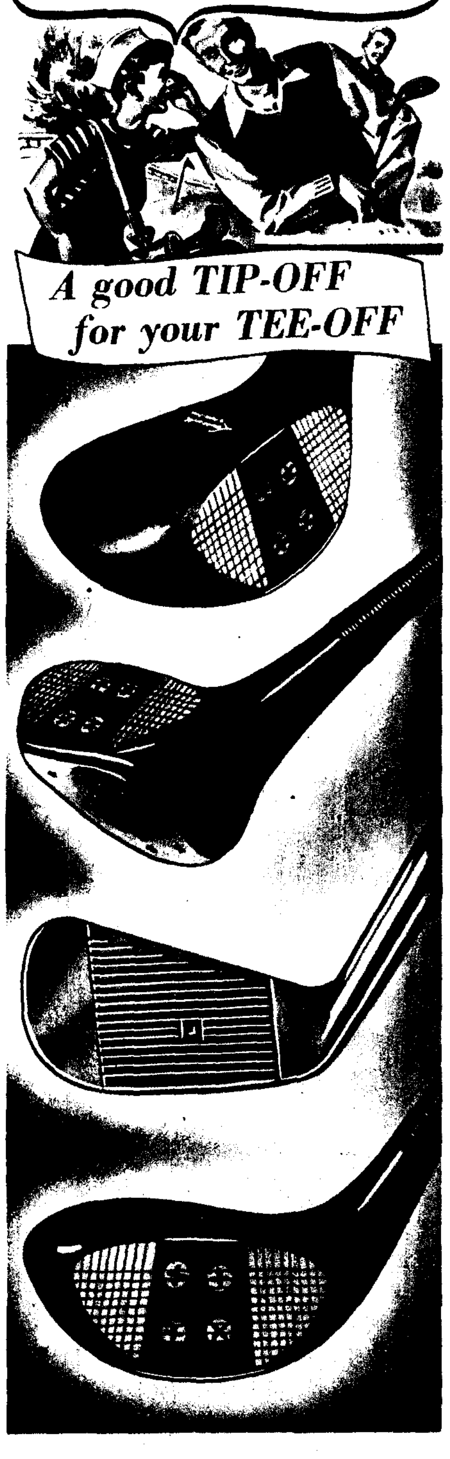
Change to genuine Pennzoil for summer. Sound your "Z" at this sign of better dealers from coast to coast.

SOUND YOUR Z
100% Pure Pennsylvania
PENNZOIL
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
Safe Lubrication

*Registered Trade Mark Member Penn Grade Crude Oil Ass'n., Permit No. 2

Tough-film PENNZOIL* gives all engines an extra margin of safety

"Play Grand Slams"



Sharp kids . . . these caddies. Young in years but full of the experience and knowledge that comes from going around day after day with the experts and duffers alike, observing the clubs they play.

So we agree with the young man: "Play Grand Slams" is a mighty good tip-off for your tee-off! Stop in your sporting goods dealer's and look over the new H&B offerings for 1948—could be you, too, will find them the perfect answer to what you've been looking for!

Hillerich & Bradsby Co., Inc., Louisville, Ky.

H&B GRAND SLAM

LOUISVILLE SLUGGER HILLERICH & BRADSBY CO LOUISVILLE KY

ALSO MAKERS OF THE *FAMOUS* LOUISVILLE SLUGGER BAT

perceived a giant pair of brown shoulders.

Gid acted first and thought later. With a yell of mortal fright that all but tore the innards out of him, he twirled the hand-fitting ax helve high and brought it down.

The owner of the snout tumbled back with a grunt. He could be heard crashing out of there, perhaps heading rapidly southward. Gid didn't wait to see. If the bear wanted that ridge, he could have it. If he wanted the whole mountain, he could have it. Straight off the loose east face of the knife-edge went Gid, riding the chute of gravel on his heels and helping with nine-foot strides. He hit the parklands, the flowerlands, the huckleberries and thimbleberries and beeches.

DECIDING he was not being pursued, and stopping to puff, he found that he still gripped the ax handle. He stared at it. Busted. First of Zebedee's carving he had ever seen in such a state.

"He's made a weak ax handle," marveled Gid. "Pore old gent! To think of Zebedee Applewine a-whittling a helve like this!"

He became aware how his hands were stinging from the almighty belt. "Pore old bear!" he added.

He threw away the ax handle, which was now the shape of a grasshopper's leg, realizing how ashamed Zebedee would be if that sample of his workmanship got back to him.

And standing there, Gid caught the silvery note. The evening bugling of the elk. This time from the very vicinity of Skull Creek.

He waited. Moments passed. The mountain above him turned purple. And he heard a single shot. Very far and small, but carrying enormous finality. Like the scratch under the signature of a will, thought Gid. Like clods falling on a coffin. Old Zebedee finishing his last hunting spree.

Realizing how late it was growing, Gid hustled onward. Under the stars, he reached his clearing. A bronze tinkling turned rattledy-bang as Swiveltail arrived to meet him with a dozen jumps. "Hi, you old walking signboard!" said Gideon, giving the flinty-brown points a neck-straining twist.

Bootjack, rumbling ferocious challenge, pounded the path with black wings. "All right, take that!" cried Gid chummily, sending him end over end with a h'ist of hobnailed sole.

Lilybelle stole to her homecoming master. She behaved as if she had a tremendous secret. "Don't tell me it's six!" said Gid.

Lilybelle's tail waggles showed that six didn't express it. "Eight?" demanded Gid incredulously. Fagged but happy, she tugged at his pant leg. He followed her to the barn. There were nine.

"Lilybelle, it's been a great day, hasn't it?" he whispered patting her thin sides.

Marilla's horse wasn't in its corral yet, praise be, and the cabin was dark. He washed at the pump and eased himself to the milking stool, mindful of those bygone punctures from the Klikitat arrows. He filled the pail and carried it in. He started the supper fire.

He shooed his pets out and got his duds off and tumbled beneath the quilts. In the nick of time. For here came Marilla, stiff and sore from that forty-mile ride and good and ready to be cantankerous. After she'd tied into him for getting up and doing the milking and fire-building, she asked him how he felt.

"Turrible," groaned Gid, not wanting to disapp'int her, and in truth his legs did ache some; the day's trip had been a mite coarse, things considered.

"Dr. Allen will be here right soon." She started his milk toast to warming, wound a new flannel around his neck, and made him get into fresh underclothes. . . .

Dr. Allen clattered up outside. He hitched at the rack and strode in. When Gid had cast his third vote for President, Dr. Allen hadn't even been born yet. Still, the young doctor knew how to boss folks around. "Let me see that tongue of yours." Gid stuck it out.

"H'm," said Dr. Allen. "Marilla, let's have a lamp over here." Marilla fetched and held the lamp.

"H'm," said Dr. Allen again.

"Is it bad, Doctor?" Marilla's tone was anxious.

Dr. Allen didn't answer. He drew out his watch. To Gid, "Let's have your wrist."

Gid drew his arm from under the quilts. Dr. Allen grasped it. Seconds passed. The doctor's lean young face grew somber.

"What is it, Doctor?" Marilla's voice was badly frightened.

"H'm." Dr. Allen put away his loud-ticking silver watch. "Let me listen to that chest." He put tubes to his ears and pressed around with some kind of a button inside Gid's woolens.

He removed the ear tubes. "Has this man done any walking today?"

"He went clear to the barn," informed Marilla shrilly. "Agin my orders, Doctor. I told him not to git so ramdamnbunctious."

"Cow was bellering," defended Gid.

"M-m," said the doctor.

"Oh, Doctor!" cried Marilla.

Gid suddenly didn't feel well. Not well at all.

"*M-m-m-m-m,*" continued the medico.

"Dr. Allen!" Marilla's voice was a wail. "Is he going to—?" The words stuck in her throat. She put the lamp down unsteadily.

"Brace yourself, Marilla," the doctor said.

With a gasp, Marilla fell to her knees and clutched Gideon's hand to her breast. "Oh, Gideon dear, don't go! Gideon, stay with me!"

GENERAL bewilderment made Gid slow to comprehend that all this referred to him. At Marilla's next act, his astonishment was complete. She flung her arms about his neck, sobbing, "Gideon dear, I love you so!"

"Why, that's all right, Marilla d-darling," stuttered Gid, wondering if this could be really happening to the two of them, and drawing his hand down her tumbled hair. Caressing her back, strong and taut, and her waist, trim and supple—why, it was like courting days. "Don't you mind about me, Marilla," urged Gid. "I've had a right good time, living with you these thirty year. It's been a grand time, sweetheart!" He broke off, because her lips were on his. "A great old time!" he managed to repeat, then returned that kiss.

Dr. Allen drew aside, and put things back in his bag. "Yes, I'm afraid nothing will save you, Gideon," he stated, "unless it's elk meat."

"Huh?"

"Elk. Seemed to me I heard one today on the mountain. But who can fetch you a haunch, now that Zebedee is meated up on bear steaks?"

"Bear?" yelled Gid, sitting up.

"Poor Zebedee." The doctor shook his head. "I swung over to his house before coming here. There he was, out on his front porch in his nightshirt and his whiskers blowing, whooping, 'I'm still a dang good one-cartridge man!' and laying into that fine cedar coffin with an ax. Knocking it to kindling. Nabby was near frantic."

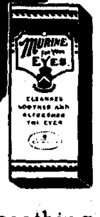
Gid's heels hit the floor with a thump. Screamed Marilla, "Gideon Lee, where are you going?"

"After that elk. Where's my gun? I told old One-Shot a man oughter take two cartridges. I love you, Marilla, but I want my gun!"

"And I," sighed the doctor, "could do with a slug of tea."

THE END

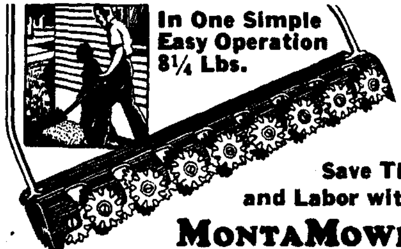
How to give
QUICK
REST
to tired eyes



Just put two drops of soothing Murine in each eye. Instantly they feel rested, refreshed! Murine, a scientific blend of seven ingredients, cleanses your eyes quickly, yet as gently as a tear. Economical, easy to use. Get Murine today—use it whenever your eyes feel tired.

MURINE
FOR YOUR EYES

Mows and Trims Lawns



In One Simple Easy Operation 8¼ Lbs.

Save Time and Labor with a
MONTAMOWER

New model. New type metal handle has special device to adjust cutting height. Drive shaft now mounted on free rolling, factory lubricated, sealed ball bearings. No tired backs or aching arms. 8¼ lbs. live precision made mechanism that first gathers, then cuts smoothly a clean 16″ swath through grass, dandelions, spike grass, lawn weeds. No noise or clatter. As modern and efficient as your electric razor. Cuts right up to walls, fences, trees or posts; leaves no fringes to be trimmed by hand. Cutters self-sharpening. Built to last many years. Many thousands in use. Sold direct from factory for 26 years. Costs little. Write at once for trial on your own lawn "approval offer," guarantee information and literature.

MONTAMOWER DISTRIBUTING CO.
810 Keeler Bldg. GRAND RAPIDS 2, MICH.

STOP FUEL PUMP TROUBLES
Amazing New Fuel Pump
GUARANTEED FOR THE LIFE OF CAR!

Stop fussing with faulty fuel pumps! Get a new AIRPRENE—so perfectly designed it GUARANTEES trouble-free operation for the LIFE OF THE CAR! Models for all Fords and Chevs., most Ply., Dodge, DeSoto, Chry. and many other cars. $5 at your dealer or garage—or send us name, model and year of car. (Enclose $5 check or M.O. and save postage and C.O.D. charges). AIRPRENE MUST WORK FOR THE LIFE OF YOUR CAR—OR WE'LL REPLACE IT FREE!

AIRPRENE DIVISION C-1, Murray Auto Specialty Co., Inc.
1228 South Olive Street • Los Angeles 15, California

Many Never Suspect Cause Of Backaches

This Old Treatment Often Brings Happy Relief

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, a stimulant diuretic, used successfully by millions for over 50 years. Doan's give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

Hi-Life

Hi-Life
DOG FOOD

9 out of 10 DOGS LIKE IT!

CANNED DOG FOOD

Vitamin Rich!
At your Grocer
READY FOOD CO. CHICAGO, ILL.

FOR BUSINESS REASONS

Continued from page 18

cops she was fine and exhibited her police-dog companion. Burdette wanted to play ball with them. They said they'd tell Mrs. Fish it was okay.

When Spike did return, it was after one in the morning and Fay was sound asleep. She struggled from her chair to discover a tall brunette with bare shoulders and a plunging neckline bending to kiss the ecstatic Burdette on the bridge of his big nose. The brunette was very pretty, and she managed to straighten up without losing her clothing.

"I simply adore this house," she said. "And I adore Spike. And I think, after that champagne, that I even adore you, Burdette." She caught sight of Fay. "My goodness!"

"Miss Brooks," Spike said, "this is—uh—"

"Miss Kramer," Miss Kramer said, and two vertical lines came between her eyebrows.

"Miss Kramer, Miss Brooks," Spike said. "Of course." He added, as an afterthought, "I'm Spike."

"I'm the sitter," Fay said, because she knew Miss Kramer would want to know. "For Sp—Burdette."

"He scratched on the doors and barked," Spike said. "When I heard of the sitter service at the university—"

OUT OF ORDER

By four o'clock I must confess
The Sunday papers are a mess,
Which state is pretty much akin
To the jumbled world described therein.

—Stephen Schlitzer

"It's perfect," Miss Kramer said. "The cutest idea I ever heard of. Spike, you are a divine fool! Don't you just love Sp—Burdette, Miss Brooks?"

"No," Fay said, and picked up Spengler's Decline of the West. "I think he's a jerk! . . . Is that all, Mr. Harrison?"

"Oh, no," Spike said. "I have to take Miss Kramer home, and—"

"We'll let Spike ride with us," Miss Kramer said. "I'd love having him, and we mustn't bore Miss Brooks, must we?"

"I guess not," Spike said, and looked at Fay with sudden, odd concentration. He accompanied her to the door, fumbling in his pocket.

"The league will send you a bill, Mr. Harrison," Fay said. "Good night. I ate one of your apples."

"Drop in any time," Spike said. "There's plenty more where that one came from."

FAY walked two blocks west to Sierra Blanca Road, and presently caught the last Fairborne Avenue bus. As she rode back to the campus, she thought of Spike, Burdette and the bare brunette. Certainly Miss Kramer should not have worn that backless and frontless gown unless Spike was in a white tie and tails, but these were strange times and there was something about the master of ten sixty— The whole episode was odd.

The following evening Fay reported to The Ready Room carrying a copy of Farbstein's Myths of Economic Progress. Mrs. Fish called her over for a talk.

"You should have phoned me last night," she said. "I was worried."

"It was a dog," Fay said. "I sat with a dog. I was sort of astonished."

"Is that a fact?" Mrs. Fish said.

Fay told her the whole story, growing slightly heated at the backless, frontless conclusion. Mrs. Fish studied her inscrutably.

"Ah," she said. "Incidentally, I checked on Spike, just to be sure. Up at the school, they tell me Spike is the most brilliant young architect of the last two decades. He has a big office downtown, and he's doing the new Grain Exchange Bank Building, drawing plans for another hotel in Beverly Hills and putting up a dozen houses. Coining money, naturally. Unmarried, of course." The telephone rang. "Pardon me—Students' League, Mrs. Fish speaking. Oh, good evening, Mr. Harrison. I have no objection whatever to calling you Spike. Miss Brooks immediately? Of course."

"That was Spike, huh?" Fay said.

"Yes, quite a coincidence," Mrs. Fish said. "He wants you up there right away to sit with Burdette."

ONCE again Spike met Fay in a dinner jacket. He seemed glad to see her, and so did Burdette.

"Do sit down, Miss Brooks," Spike said. "My, you have big blue eyes. What's your first name?"

"Fay."

"Sit down, Fay. I note you have another of those nice big books to read, and I hope you won't find Burdette too dull."

"I'm sorry I spoke harshly of Burdette last night," Fay said, "but that strip-teaser you had with you was so silly about him that I was revolted."

"She's no strip-teaser," Spike said hastily. "No, no. That's—uh—Miss Kramer. I forget her first name. Her father is the biggest contractor in town. A lovely girl, and I have to be nice to her for business reasons."

"Well, anyway," Fay said, "it's none of my business."

"Tonight I'm going out with—a—uh—a Miss Campbell. Her brother is a wonderful boss carpenter. I'll probably bring her by later to see my architectural drawings, and I think you'll like her better." . . .

During the course of the evening Fay ate a bag of cookies and a chocolate almond bar and played approximately eighteen innings of ball with Burdette. She came within an ace of getting him to shake hands on command, but the trick proved finally to be just out of reach of his intelligence. A sinister moodiness overtook Fay, and she thought often of Miss Kramer and Miss Campbell. Around twelve o'clock Spike turned up with a tall, glittering blonde.

"Miss Brooks," he said, "I want you to meet Miss—uh—"

"How do you do, Miss Campbell?" Fay said.

"You're the sitter, aren't you?" Miss Campbell said. She laughed. "The one for Spike—Burdette, rather. What a charming idea!"

"Yeah!" Fay said.

"Miss Brooks is quite a reader," Spike said, with approval. "Reads heavy stuff—stuff she can barely lift."

"Is that all, Mr. Harrison?" Fay said.

"By no means," Spike said. "Later on I have to take Miss Campbell home, and Burdette—"

"We'll take him with us," Miss Campbell said. "Don't bother about that—I love him. And this is a darling house, Burdette!"

"*I'm* Spike," Spike said—"I'll see you to the door, Fay."

As a matter of fact, he saw her clear to the eugenia hedge which divided ten sixty from the road. They shook hands.

"It's been charming, perfectly charming," Spike said, rapidly and distractedly. "I'm crazy about that color combination of yours—red and blue. Your hair and eyes, that is. In a white dress you'd be a patriotic spectacle. I hope you'll grow to care for Burdette as you sit with him."

"I already feel sorry for him," Fay

Screen made from
SARAN
does not sag!
Screen made from SARAN
DOW
ANOTHER DOW PLASTIC

NO UNTIDY SAGGING, denting or bulging with screen made from Saran. Its pliant strength keeps it tight and smooth. It can't rust—it can't stain sills or floors—and it never needs painting. Ask your hardware dealer, or write to Dow.

PLASTICS DIVISION, DEPT. SS-7
THE DOW CHEMICAL COMPANY • MIDLAND, MICHIGAN

Lift Easily!
Ice Cubes Like Magic!
"Magic Touch" Shucker Tray
INLAND
"Magic Touch" Handi-Cube Tray
"Magic Touch" Tilt-Out Tray

WITH THE NEW "MAGIC TOUCH" ICE CUBE TRAY

You know how it's always been. Pry and yank to get the tray out—splashing at the sink—ice on the floor—melted, wasted cubes. Well, no more!

The Inland "Magic Touch" Ice Cube Tray doesn't stick—slides right out. You ease up gently on the "Magic Touch" lever, and the whole grid lifts clear. There are your ice cubes, all *separate, dry* and *free* in the tray, for now or later. And the sturdy aluminum construction means longer life, faster freezing.

Now available at leading dealers—for your *present* automatic refrigerator. And *insist* on having them in your *new* one.

INLAND MANUFACTURING "Magic Touch" ICE CUBE TRAYS

INLAND MANUFACTURING DIVISION, General Motors Corporation, DAYTON, OHIO

LEMON IN WATER
keeps you regular
AND IT'S GOOD FOR YOU!
JUICE OF ONE FRESH LEMON
IN A GLASS OF WATER
FIRST THING ON ARISING

You've always known that lemons are among the most healthful fruits. But did you realize that the juice of a lemon in a glass of water, when taken first thing on arising, is all that most people need to insure prompt, normal elimination?

No more harsh laxatives that irritate the digestive tract and impair nutrition! No more worrying: "Shall I take a laxative today or wait till tomorrow?" Lemon in water is *good* for you *every* day!

Generations of Americans have taken lemons for health—and generations of doctors have recommended them. They're among the richest sources of vitamin C; supply valuable amounts of B_1 and P. They help prevent colds. They alkalinize, aid digestion.

Not too sharp or sour, lemon in water has a refreshing tang—clears the mouth, wakes you up. *It's not a* purgative—simply helps your system *regulate itself*. Try it 10 days.

California Sunkist

Keep regular the healthful way!

LEMON in WATER

—first thing on arising

said. "He's a case of arrested canine development."

"We can't all be geniuses," Spike said. "I'm glad you're at least sorry for him. Pity is akin to love, I read someplace. And now I must return to Miss—uh—"

"Miss Campbell," Fay said.

"Thank you," Spike said. "Good night, beautiful."

"Uh—good night," Fay said.

SHE expected Mrs. Fish would get another call from Spike inside of twenty-four hours, and she was perfectly correct. They had quite a conversation before Fay was summoned to the desk.

"That was Spike," Mrs. Fish said, and raised her plucked eyebrows a few thousandths of an inch. "He said—and I believe I quote him correctly—that age cannot wither nor custom stale the infinite variety of your sitting. He wants you again tonight."

"Uh-huh," Fay said.

"In addition," Mrs. Fish said, "Spike said that you don't like his dog. He said every other girl he has met has worshiped the very ground Burdette trots on."

"They're all playing up to him, dammit!" Fay said. "Pretending to like that four-legged Mongolian idiot so they—"

"Miss—uh—Brooks!" Mrs. Fish said.

"I beg your pardon," Fay said. "But I can't help it—it makes me so mad! He's only a lousy opportunist. All he does is go with girls who are related to people who can help him in his work. He's a low, fawning, self-seeking—"

"My dear," Mrs. Fish said, "they also serve who only sit and wait. In the words of some poet, probably Shakespeare, ours is not to question why. Get it?"

"Of course," Fay said, and proceeded to pull herself together and smile. "Anyhow, what do I care how he operates? It's nothing to me. I guess I've been reading too much of the Decline of the West, which I'm beginning to believe in."

She ate a sack of honey-encrusted popcorn on the Fairborne Avenue bus, which calmed her, and was not surprised to find the architect in white tie and tails. He gave her an apple and seated her in the living room. Burdette gave her his ball.

"This is quite a formal affair I'm going to," Spike explained. "The opera first, and then a champagne supper afterward. I'm taking the daughter of the president of the Board of Trade."

"I'm very happy for you," Fay said. "Sp—Burdette and I will drink to your health in a pan of water at midnight."

"Thank you," Spike said. "I'll drink both of your healths in champagne at the same hour. You look awfully cute. Where's your big book?"

"*I prefer just to think tonight,*" Fay told him.

The hours went by. She ate three apples and played two double-headers with Burdette. At midnight they went in the kitchen, and Fay raised a glass of Colorado River water ceremoniously.

"To the guy who could charm the plaster right off your ceiling," she said, "and then find some dame whose father would put it back on for you."

At ten minutes past two Spike, the unctuous toady, appeared with a heavy brunette in what seemed to be only a few loose shreds of chiffon. The heavy girl's name, which Spike had difficulty recalling, was Morrowby. Miss Morrowby was amused at Fay sitting with a dog, felt the house was adorable, and suggested that the lovable Spike come along with them when Burdette took her home. She stated that Burdette was the most amusing male she'd ever met.

"I'm Spike," Spike said.

"But I meant Burdette," Miss Morrowby said, and threw Burdette's ball for him. "It was before that I was mixed up, darling."

"Oh," Spike said. "Oh, yes—listen, the busses have stopped running, so I'll have to take Miss Brooks to Westwood. Do you mind sitting with Burdette while I do that?"

"I'd like nothing better," Miss Morrowby replied, and stared for a second at Fay.

Spike drove rapidly to the village, frowningly and in silence. Judging that he was trying to concentrate on remembering Miss Morrowby's name, Fay didn't speak until she had to point out where she lived in the temporary housing development on one end of the university campus. Spike stopped the car and scowled with distaste at the whole development.

"Former barracks," he said. "Why do they do these things? With the help of a little ingenuity, a bit more money, a dash of taste—"

"And the help of the father of some babe in a plunging neckline," Fay said.

"Yes, yes," Spike said. "With that, they could have light, space, functional arrangement and an exterior harmony—Why are you living here?"

"Because I'm the type a church mouse would lend money to," Fay said. "Not because I like former barracks. I'm with an ex-G.I., an ex-Wave, and a six-month-old baby." She decided she ought to be explicit. "The Wave and the G.I. are married and going to school. The baby is theirs and isn't going to school. I'm going to school, and I'm a junior. I sleep on a couch."

"What's your age, height and weight?" Spike asked. "And political affiliation?"

"Eighteen," Fay said. "Five feet one. A hundred and two pounds. No political affiliation as yet."

"Ah, youth, youth," Spike said. "Why, you can't even vote. Good night, Miss Brooks." He leaned past the steering wheel and kissed her tenderly on the mouth. "You don't know what a trial Burdette was to me until you came along. Heaven bless you, Miss Brooks. And good night."

"Uh—good night," Fay said.

THE next day she had a message relayed to her by Mrs. Fish; Spike wanted her to telephone him at his downtown office. She made the call at *lunchtime.*

"Hello, Fay," Spike said. "I hope I didn't offend you last night."

"No, you didn't. At least, I don't feel offended now."

"That's swell. How about a date tonight?"

"You mean for sitting?"

"No, a regular date. Could you wear something besides those moccasins and socks and that baggy sweater?"

"I guess so—but I won't have that new, bare look."

"That's all right. How about it?"

"Gee, I hardly know what to say," Fay said, "other than 'Okay.' "

"I'll come by for you at seven."

"No, I'll come up to your house. Where I live is too crowded to receive anybody."

"That's wonderful service," Spike said, "but remember you're not on salary tonight."

"I can afford a little luxury once in a while," Fay said.

At six o'clock she ran by The Ready Room to see Mrs. Fish and give her the news. An odd excitement made her cheeks the color of her hair.

"I should make this plain," she said, "so there'll be no misunderstanding. This is a date, not a job. I'll be off duty tonight."

"I'm absolutely astonished by the news," Mrs. Fish said. "I'll be darned—You like Bur—Spike, don't you?"

"All I can say at this time," Fay said, "is that when I'm around him I feel as if I'm going to blow my top. It's not like with college boys at all. Last night he kissed me. He doesn't like where I live. Do you think I ought to wear that green dress I've been saving for the annual homecoming dance?"

The Champagne of Bottle Beer

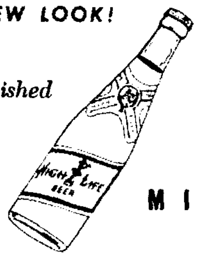
Enjoy Life with Miller High Life . . . for top flavor and uniform quality the choice always of those who know fine beer. Brewed and bottled only in Milwaukee, Wisconsin by the Miller Brewing Company.

HIGH LIFE
Miller
HIGH LIFE BEER
OLD ORIGINAL
BREWED AND BOTTLED BY
MILLER BREWING COMPANY in MILWAUKEE

Miller
HIGH LIFE

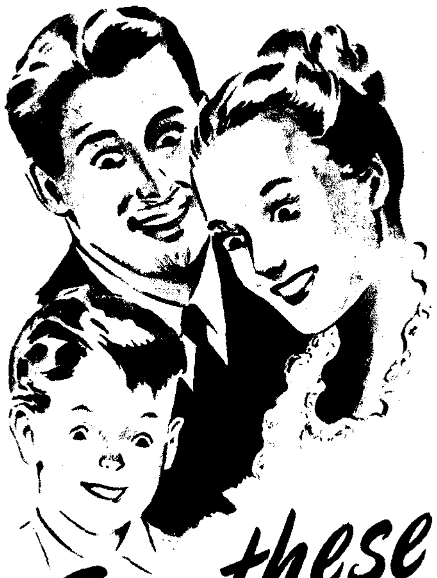
WATCH FOR THE NEW LOOK!

There's a New Look to America's most distinguished bottle. Now it's labelled in foil!

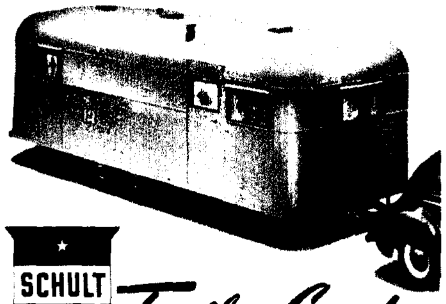


HIGH LIFE BEER

MILLER BREWING COMPANY · MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN



MARVELS
OF LIVING COMFORT

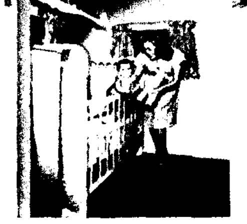


Trailer Coaches

● When you step inside a 1948 Schult you'll marvel at its comfort, completeness, and convenience. You'll appreciate the built-in furniture, generous storage space and private bedrooms with built-in wardrobes . . . You'll see that cooking is easier in the well-organized kitchen equipped with oven range, refrigerator, sink, and electric ventilator.

From roof to road your Schult is Quality . . . built by pioneers of the industry for outstanding value and years of satisfaction. You'll always be glad you bought a Schult! See the new 1948 models *now* . . . there's one for your purse and purpose. SCHULT CORPORATION, Dept. 2405, Elkhart, Indiana. *In Canada:* John Inglis Co., Ltd., Toronto.

Write for name of the Schult dealer nearest you; we'll include FREE illustrated book on the latest easier-trailing Schult models.



TOPS in luxury, this beautifully-decorated, furnished living room.

NURSERY OPTIONAL
One of the many features of the 1948 Custom Aristocrat . . . a special room for the child, or a complete extra bedroom.

Member: Trailer Coach Mfgs. Assn.

SCHULT Trailer Coaches
FAMOUS FOR MORE THAN A DECADE

"Certainly," Mrs. Fish replied. "Shoot the works, Fay. This is a time for decision."

Clad in lovely green and wearing an emerald clip once owned by her mother, and teetering on French heels, Fay took the Fairborne Avenue bus to Sierra Blanca Road and walked two blocks east. She felt rather happy.

Spike and Burdette came to the door. Spike was wearing a polo shirt, a sport coat, baggy slacks and old scuffed leisure slippers. Burdette was wearing a leather collar. They all examined one another with wide eyes.

"You needn't have dressed up *that* much," Spike said. "This is going to be a quiet evening."

It was. He fixed special egg-hamburgers of his own devising, and there was no wine—only milk. The meal was topped off by gluey bakery pie and slabs of cheese. Fay ate two egg-hamburgers and had a second piece of pie.

"Do you always eat this way?" Spike asked.

Fay nodded. "I'm a growing girl."

"You'll be growing in the wrong direction if you keep it up."

After dinner the three of them went in the living room. Spike turned on the radio, slipped off his shoes and relaxed. Fay sat rigidly. Burdette, who had successfully begged meat and pie, fell asleep.

"This is just like old times," Fay said gloomily. "I should have brought Farbstein and Spengler along with me."

"Who are they?" Spike asked.

"Never mind," Fay said. "Listen, can't we go out somewhere?"

"Who would take care of Burdette?" Spike said.

EVENTUALLY they set out on a walk, with Burdette on a leash. By then Spike's interval of digestion was over, and he talked with some animation. They got as far as the campus, and the buildings aroused his ire.

"Oh, that university-watered-down Gothic!" he said. "All they want is something ivy will grow on. Why, if they had an ounce of imagination, they could have light, air, space—"

"My feet hurt from these high heels," Fay said. "Walk slower and tell me about yourself. Leave out the part concerning the women."

Mrs. Fish practically never guessed wrong—Spike was a Harvard man. He was thirty-two years of age, a Frank Lloyd Wright and Le Corbusier man who yearned for glass houses on stilts or growing out of the soil, and he wanted to make his mark on his time.

"Yes, I've noticed your sycophantic manner," Fay said.

Spike stopped and looked at her queerly. "You're an odd girl. You don't think I have a darling little house, do you? And you don't like Burdette."

"I'm not exactly crazy about either of them."

"I've always said, 'Love me, love my dog,' " Spike said. "But why take a firm stand in these uncertain times? Do you mind kissing me?"

"I don't know," Fay said, and failed to resist.

There was a long pause. Burdette grew restless.

"What are you majoring in?" Spike said.

"Economics."

"Not home economics? You can't cook, can you?"

"Not any better than you can," Fay said.

"Well," Spike said, "the whole thing is unhealthy between us. It's structurally wrong. It's a sort of a triangle, if you include Burdette. Why are we doing this? What ironic quirk of fate brought us together? How did you happen to be a student at this school and a sitter and *thus meet me?*"

"Because," Fay said, "I'm working my way through college."

Spike said, "It's madness. I'm thirty-two and you're eighteen. We have nothing in common, and when I'm in a wheel chair in the old folks' home you'll only be starting to worry over your hips and wear a girdle— No, it can never be, and I'm a fool." He bent and kissed Fay's hot forehead. "Farewell and good night, Miss Brooks."

He then went off in the darkness, dragging Burdette with him. Fay stared after them for a long time, in the grip of high excitement. This was like a novel.

"Oh, my aching feet!" she said to herself, and took off her shoes and went the rest of the way to the housing development in her nylons.

The following day, at a drugstore counter, she met Mrs. Fish. The latter beamed and put down her sandwich.

"How did it go?" she demanded. "I refer to last night. Is he pricing diamond solitaires today?"

"No," Fay said. "It's funny. He cooked the dinner. We went for a walk. He kissed me twice, once on the forehead. He said I was too young—"

"Don't let him kid you," Mrs. Fish said. "I'm a worldly type of woman—I was a housemother once in a sorority. This is in the bag."

"But—" Fay began.

"Furthermore," Mrs. Fish said, "I take credit for the successful progress of this romance. Once I knew the situation, and you had given me a run-down on his character, I resorted to a little stratagem. It happens there is a rich lumbering family in the State of Washington by the name of Brooks. They own thousands of acres of virgin timber and they're lousy with saw and planing mills. So I called Spike, and told him you were the daughter of old man Brooks, the lumber king. I said it was a family tradition that the kids male or female had to make their own way once they were old enough. But I told him eventually you'd come into enough six-by-eights to cover Texas."

"Oh," Fay said.

"Quite a little idea for speeding things up, huh?" Mrs. Fish said. "All's fair in love or war, you know."

"Is that so?" Fay said.

Slipping from her stool, she left her double-malt unfinished and fled from the startled Mrs. Fish. On the corner of Fairborne Avenue and Wilshire Boulevard, her heart broke. She stopped walking, blinded by tears. One of the best blocking backs the school had ever had saw her and came over.

"Look, honey," he said, "I'm having a hell of a time with my general economy. If I was to hire you from The Ready Room, would you come up to the fraternity house and sit with me and seven other guys and help us get the flow of commodities straightened out? Hey, why is your nose running?"

"I've got an allergy or something," Fay said. "Beat it."

NOTHING was left in the hollow mockery of her life except the sustaining thought of revenge. Obviously the scene on the campus, with the crabbed-age-versus-youth speech, was part of Spike's loathsome come-on. Even the fatherly kiss on the forehead was an element in the master scheme of a master opportunist who was out to get finished lumber at any cost. He would be back again by nightfall, telephoning with honeyed words, both eyes on the main chance. Her role was merely to wait, invite his proposal, and then denounce him in the most ringing phrases since Lincoln's debates with Douglas. There would be a certain pleasure in telling him that she didn't have a shingle to her name —and watching him cringe. She even considered ending the interview by punching him in the nose, but rejected it as unladylike. Her conduct would be cold, scornful and entirely correct. She knew she ought to feel gratitude to Mrs.

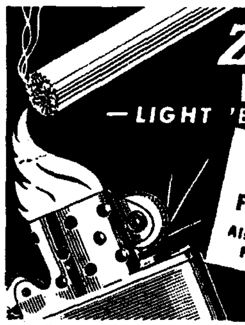
Try This Tip for Better Broiled Tomatoes

Spread tomato halves with Heinz 57 Sauce before broiling. *Delicious!*

HEINZ
57
SAUCE
BEEFSTEAK
CHOPS-GRAVIES
FISH-CHEESE
57

● **Racy Heinz "57-Sauce"—Really 17 Flavors Blended into One—Adds a World of Lure to Eggs, Chops, Gravies, Stews!**

Two other condiments that liven your cooking are HEINZ WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE HEINZ Prepared MUSTARD Brown & Yellow

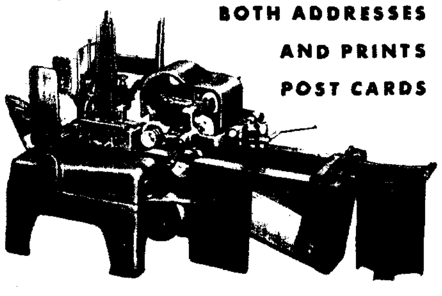


ZIPPO FLINTS
—LIGHT 'EM INSTANTLY

4 for 10¢
FIT MOST LIGHTERS
Also Ask Your Dealer For ZIPPO Fluid

BY THE MAKERS OF
ZIPPO Windproof LIGHTER
BRADFORD, PA

THE Elliott CARDVERTISER
BOTH ADDRESSES
AND PRINTS
POST CARDS

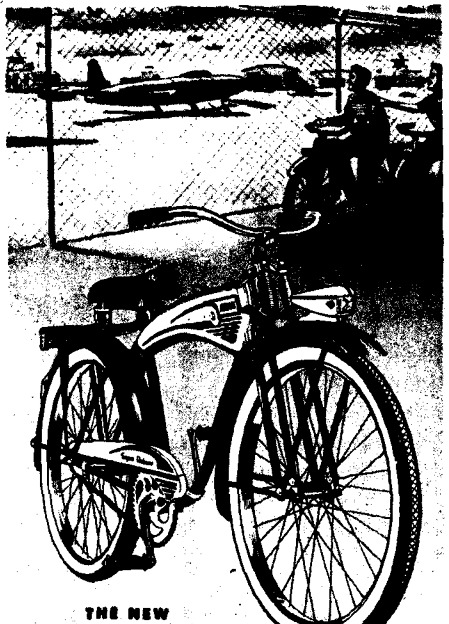


More than 30,000 in use.

Samples of its work are shown at right.

Let us tell you what it is doing for others in your own line of business.

The Elliott Addressing Machine Co.
149 Albany Street, Cambridge 39, Mass.



THE NEW
MONARK
Super Deluxe

ONE YEAR'S FIRE AND THEFT INSURANCE INCLUDED In Purchase Price

A GREAT BIKE!

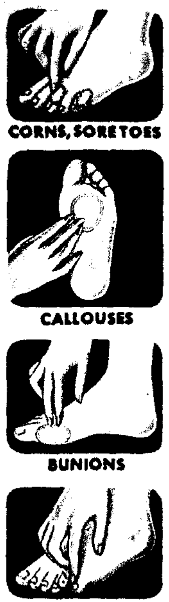
Super streamlined "air-flow" design with new "Air-Wing" head shield, "Kromegard" rear bumper, sponge rubber padded saddle with weather-resistant plastic-type cover, and dozens of other new exciting features.
For sale by better dealers everywhere.

MONARK SILVER KING, INC.
6501 West Grand Ave., Chicago 35, Ill.

MONARK SILVER KING, INC.
6501 West Grand Avenue, Chicago 35, Ill.
Send Folder B-62 showing complete new Monark line in full color.
NAME__________
ADDRESS__________
CITY__________ STATE__________

STOP CORNS!

HERE TODAY
GONE TOMORROW
SORE TOES
CORNS STOPPED



END PAIN INSTANTLY!

NEVER wait! Act at first sign of sore toes from tight shoes. Protect them with Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads. You'll have instant relief and stop corns *before* they can develop! But if you have corns, callouses or bunions—these thin, soft, soothing, cushioning pads will instantly stop painful shoe friction and lift pressure on the sensitive spot.

Remove Corns, Callouses

You'll marvel, too, how the separate *Medications* included speedily remove corns, callouses. No other method does all these things for you. So, don't accept a substitute. Insist on Dr. Scholl's!

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

Fish because her trick had forced Spike to hoist his true colors. But she didn't feel anything.

Only one thing missed fire—Spike failed to call her. A whole week passed. Fay sank slowly from profound rage to acute melancholia, surmising that Mrs. Fish had informed Spike of the deception. Even this last small crumb of satisfaction was swept from her reach. She sat no longer, had little appetite for peanut crunch or almond bars, and lost two or three pounds. The ex-G.I. and his mate believed she was studying too hard.

A strange wave of emotion crashed over Fay on the eighth night. She took the Fairborne Avenue bus to Sierra Blanca Road, got off and walked two blocks east. The harried owner of ten sixty opened the door and gazed at her glumly. He was wearing old pants and a rumpled shirt.

"Good evening, Miss Brooks," he said. "Isn't it funny how I always remember your name and none of the others? Come in and have an apple."

"I thought you'd be in a dinner jacket," Fay said. "Aren't you wining and dining any more?"

"I'm too low in my mind," Spike said. He gave her an apple. "I just sit home these days with Burdette. We eat egg-hamburgers."

"Where's Kramer, Campbell and Morrowby?" Fay asked.

"Who?" Spike said. "Oh, them. Who knows? Out with other architects."

Fay played ball with Burdette and ate the apple. Spike studied his feet.

"I'll take him for a walk, if you want," Fay said humbly. "No charge."

"No, thanks," Spike said. "I'm thinking of burning this joint to the ground."

"Oh, no," Fay said.

"Also," Spike said, "I'm considering having Spike put to sleep."

"Oh, no!" Fay said. "I couldn't stand that. I adore Spike! Anyway, you mean Burdette."

"I mean Spike," Spike said.

SHE began to cry—it had become so easy to do this last week. Turning pale, Spike rushed into her arms. He kissed her with great skill and conviction.

"I'm too old for this," he said gloomily. "We might as well recognize it."

"You're not too old yet," Fay said, and was sure she was going to pieces. "Let's not think of the future. I'll take care of you—I'm young and strong. It'll be social security for you."

"Will you marry me?" Spike said. "I make that statement against my better judgment."

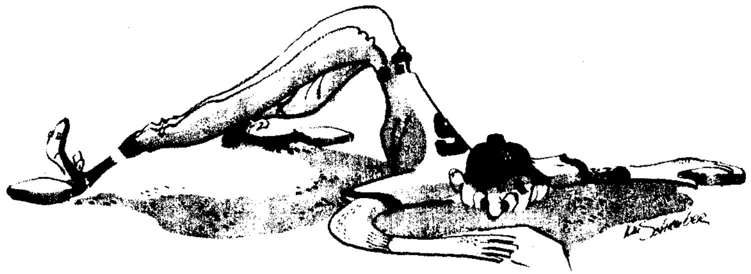
"Certainly," Fay said. "Of course. Immediately. My gosh, everything's settled!" She burst into fresh tears. "No, it isn't! Mrs. Fish lied to you—I'm not the right Miss Brooks. I have absolutely no virgin forests."

"I knew that all along," Spike said. "Last winter in Palm Springs I had some dates with the right Miss Brooks. She was homely and you're beautiful. You're not the same girl."

"We're not?" Fay said excitedly. "Oh, Burdette, do you realize how much I love you?"

He licked her hand and wagged his tail rapidly.

THE END


VAN SCHRIEBER

SPORTING ODDS

Umpires' decisions have caused many a diamond fracas and many a hot hot-stove-league disagreement. These two incidents may illustrate why.

Last spring, in an Iowa-Northwestern Big Nine game, Iowa's catcher, Lyle Ebner was on first. The next batter hit a low fly which Northwestern's pitcher caught but dropped as he turned to double Ebner at first. Ebner, by now on second, saw the ball on the ground and assumed he was safe. The pitcher, recovering the ball, threw it wild over the first baseman's head. Ebner went to third. The first baseman retrieved the ball and, still trying for the double at first, threw to the pitcher who had backed him up. The throw went wild and Ebner went home. In the meantime, the batter, playing it safe, went around to third. Ebner's frantic teammates rushed him from home to first, so when the dust cleared Ebner was back on first and the batter was on third. At first the umpires called both runners safe; then they reversed themselves and called Ebner safe on first, but the runner on third out.

Then there's this game between Windber and Central City (Pennsylvania) in 1941. Frank Laslo, Windber outfielder, hit a ball deep into left field for a home run. As he came home, his teammates told him he'd failed to touch first base, so he circled the bases again. The ball was retrieved, thrown to first, and the umpires called Laslo out, saying he should have reversed bases on the second trip around, that is, home to 3d to 2nd to 1st to 2nd to 3d to home.

—Henry E. Tompkins, Burlington, Iowa (Iowa-N.W.)
—John W. Yoder, Johnstown, Pa. (Windber-Central City)

COLLIER'S will pay a minimum of $25 for each acceptable contribution to Sporting Odds. Address Sporting Odds, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. (Contributions cannot be returned.)

You'll have more casting FUN with "The REELS the Fishermen asked for"

Your first cast tells you . . . here's a reel that's right.

THAT'S not a happenstance!

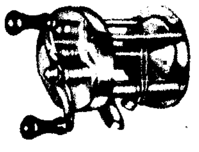
Ranger's new PRIZEWINNERS incorporate the best features 50,000 practical anglers asked for in a nation-wide survey. Combined with Ranger research and precision engineering, they give you lightning speed and rugged stamina...longer, straighter, smoother casting!

You get a trouble-proof level wind, with long-lived pawl and simple pawl assembly . . . velvet smooth helical gears, factory broken in . . . plus many other refinements you've always wanted.

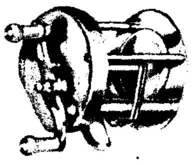
PRIZEWINNERS are a lifetime investment . . . guaranteed and insured. See them at your dealer's, or write TODAY for the illustrated catalog of

PRIZEWINNER Reels by Ranger INC.

No. 78 Grand Prize
The last word in anti-backlash casting with automatic brake adjustment. In lifetime chrome . . . $10.00



No. 75 First Award
The finest precision reel with light-weight spool and anti-backlash brake available at . . $7.50

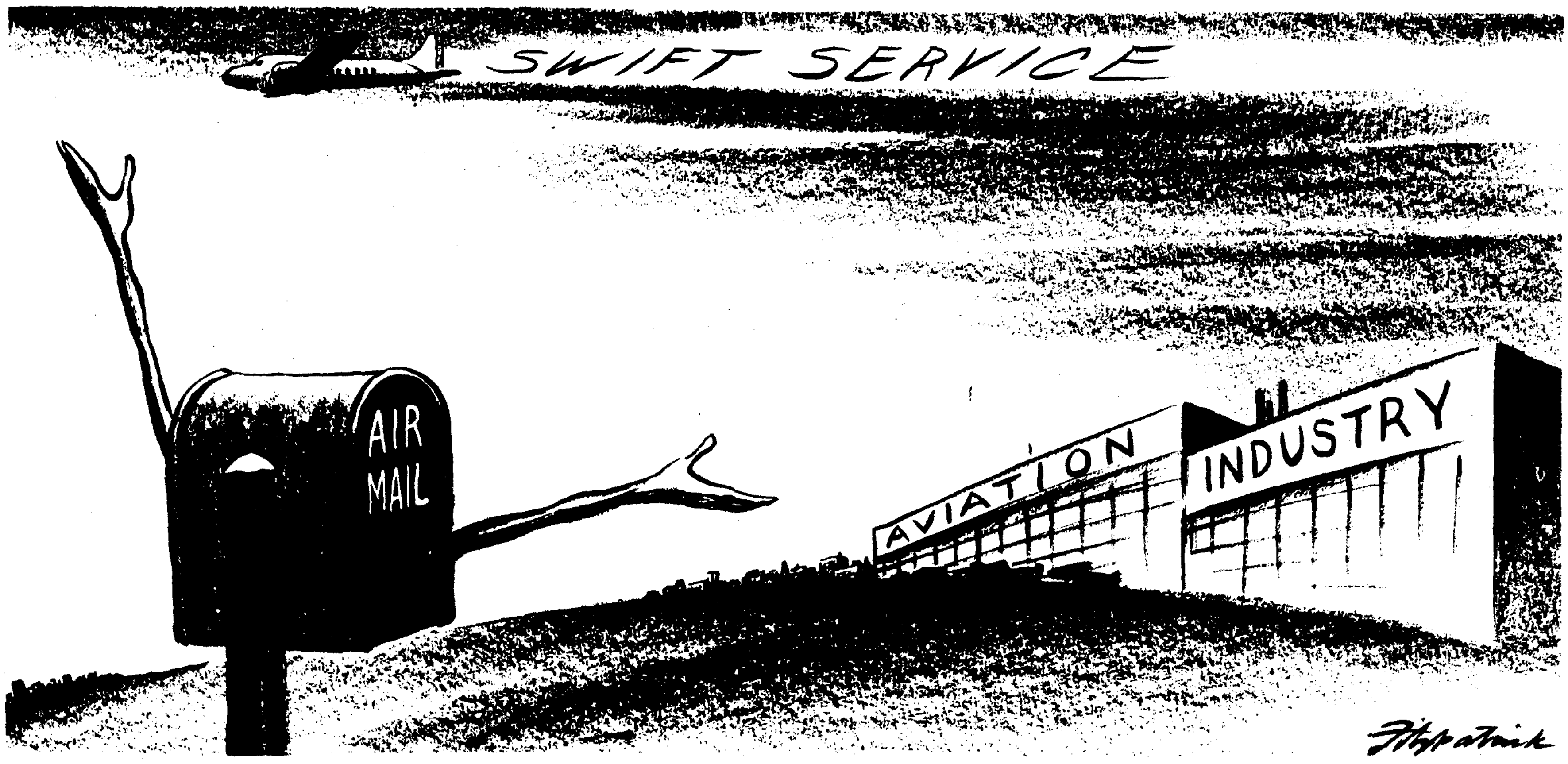


No. 66 Trophy Deluxe
A rugged reel for daily use. One-piece body. Heavy chrome finish, maroon anodized cap. Only $6.00

GUARANTEED and INSURED
Ranger INC.
ROCKFORD, MICHIGAN,
THE REELS THE FISHERMEN asked for

DEALERS — Ask Your Jobber!

Collier's believes...



...AIR MAIL CAN TAKE TWO BOWS

THE U.S. Post Office Department's Air Mail Service is 30 years old. On May 15, 1918, the first air mail was flown over a 218-mile route between Washington, D. C., and New York City. The Post Office Department and the nation's air lines and air industry are more than justified, we think, in setting aside the week of May 15-21 for a jubilee and publicity jamboree.

Fast, efficient and thoroughgoing air-mail service has, of course, proved a great boon to all manner of Americans, from top-drawer business tycoons to sweetie pies who just can't wait for that next letter.

But government support and enlargement of the air-mail service have been assessed as the greatest single factor that kept our aircraft industry alive through its infancy and early youth. U.S. aviation might have died on the vine, or at best have been a pale and sickly growth, without the air-mail stimulus—which is to say that this stimulus was in some considerable part responsible for our coming out on the winning side in the late war.

So the Air Mail Service and the Post Office Department are entitled to take at least two bows on this 30th birthday of U.S. air mail.

●

... WE CAN'T HAVE ATOMIC STRIKES: Two strike threats at the Oak Ridge, Tennessee, atomic laboratories have, to date, failed to materialize. The plants are operated by the Union Carbide Corporation under contracts with the government.

If any such strike should be pulled, it would be a knife thrust into the vitals of U.S. national defense. Production of fissionable materials and of atom bombs simply must not be interrupted while the world is in its present state.

The atomic workers are of course entitled to fair pay and good working conditions. They have a right to air any genuine grievances, and to have them fairly adjusted.

But to admit that they have a right to strike would be like granting soldiers, sailors and warplane pilots a right to strike. We do not believe this country is ready as yet for any such suicidal gesture as that.

In short, we can't have strikes against National Defense, and that, our friends, is that.

●

... PARAPLEGICS CAN TEACH US A LESSON: A paraplegic is a person whom some accident, too often a battle wound, has paralyzed from the waist down. One of our legacies from World War II was about 2,600 paraplegic veterans.

What the Veterans Administration has done and is doing for these men was dramatized recently in what, offhand, we'd nominate as 1948's most heart-rending yet most heartening spectacle put on anywhere in the world. It was a basketball game played at Madison Square Garden, New York City, by two teams of paraplegics riding small, specially designed wheel chairs capable of being maneuvered at great speed.

This spectacular show demonstrated what has been done for these tragic victims of the war. The best available medical and psychiatric treatment has been given them. About 80 per cent of them are now able to move around with the aid of crutches. Of these, some 80 per cent have jobs or are training for jobs.

The great majority of our paraplegic veterans have been rescued from the initial despair which threatened to overwhelm them. Their ambitions have been stirred up, their morale built to astonishing levels, their potential skills and aptitudes encouraged.

It is a great and a stirring chapter in the history of U.S. medicine, and one of which all Americans can be proud.

Incidentally, any American who may be inclined to self-pity over his own physical handicap could well afford to give some thought to the enormous victories these paraplegic veterans have racked up. If that doesn't renew such a person's hopes, he's probably past help.

●

... SHORTER TRIPS MIGHT BE SMARTER: Predictions are a dime a dozen among spotters of travel trends that the coming summer will see many a record broken in U.S. tourism.

That's a telescoped way of saying that Americans in hundred-thousand lots this summer are expected to be scooting furiously around their own country on vacation trips—assuming, of course, that the present "cold war" doesn't turn hot sometime during that period.

Travel to Europe is not yet back on a prewar basis by a long shot, while money for travel is still reasonably plentiful among Americans.

And there are any number of excellent places for delightful and interesting vacations right here in the United States. Collier's has described some of these in recent articles which evidently have intrigued the customers—the Big Bend country in Texas, the Finger Lakes region in upper New York State, the Pacific Coast, etc.

We hope you enjoy your vacation, wherever it may take you. If you don't mind, though—well, even if you do mind—we'll inject a word of caution here. It is that you'll most likely be smart not to go too far from home base, because of the expected mild shortage of gasoline.

This scarcity will probably hit only in spots, and nothing in the nature of a crisis is anticipated. But it's a personal and poignant crisis when you're a long way from home and run into a string of filling stations which have gone dry. Of course, if you can take a train, or nail down airplane space, this word of caution doesn't apply to you.

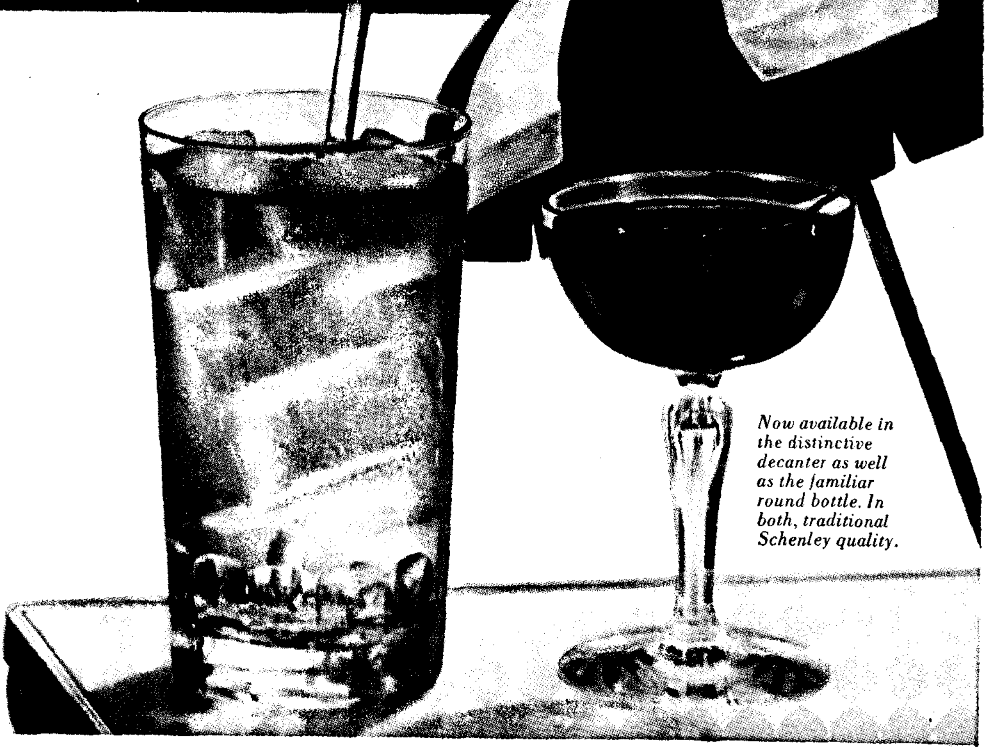
SCHENLEY
RESERVE

Join in the Pleasure— of Sunny Morning Flavor

Your taste will tell you—Schenley is mellow
as morning sunshine. America's rarest,
most luxurious treasure of reserves . . .
America's greatest blending skill . . .
are generously yours in Schenley.

SCHENLEY
RESERVE

A Schenley Mark of Merit Whiskey



Now available in the distinctive decanter as well as the familiar round bottle. In both, traditional Schenley quality.

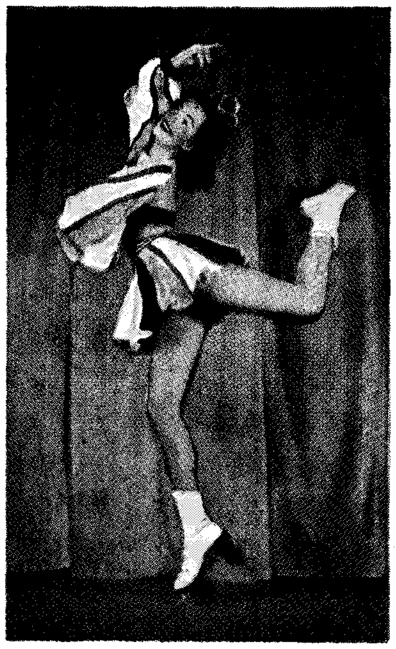
Rare Pre-War Quality Blended Whiskey 86 proof. 65% grain neutral spirits. Copyright 1948, Schenley Distillers Corporation, New York City

A Hit on Wheels

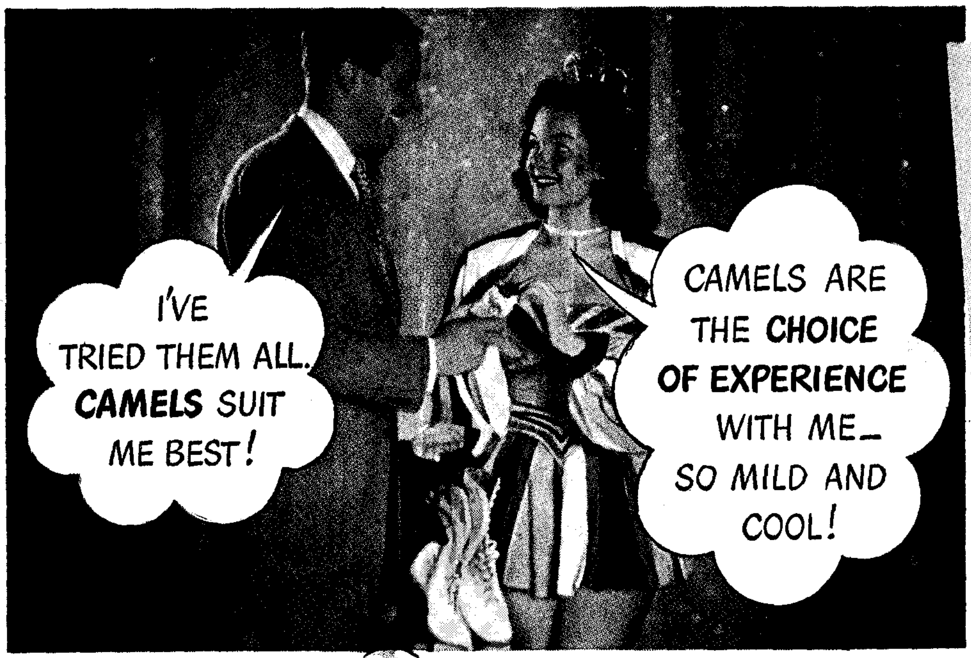
...and featured star **RAVEN MALONE** agrees—in roller skating...and in cigarettes too—"**EXPERIENCE IS THE BEST TEACHER**"!

SKATING comes naturally to Raven Malone! Her father is a well-known skating dancer—and she started in her early teens. Above is a samba dance step from her own routines.

EQUALLY AT HOME on roller skates or ice skates, Raven started with several years of ballet training . . . evidenced in this graceful entrance step she used in a roller-skating revue.

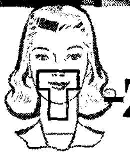


IT TOOK a high-speed stroboscopic camera to catch this graceful step! Raven Malone says, "Experience is the best teacher—in skating and in cigarettes too. It's Camels for me!"


I'VE TRIED THEM ALL. CAMELS SUIT ME BEST!
CAMELS ARE THE CHOICE OF EXPERIENCE WITH ME— SO MILD AND COOL!

Your "T-Zone"
T for Taste...
T for Throat...

That's *your* proving ground for any cigarette. Try Camels—see if they don't suit *your* "T-Zone" to a "T"!

Let *your*  -Zone tell you why

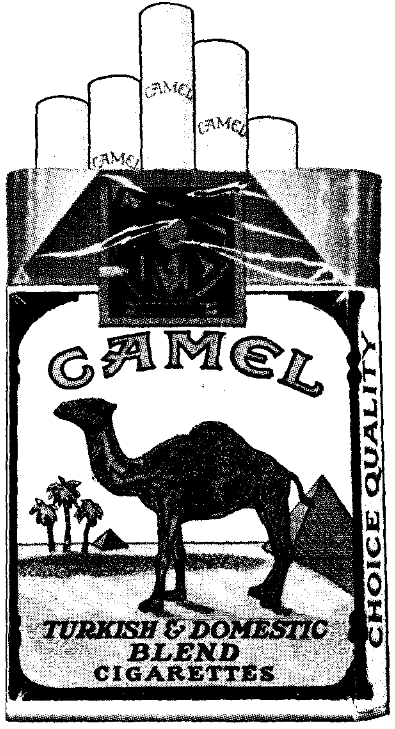
More people are smoking Camels than ever before!

All over the country...more and more smokers are finding that Camels suit them best! They smoked several brands—*compared* them . . . for flavor, mildness, and coolness. And smoker after smoker chose from experience the cigarette made from choice tobaccos, properly aged and expertly blended . . . Camel!

Try Camels *yourself*. See how that rich, full flavor delights your Taste...how that cool mildness appeals to your Throat.

See if Camels don't suit your "T-Zone" to a "T"!

THE CHOICE OF EXPERIENCE!



According to a Nationwide survey:

MORE DOCTORS SMOKE CAMELS THAN ANY OTHER CIGARETTE

Three leading independent research organizations asked 113,597 doctors what cigarette they smoked. More doctors named Camel than any other brand!

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company
Winston-Salem, North Carolina